

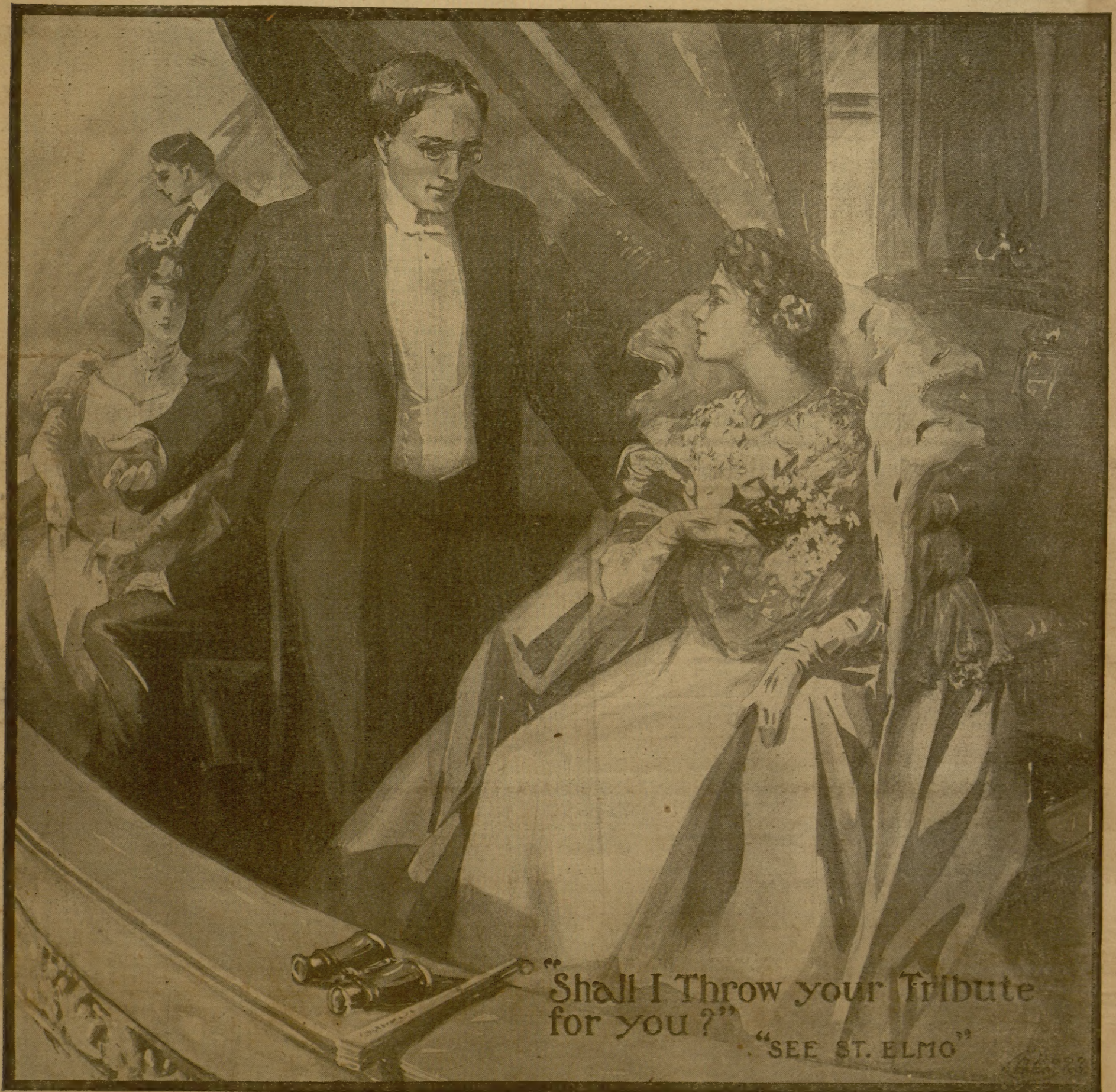
COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION
AND A QUARTER HOMES

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COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
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Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

The sunrise never failed us yet.

Heaven is either now or never.

Many a trial is a test before promotion.

"Death is but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child may stray
Beyond his Father's sight."

Not being able to have a thing, we scorn it.

They who ask much should also give much.

Good work is a prayer, prompted by a loving heart.

If you were born to honor show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

—Shakespeare.

The reward for a good deed is in having done it.

The happiness reaped today depends on that sown yesterday.

Wouldn't shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past,
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

—Goethe.

They hear best the angel's songs who listen for earth's sighs.

No good thing is failure and no evil thing success.—Proverb.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within himself, can say:
"Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today."

—Dryden.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

In Thy book, O Lord, are written all that do what they can, though they cannot do what they would.—St. Bernard.

A noble effort never dies.
What though we fail? Its fire will give
Desire in other hearts to rise,
And kindled there, it still will live!

Let us work with song and gladness. Let us rejoice in all the life that is ours. Then we will no longer exhaust ourselves in fighting shadows.

If there is a growing kindness in your own heart, take some spray and plant it in the heart of another and you will be surprised how quickly it will bloom.

On God's dial-plate of time
"Tis never late to him who stands
Self-centered in a trust sublime,
With mastered force and thinking hands."

—Savage.

The nearer the intimacy the more cuttlingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love; and because you love one, and would die for that love tomorrow, you have not forgiven, and you never will forgive, that friend's misconduct. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Few Words by the Editor

A Flower unblown, a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; A House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes.
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade, "neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.
—Horatio Nelson Powers.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you all. May it be a year of health and prosperity. The precious months lie before us, with new duties to be done, new trials to be endured, new conflicts to be fought, and new opportunities to be used for our betterment and advancement. A Happy New Year it is bound to be, if we face the future unflinchingly, and meet every trial bravely, and do what is right by our Creator, and our fellowmen. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel of progress, and give it a mighty push in 1907. We don't want all the good things to come after we are dead. Let us try our very best to make ideal conditions come before we pass to other spheres. We can hasten the good days, by each individual doing his or her best in that sphere of life in which it has pleased God to call them. No matter how humble our position in life may be, we each wield an influence upon the rest of the world much greater than we imagine. Our influence is either for good or bad, and makes for progress or retrogression. If the world is to grow better, the work must begin with each individual. Bury your shortcomings, your bad habits, your failings in the ashes of the old year. Put on a new mantle of righteousness for 1907, take your place in the ranks of progress, and fight the good fight, onward and upward with brave and kindly hearts throbbing in dauntless breasts, determined to fight for the right, to protect the weak, and to be a man as God intended men to be. Face 1907 thus, and it will be a year of blessing to us all.

Commissioner Kolner of the Department of Agriculture, Richmond, Va., says that fifty thousand laborers are needed in that state. He says:

"If the English, German, Irish, Scotch, Danish and Swedish laborers could be in this office for a few moments with me, and see the inquiries being made for farm help, they would see that we have homes here for fifty thousand of them right away."

It appears that all sorts of opportunities are presenting themselves to the farm laborers, and all they have to do is to go to Virginia and go to work. Men who want farm workers will pay wages, will farm on shares, or will rent lands, in fact, they will do most anything to get the men to come to Virginia, and will take pleasure in giving them as good homes as those occupied by the average farmer of that state. The Commissioner says that all sorts of farm labor is needed. Laborers, farmers, dairymen, poultry-raisers and stockmen are all in demand. A new impetus has been given to farming in this state, and more people are preparing to engage in agricultural pursuits there, in the coming year, than ever before.

We should advise all those who are making but a doubtful living in our over-crowded cities to look into this subject, and we should also advise all those who are following dangerous and wearing occupations, such as coal mining, where a man toils in the bowels of the earth, deprived of the blessed sunshine for the best years of his life, to investigate this appeal. In Europe the cry is "Back to the land," and soon that cry will be re-echoed on this continent from coast to coast. Mother Earth is indeed our mother. It is she who gives us everything that we possess, every fabric of value, every priceless work of art, every specimen of man's cunningest handicraft, all come from the soil, from Mother Earth. When a man comes into the city, he is practically divorcing himself from the great sustainer of life, and he has to live upon the product of those who are tilling the soil, and cultivating the land he has left behind. In England the people deserted the farms and went to the cities. Not only did the land suffer, but those who left the land also deteriorated, and the whole national physique deteriorated, too. It is the country that breeds men and gives health, and it is the city that eventually helps in destroying both. Man made the city, but God made the country. Back to the land then, for from the land comes all wealth, and from the country all health. He who owns the soil, owns up to the skies, says the old Latin proverb. The first farmer was the first man. Farmers were the founders of civilization, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of the land.

Thomas Jefferson says: "Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling, for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God." Agriculture is, undoubtedly, the first and noblest science. "Trade may increase the wealth and glory of a country, but the man who makes two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together." It is a good many years ago, since Dean Swift made that remark, but it is as true today as it ever was. The man who invented the plough did more for the world's happiness than the whole race of military heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood. Magnificent statues are raised to the men who kill their fellowmen, and who follow the profession of legitimate murder, a profession of destruction, and the world bows down and glorifies these heroes of war, while the true heroes and benefactors of mankind, the man behind the plow, and the man behind the hoe, lie in unmarked graves. But some day, a greater monument than has ever been raised to warrior or statesman will be raised in memory of that nameless and noblest of all benefactors, the man who invented the plow.

The threatened trouble with Japan has been happily averted. The San Francisco board of education, decided to provide separate schools for Japanese pupils. This act aroused an immense storm of indignation in Japan, a country with which we have been on the most intimate, and friendly terms for many years. In our treaty with Japan, it expressly states, that the citizens of either country are not to be discriminated against, but are to be allowed to enjoy the same privileges, as though in their

own lands. The American Government promptly informed Japan that the action of the board of education in San Francisco, had not the approval of the national government. The matter was a purely local affair, of which it was entirely ignorant, and assured Japan that its citizens would not be discriminated against in any way, and would receive the same treatment and consideration as that given to our own people or the subjects of the most favored European nations. The Japanese are marvelous people, and the way in which they have adopted our civilization, and improved upon many of our methods in arts, in science, and in mechanical industries is astounding. The Japanese are a polite, charming and very likable people, and in this they differ from the Chinese, who always remain a race apart, and neither racially nor individually win our sympathies, but usually incur our dislike.

Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

A case in which women are involved is to be tried in Chicago before a woman jury, the most of whom are club women and wives of lawyers.

Japanese are flocking to the Rio Grande borders, attempting to get into the United States. Most of them are said to have been discharged from the Japanese army.

Among the recent reports in the scientific world is the discovery of drawing electricity from the earth currents without the aid of coal, water, and costly machinery. If this is true the discovery will affect the industrial future of the world.

Officers of the Geological Survey have lately announced that the coal deposit in America will not be exhausted for four or five thousand years. Since 1875 the country has produced more than five billion tons of coal, whereas its total production up to that date was only seven hundred million.

An unusual honor, to the memory of John Hay, has been paid in Philadelphia. A stained-glass window in the synagogue of Keneseth Israel has been dedicated to Mr. Hay's services on behalf of the Jews at Kichnif, Russia; his efforts to prevent discrimination against Jews in this country endeared him to the whole race.

At the annual dinner of the National Geographic Society, Commander Robert E. Peary was presented with a gold medal in recognition of his recent trip. The presentation was made by President Roosevelt, who said he was proud of the fact that an American, an officer of the American Navy had reached "Farthest North."

Mrs. Esther S. Damon, the last surviving widow of a Revolutionary soldier died recently in Plymouth Union, Vermont. She was ninety-three years old. At twenty-two she married Mr. Damon, who was then seventy-five, and he did not receive a pension until fourteen years later. Mrs. Damon cannot be accused that the pension was an inducement to marry.

The Eiffel Tower, which has been the most conspicuous landmark of Paris since 1889, has recently become one of the most important wireless telegraph stations in existence. The French government intends to use it as a center for the transmission and reception of wireless dispatches, not only for land but also for marine purposes. Dispatches can be sent for a distance of 600 miles overland from the great tower.

An American woman was one of the first five who last October received the new theological diploma for women, S. Th., which stands for Student in Theology. It was established by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in order to provide for women teachers of religious subjects in the schools a training similar to that which they receive in other branches of learning. The examinations are practically the same as those for candidates for the ministry.

It is a matter of pride and gratification to the people in this country that the Nobel prize for the most eminent service in the cause of peace has been awarded to President Roosevelt in recognition of services in ending the war between Russia and Japan. The amount of money represented in the prize is 138,563 crowns, or \$27,127.65. The disposal of it by the President is in part as follows: "The amount of the Nobel prize will be conveyed by the President to the trustees to be by them used as the foundation of a fund the income of which shall be expended for bringing together in conference at Washington and especially during the sessions of Congress, representatives of labor and capital for the purpose of discussing industrial problems with the view of arriving at a better understanding between employers and employes and thus promoting industrial peace."

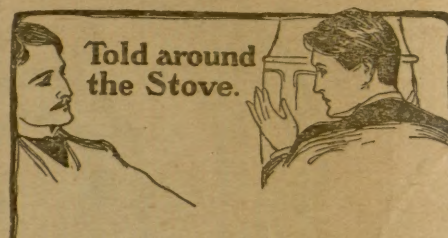
Commander Peary in his recent Arctic expedition had as companion Matthew A. Henson, a negro, who was not only with Peary on this expedition, but who has been his companion and personal servant in his previous attempts. Peary, willing to share the honor of his latest achievement, left a note in a bottle in which Henson's name was specially mentioned. This note, which rests on the ice within 200 miles of the pole reads as follows:

Arctic expedition of 1905-1906—Robert E. Peary, civil engineer, U. S. N., commanding, April 21, 1906.

Have this day with one companion, Matthew A. Henson, and six dogs, reached this point via polar ice from Camp Hecla. We have traveled 570 miles.

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the secretary of the navy, Washington, D. C., with a note of time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the United States consul at the nearest point.

If Peary makes another attempt to reach the pole, it is to be hoped his faithful friend will be at his side.



Told around the Stove.

The Salvation Army

"There are some very good and respectable people," said the man who looked as if he might be one of them, "who think the Salvation Army is a fraud and that the religion it professes and practices is not the true religion. I don't endorse everything that the Salvation Army does, maybe, but let me tell you something about it. It began its work in Whitechapel, London, in 1865, under the direction of Rev. William Booth, as 'The Christian Mission,' and in 1878 it had developed into the Salvation Army. It now has 17,388 workers among children, and comprises 7,219 corps and societies, with 13,962 officers wholly in its service. It maintains 180 food depots and shelter for men, women and children, and last year it supplied 3,390,902 meals and 1,447,893 lodgings for the needy. It accommodates over 20,000 poor every night in its institutions, has 17 homes for former criminals, 45 homes for children, 116 industrial homes for women, 18 land colonies for visitation and assistance of the poor, and 24 labor bureaus for helping the unemployed. Last year, employment for 15,631 persons was found, and in the slums 127,939 families were visited and 7,933 sick people taken care of by the Army workers. It publishes 64 periodicals in 24 languages. Thirty-nine thousand meetings are held every week and the average number of weekly open-air meetings is 37,000. The average attendance at indoor meetings, only, is 1,202,885 every week. And that is only a few of the statistics of good it is doing all over the world. Maybe that isn't the right kind of religion, but I have got to have a higher authority than any man before I'll believe that it is not."

Concerning Rubber

"The total rubber supply of the world," said the Chicago drummer taking off a pair of large-sized rubbers, "is 65,000, and 34,000 tons of it comes from Brazil. Six years ago the product amounted to 50,000 tons, but the coming of the automobile has increased the demand enormously. Indeed, it looks a little sometimes as if we would have to get some kind of a substitute, though possibly the new areas that are developing may supply all we need. At present the total acreage in rubber is only 152,000 acres, but the valley of the Amazon has vast areas that have not been touched. They are between Brazil and Bolivia which will open up about 80,000 square miles of territory a greater part of which is suitable for rubber cultivation. Congo sends out about 4,500 tons annually of African rubber, and the balance comes from Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, and these sections lead in the intelligent cultivation of the plant. Ceylon has been producing it for about thirty years, and there are twenty companies working 45,000 acres. There are 50,000 acres of rubber in all the Malay Peninsula. Rubber trees, under the impetus of the increased demand, are being cultivated in Africa, India, Samoa, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and the Philippines. The price of rubber has doubled within the past five years, and for the men of means who go into its cultivation properly, and on a big scale, great fortunes are certain, but the man with small means had better stick to raising corn and hay on his home farm."

The Age They Marry

"In our country," said the large and portly gentleman of lawyer-like manners, "young men and maidens seem to marry just about as they please as far as age is concerned, although parents do have something to say before they are of legal age, if they feel so disposed. In other countries certain age limits are recognized, but the much earlier marriages than with us are the rule, though, goodness knows, our children marry too young. In Austria, for instance, a boy and girl of fourteen are considered quite equal to the burdens of marriage, while in Greece while the man must be fourteen, the woman may marry at twelve. In Germany the system is somewhat better, and the man must be eighteen, though the age of the woman may be anything—that is left open as may be; she may be fifteen or fifty. In France and Belgium the ages are fifteen. In Spain the man must have passed his fourteenth birthday, and the woman her twelfth, and the same rule prevails in Portugal and Switzerland. In Hungary Catholics may marry at fourteen and twelve, but Protestants not before eighteen and fifteen, which is something in favor of Protestantism. Russia and Saxony show better sense, for they put the ages at eighteen and sixteen. Great Britain has about the same way of doing things, that we do on this side. In Turkey they may marry at any age from the cradle to the grave. China is about as bad, and among most uncivilized people children may marry, the custom being much more common in tropical countries than in the colder countries. Usually among these people very young girls are much more frequently married than young boys, though in some countries boys of a dozen years are heads of families—in name, at least. I think it is a compliment to the common sense of civilization that the more civilized people become the more they appreciate the fact that maturity should be the first requisite of marriage."

The Coal in the World

"We burn up a lot of coal and are not saving at all of it, except when there is a coal famine, or the prices have been put up on us," said the Professor man, "but estimates have shown that none of us will ever live to see the time when we won't have plenty. Estimates by authority show that the coal supply of North America is 681 billion tons; Germany, 280 billions; Great Britain, 193 billions; Russia, 40 billions; France, 19 billions; Belgium, 23 billions; Austria, 17 billions. By these figures Germany will have all she wants of her own coal for 2,000 years, but Great Britain will have her own supply about as long as Germany. In the mean time Africa and Asia are to hear from."

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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CHAPTER I.

A WOMAN LOVES TO BE WON BY STORM.

SOMEWHERE in the darkness a little bird awoke and began to chirp softly; there was an answering call and soon all the air was vibrant with the melody of bird notes; in the east a shaft of light appeared that grew in intensity until the sky blushed rosy red, like the cheek of a bride on her wedding morn; above this streak of brilliant color hung a cloud, black at the lower rim and shading to palest gray at the upper; the sun lifted his red disk above the horizon, rose gently till he stood fully unveiled, then slowly crept under the enveloping cloud and a gray mist settled down over the hills and valleys; when this mist cleared away the sun was revealed in all his glory riding high in a sky of cloudless blue. Such is the beginning of a June day in New Hampshire.

Nestled at the foot of a range of hills which broke into irregular masses against the sky line, stood one of those typical New England villages that charm the casual visitor with their prim neatness; a river flowed through the valley, and below the town where the mill dam fretted the brown water into white foam stood the factory with its inevitable accompaniment of tenement houses whose angular ugliness of outline was the only blot on the beauty of the landscape; across the valley and up the adjacent hillsides extended rich farming lands, showing what Nature even in her most rugged moods can be made to do when driven by the tireless hand of man; three church spires, the largest of which was surmounted by a large cross, pointed skyward.

This particular church was half way up a long sloping hillside, above the town, in the midst of a little plot of ground where the dead lay calmly reposing. On the opposite side of the court house and a little further down was the jail.

On the hilltop above the church stood a lone elm, one of those giants of the vegetable kingdom which would have delighted the heart of the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and against its rugged trunk leaned the tall, athletic figure of a young man of twenty years.

His dome-shaped head was covered with thickly clustering chestnut curls, and despite the almost womanish whiteness of complexion the face might have served as a model for that of Cæsar at a like age, so full was it of indomitable resolution, and latent power. Just now, however, that look of power was less in evidence, for the firmly closing lips were softened by some unusual feeling and the deep gray eyes held a tender light as their gaze wandered involuntarily toward the village nestled at the foot of the hill.

"They are late," he soliloquized half aloud to the listening silence about him as was his wont when alone, "I wonder what is keeping them? She said they would be here at nine and it is now past the hour. Dear, shy little thing! I hope she will not fail to meet me, for I had hard work to induce her to say she would come, with that argus-eyed mother of hers watching so closely. Strange that a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should have embraced the Catholic faith. But then it is true Mrs. Rosslyn had many griefs and for these found surcease in the bosom of Mother Church. And is it for this, forsooth, that I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" He shook his clenched fist at the cross on the church below. "But have her I will in spite of it. She shall renounce it, too," he continued softly. "How often I have dreamed of the time when I could call her that name, wife! To kiss at will those lips of vivid red—I'd like no other heaven! My little love—shall I kiss her today, I wonder? Yet it seems almost like sacrilege, so wrapped about is she in that maiden modesty which seems to cling to her like a garment. But whether I dare to kiss her or not, I must have her promise to wed. She is true as death—my little Theta—and once I have her promise I know she will never break it. But can I get her promise? What strength of resistance I have found in that frail girl! Hitherto her religion has stood between us like a wall of adamant, yet surmount it I must, else life will scarcely be worth the living. She is young—a few years' waiting will not greatly matter—and then, with wealth and fame to lay at her feet—" he broke off suddenly and the look of indomitable resolution, which was the leading characteristic of his youthful face, returned.

Suddenly he started as the sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria was borne to his waiting ears.

"There they come!" he exclaimed aloud. "And yonder come the Confirmation girls in their white dresses, followed by a bevy of older maidens. And there—that slender maiden walking a little apart and gowned all in sober gray—is—yes, it is my little love. How her sweet soprano rises clear above all the rest. A voice to wile the very heart out of a man's breast! What—did her voice falter? Ah! you do not see me—you only think that I am here watching and waiting for you! Yes, little sweetheart, today I'll kiss the lips that are pouring forth that melody. I think I will. A woman loves to be won by storm. How grand it must have been in the old days when men were savages! How I would have delighted in throwing you over my back and running with you to my cave!" These loverlike transports came to an abrupt end as the procession entered the church.

"Well," he muttered as he threw himself downward on the soft grass in the densest shade of the old elm, "as they will probably be a long while at their worship, it may be as well for me not waste any more time."

Thus speaking, he pulled a law pamphlet from his pocket and propping his head on his elbow soon became so absorbed in the perusal of "Greenleaf on Evidence," that he was oblivious of the passage of time.

Meanwhile, in the church below a girl's heart was beating almost to suffocation. Eugene had not been mistaken, for at the instant she had glanced up at the tree where she knew her lover waited, the sweet voice had quivered, then hushed into silence.

Written in Collaboration

By Mrs. Dora Nelson and
F. M. C. Henderschott

Once inside the church she sank trembling into her seat, wondering in her secret heart whether she would ever be pardoned for the tryst she had promised to keep that day, wondering whether Mary, sweet Mother Mary, would ever forgive her for loving that apostate so well.

When the pretty service came to an end she lingered, ostensibly to place a wreath on a grave, until the procession had moved down to the village, then she turned and slowly climbed the hill.

The slanting sunbeams forming an aureole of gold about her sweet young face and shining in the depths of her serious dark eyes gave to her beauty an air of almost unearthly ethereality as she stood there waiting even as Eve may have waited for the coming of Adam on that first morning in Paradise.

This Adam, however, did not keep his Eve waiting long, for at a bound he crossed the intervening space and reached her side.

"At last!" he said softly, "at last!"

He took both her trembling hands, twined his fingers with hers and so stood looking into her eyes, each reading the other's thoughts in language that only lovers know, then he stretched out his arms to their widest extent, thus lessening the distance between them until she half leaned, half lay, a vision of warm

figure of the Christ attached—a harmless thing, truly, that the lovelight should die out of his eyes and be replaced by a look so dark, so full of scorn that seeing it the girl shrank affrightedly away.

"That thing!" he burst out impetuously, "you wear it—there! It hurts me—it hurts me here—" he struck himself on the breast. "The whole story of the Atonement seems to me so improbable—it tortures me to think of that lying there on your beautiful bosom!"

With a sudden movement of his strong fingers he snapped the frail chain, and dashing the crucifix to the ground stamped upon it with his heel.

With a cry like a wounded animal the girl fell upon her knees and caught the mutilated crucifix to her breast, then she ran a little way and half turned, tense, quivering and faced him.

"God forgive me," she cried, "if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us."

As she stood there flushed, excited, it seemed to him she never before had looked so beautiful, and the tenderness came back to his eyes.

"The gulf? If there be a gulf—I will bridge it over, and we will fly away together on the wings of the morning. Come back to me,



WITH A CRY LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL THE GIRL FELL UPON HER KNEES.

breathing loveliness on his breast.

In the silence of the bliss that enwrapped them, he bent his head and took his first draught of love from her maiden lips. Thrilled, intoxicated with each other they stood there in a silence so great only the throbbing of their hearts could be heard.

When he did speak his voice was low, soft, caressing as if he feared to break the charm of this mystic spell which held them.

"Sit down with me, love, here on this mossy stone, for I have much to tell you."

And gently, without losing his hold of her, he drew her down beside him.

"You are going away?" she raised to his a face from which a little of the bright color fled.

"Yes, dearest. You have not heard? There is an opening for me out West—Judge Blodgett will take me into his law office. But the waiting will not be for long. I shall soon carve my way, and then, when I have wealth and fame I am coming back to make you my little wife. What—that word makes you tremble? My little love, let me kiss you again. So—on your lips?"

And here—on your pretty neck just where this silken curl nestles—so—and here—where this snowy triangle is visible above the collar of your gown. But what is this little gold chain that goes round your neck? Why do you wear it there—on the inside of your gown? What talisman is hiding there?" As he spoke his fingers were pulling at the chain.

"No! no! do not touch it!" she cried, as a look almost of fear came into her eyes.

"Nay, but I must," he persisted tenderly, "you have no secrets from me now." And even as the words left his lips he drew from its resting place the hidden talisman.

It was only a tiny gold crucifix with an ivory

dearest, let us not trouble ourselves longer with debatable questions."

"They are not debatable questions to me," she said sadly. "And Gene, nothing can change the fact that we are hopelessly divided. You are living in a world peopled only by the phantoms of today; I live in a world peopled by the phantoms of all the yesterdays. There is no common plane upon which we can meet and be happy. Our union? It would mean one of two things. Either I should let you drag me down to your level, or you would have to come up to mine."

She hesitated. Anger was fading into love. Her eyes ceased to flash and filled with tenderness.

"Come back, Gene! Let your soul reach out to the Infinite and say, even as Newman's did in its hour of greatest darkness: 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.' That hope of immortality! How it has lightened every burden, made patient, under oppression and grinding poverty, those who would have sunk otherwise. No!—wait!" as he made a sudden gesture toward her, "I know what you would say. That you would not have men remain patient under tyranny and want—that you would have them cease praying to the Divine Saki to fill the cup of life, and reach out and take that which they need. How many times we have spent ourselves in vain argument over this question of the immortality of the soul! If, as you have so often affirmed, you believe the solution of the life problem will ultimately be only a matter of chemistry and mechanics, why should that spire," she pointed to the church lying below, "and the countless church spires all over the world point the way to a better life beyond the grave?" She went on

with a passionate intake of her breath, "In the city there—over there where that faint blue line fades into the sky—are lives so sunken in ignorance, so burdened by the pressing mass above—the rich, the successful, the happy—so steeped in shame and squalor they have never possessed one wreath of the laurels of life, never enjoyed one triumph, never experienced one hour of real happiness—surely—surely a just God will set all this right—somehow! See—down there where the dead are lying—" she pointed to the grave stones gleaming white in the rays of the declining sun, "how many, many broken-hearted ones would lay themselves down in the eternal sleep of death if once convinced this life ended all! Take away the hope of immortality, and the whole wide world would become one vast graveyard."

She ceased, and as he looked into her beautiful face a worshiping tenderness came into his eyes.

"It is that already, dear. The very structure of the earth is made up of the bones of the creatures that have lived and died upon it. Only think of the countless organisms it took to form the limestones. It is these secrets wrested from the very rocks themselves which have slain the old beliefs. They are dead—quite dead. Each in turn, 'abode its destined hour and went its way,' each in turn stamped its impress in blood on the nation from which it sprang. Yes—in blood—for could we summon back that spectral throng—those victims of the old beliefs—could we but once summon them back from lonely mountain heights where Persian priests offered sacrifice to the living flame; from the flowing hands of Moloch when the shouts of the worshippers drowned the cries of the victim; from the sands of the arena reddened with the blood of the Christians; from the Rock of the Holy Sepulcher when the victorious Christians rode in Paynim blood to their horses' knees in the days when the Red Cross and the Crescent struggled on the fields of Palestine; from the night of Saint Bartholomew when rivers of blood ran down the streets of Paris; from the rack and the stake of the terrible Inquisition; from the days of the Reformation when the heads of the noblest in England rolled upon the scaffold; from the flame of the fires of Bloody Mary; from those far dim days when man first erected altars and offered sacrifice to an awful and Unknown God—could we but summon back those pale specters a world might be peopled with the vastness of their multitude, and the very hills be rent asunder with the cry they would send up against the tyranny of religion! Religion! What has it ever been but a clog on the wheels of Progress? Of a surety that shining goal toward which mankind is hastening will never be reached until men cast off the shackles of superstition, cease lifting dumb, beseeching eyes to the Unknown, search their own hearts for wisdom, and live and be free!" As he uttered the last words that voice to which thousands were one day to thrill in the halls of our nation's capitol, rose to a pitch of impassioned eloquence, then dropped swiftly, and for a time there was silence.

When he spoke again it was once more in a tone, low, soft, tender.

"But, dear heart, we will think no more of the bloody past," he said. "Through the thick darkness which now envelops us a new light is stealing. And the name of that light is love. It is the essence which permeates all things, animate and inanimate. It is a thing we share in common with the lowest brute, but which has power to lift us to the uttermost heights of bliss. It is the same mutual attraction that holds the planets in their places, that makes the rivers run to the sea, the metals in Nature's great laboratory rush to embrace each other. It is that which makes me want to kiss you—my dearest, come back to me—let us love while we may."

His voice sank into low passionate, pleading. "Hark," he said, "to that low cooing coming from yonder wood. Over there a dove is calling to his mate—as I am calling to mine. And see—there where the honeybee is flitting—he sure the queen is humming down there in the grass to guide him to his love. Nature with all her myriad voices is calling us to peace and happiness. Love is the first law of Nature—life may exist without it, but it is incomplete—the broken arc of a circle. Dear one, by all those powers of Nature I implore you—come back to me!"

As he spoke he stretched out his arms to the glorious sun, to the flowers and to the shadowy pines, as if to invoke their aid in making his plea. And as she listened the girl's power of resistance seemed broken, she seemed on the point of yielding to those tender entreaties. A smile played around her lips, her eyes grew tender, humid, they drooped, then suddenly a look of fear shot into them and her face blanched as she pointed dramatically to something that lay on the ground at her feet.

The shadow of the cross on the church below had grown shorter and shorter until now it lay a black menacing shape between them.

As she gazed at the omen a great awe crept over the girl's soul, and her voice was hoarse and broken:

"The cross! The cross! It is a miracle sent from Heaven to save me! Back! Back! You would lead my soul to perdition!"

As these words fell from her lips, for the first time a realizing sense of his own helplessness to cope with the situation came over Warfield. For the first time he began to realize just what her loss would mean to him, and the pain this feeling engendered awoke akin to resentment within him.

With a bound he crossed the shadow and stood looking down upon her, fierce anger blazing in his eyes.

"You do not love me," he said roughly, "you never have!"

A cry of anguish, so keen, so heartrending broke from her he repented the hasty words almost as soon as spoken.

"To my sorrow, my unutterable sorrow I do love you," her white lips murmured, "I do!"

As he caught the forced words, as quickly as it had come his anger left him and once more he broke out into passionate pleading.

"You do love me—you do! Then come back to me, my darling! I will fill your cup of earthly happiness so full—so full! Surely you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parentheses indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

On account of many submitting work requesting us to withhold their full address we have decided to discontinue giving the name and address of persons to whom we are indebted for fancy work articles, which we use on this page. COMFORT's circulation is so large, many of our subscribers have been besieged with requests for samples or further particulars in regard to work which has appeared, and to answer these letters takes time and money for postage, and it is impossible for one to send samples or directions to so many.

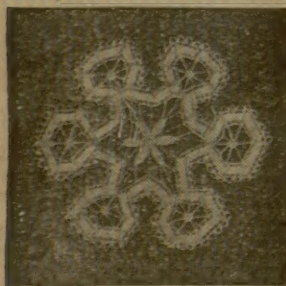
Whenever publishing any particular piece of work, we endeavor to give the plainest possible directions for making, besides illustrating it. So it is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, samples, or patterns of anything, unless stated that they can be supplied. Fancy work of an inexpensive nature we gladly receive at any time and if available for these columns will be used and paid for at current rates, and samples are returned, but we seldom purchase anything outright.

Knitting, crocheting, netting and tatting, to be acceptable, must be accompanied by full directions for making, written plainly on one side of the paper only, and in accordance with above abbreviations.

Novel or original ideas for utilizing ordinary material especially desired.

Point Lace Making

Nowadays the tendency seems to be to get the greatest amount of effect with the least possible labor, but it is still true that any piece of work



STAR CENTER MEDALLION. NO. 1.

which is of value and beauty is the result of painstaking labor and considerable time. The collar here shown would, however, justify one in this expenditure. This and five of the medallions which may be used for many purposes are developed of point lace braid, while for the sixth

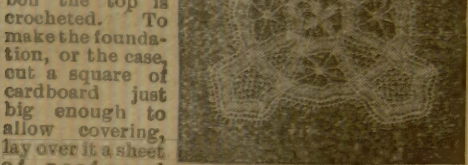
feather-edged braid was used. The collar is made by the usual method of first fastening the lace on a heavy paper or linen pattern, and then filling in the stitches, these consist of bars of twisted thread, spider-webs, and the usual filling-in stitches which are familiar to even amateur lace makers.

The six medallions shown vary greatly in design, but have one point in common—they are easily made and inexpensive. Handsome cuffs and collars may be made by joining these, or they make beautiful insets for shirt-waists or thin dresses of any kind. If made of black braid silk waists could also be decorated in this way.

Handkerchief Bag

Everyone likes a dainty receptacle for handkerchiefs. This one is simple in the extreme and can be made of any color preferred. The main portion is made of satin ribbon four inches wide and to this ribbon the top is crocheted.

To make the foundation, or the case, cut a square of cardboard just big enough to allow covering, lay over it a sheet of perflumed wadding. When the cardboard is covered on both sides cut a strip of the ribbon long enough to extend round all four sides after the ends are joined. Seam the ends together firmly and neatly, then overcast one edge of the ribbon to the foundation. For the top of the bag use silk or silkateen which matches the ribbon in color, crochet into the



MEDALLION FOR END OF TIE. NO. 2.

upper edge of the ribbon all around, join and break the thread. Then crochet ten rows as follows: One double crochet, chain of five, one double crochet, chain five.

In the next row put the double crochet in the third stitch of the chain of five, continue in this way forming a series of squares until you have ten rows in all; finish the top with a shell border and a narrow ribbon run in just below to serve as a drawing string.

Shirt-waist Box

Those who have found bureau drawers too crowded for waists will fully appreciate the

convenience afforded by having a box especially for them.

A wooden box two feet long, by a foot and a half wide, and about twelve inches deep, is first obtained, and is padded inside and out with cotton wadding, into which a trifle of sachet powder has been sprinkled. The lining could be of rose-colored cretonne, or silesia, and the covering of rose-patterned cretonne—big roses on a cream ground.

The box is then finished off with brass-headed nails and big brass hinges. Another good combination would be dogwood on a grayish-green, with a lining of pale green. Indeed any number of pretty combinations can be made as the cretonne comes in exquisite patterns and colorings. These boxes not only supply a long-felt want, but make a pretty, comfortable seat for the cozy corner of a bedroom.

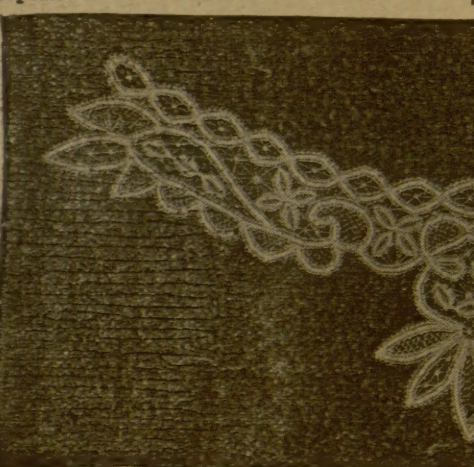
A shoe box can be made in the same manner, and pockets of different sizes for shoes and slippers tacked to the lining. The pockets are made in one piece of the same material as the lining, and an elastic is run in the top.

Knitting, crocheting, netting and tatting, to be acceptable, must be accompanied by full directions for making, written plainly on one side of the paper only, and in accordance with above abbreviations.

Novel or original ideas for utilizing ordinary material especially desired.

The Hem for Wrist of Knitted Mitten

1st round.—P. 2, throw t. o. 4 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.



POINT LACE COLLAR. NO. 3.

2nd round.—P. 2, 1 plain, t. o. 3 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.

3rd round.—P. 2, 2 plain, t. o. 2 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.

4th round.—P. 2, 3 plain, t. o. 1 plain, k. 2 tog., repeat.

5th round.—P. 2, 4 plain, t. o., k. 2 tog., repeat. Now repeat this pattern seven or more times according to the length of the wrist desired. Next work a band of ribs by knitting 1 and purling 1, so continue ribs for five or six rounds, then make the holes, in which to run the ribbon, as follows:

1st round.—K. 1, p. 1, o. 2, and k. 2 tog., repeat.

2nd round.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1 loop, p. 1 loop, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1 loop, p. 1 loop, repeat from 2nd round, k. 2, last st. of round, k. 1.

3rd round.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from 2nd p. 1. Continue to rib, k. 1, p. 1 for five or six rounds or more if you like, then finish off with one whole line of purling.

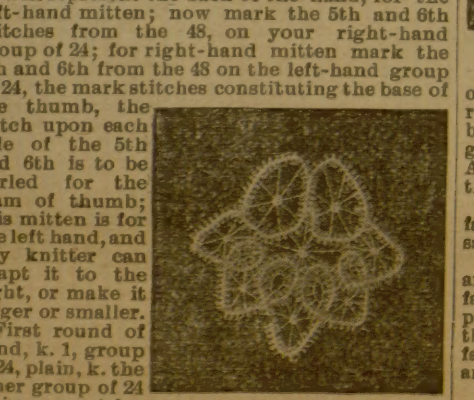
Now divide the 96 stitches in 3 groups, 48 on one needle, 24 on each of the others. The 48 will represent the back of the hand, for the left-hand mitten; now mark the 5th and 6th stitches from the 48, on your right-hand group of 24; for right-hand mitten mark the 5th and 6th from the 48 on the left-hand group of 24, the mark stitches constituting the base of the thumb, the stitch upon each side of the 5th and 6th is to be purled for the seam of thumb; this mitten is for the left hand, and any knitter can adapt it to the right, or make it larger or smaller.

First round of hand, k. 1, group of 24, plain, k. the other group of 24 plain, except for the 2 p. sts. forming seam for thumb, knit 2 plain at beginning of group of 48; following is the pattern of the back of the hand upon the next 28 stitches, and remainder of round plain.

1st round.—Draw second stitch over first stitch, k. it, k. first stitch, p. 1, k., throw thread over once and k. 1, repeat from throw thread over 8 times, p. 1. Draw one st. over, k. it, k. the next, repeat pattern once.

2nd round.—K. 2, p. 1, k. 17 (each loop counting 1 st.), p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

3rd round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass the



FEATHER-EDGED BRAID. NO. 6.

sl. st. over the one knitted, k. 13, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

4th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 11, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

5th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 9, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

6th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 7, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat, then repeat this pattern from 1st round in every round of the hand, all stitches are to be knitted plain, except the 28 on the back of the hand, and the two sts. purled together, forming the seam for the thumb.

Widen the thumb by making one extra st. between the 2 marked plain sts. in the 3rd round. In every 4th round thereafter make two extra sts., next to the 2 sts. following the original 5th and 6th sts., marked until the thumb is sufficiently wide. In an average for a lady, this will be when from 29 to 31 sts. have been made between the two plain sts., the pattern upon the back of hand will then have been repeated 7 times. Sl. off the thumb sts. with a darning needle and a piece of thread, tie the ends of the thread securely and dispose of the hand sts. evenly upon the 3 needles, k. 50 rounds plain in an average mitten, 52 or 58 when larger. Narrow for hand as follows, k. 2 tog., k. 8, k. 2 tog., and so on till end of round if necessary, plain at end, 8 rounds plain, k. 2 tog., k. 7, k. 2 tog., and so on.

7th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 6, 2 tog., and so on 6 rounds plain. K. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., and so on 5 rounds plain, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., and so on, 4 rounds plain, and so on.

8th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., and so on, 4 rounds plain, and so on.

9th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., and so on, 3 rounds plain, and so on.

10th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., and so on, 2 rounds plain, and so on.

11th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

sl. st. over the one knitted, k. 13, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

4th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 11, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

5th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 9, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat.

6th round.—K. 2, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over k. 7, k. 2 tog., p. 1, k. 2, repeat, then repeat this pattern from 1st round in every round of the hand, all stitches are to be knitted plain, except the 28 on the back of the hand, and the two sts. purled together, forming the seam for the thumb.

Widen the thumb by making one extra st. between the 2 marked plain sts. in the 3rd round. In every 4th round thereafter make two extra sts., next to the 2 sts. following the original 5th and 6th sts., marked until the thumb is sufficiently wide. In an average for a lady, this will be when from 29 to 31 sts. have been made between the two plain sts., the pattern upon the back of hand will then have been repeated 7 times. Sl. off the thumb sts. with a darning needle and a piece of thread, tie the ends of the thread securely and dispose of the hand sts. evenly upon the 3 needles, k. 50 rounds plain in an average mitten, 52 or 58 when larger. Narrow for hand as follows, k. 2 tog., k. 8, k. 2 tog., and so on till end of round if necessary, plain at end, 8 rounds plain, k. 2 tog., k. 7, k. 2 tog., and so on.

7th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 6, 2 tog., and so on 6 rounds plain. K. 2 tog., k. 5, k. 2 tog., and so on 5 rounds plain, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., and so on, 4 rounds plain, and so on.

8th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., and so on, 4 rounds plain, and so on.

9th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 3, k. 2 tog., and so on, 3 rounds plain, and so on.

10th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., and so on, 2 rounds plain, and so on.

11th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

12th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

13th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

14th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

15th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

16th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

17th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

18th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

19th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

20th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

21st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

22nd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

23rd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

24th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

25th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

26th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

27th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

28th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

29th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

30th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

31st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

32nd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

33rd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

34th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

35th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

36th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

37th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

38th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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50th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

51st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

52nd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

53rd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

54th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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56th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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58th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

59th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

60th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

61st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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75th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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77th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

78th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

79th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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81st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

82nd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

83rd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

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89th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

90th round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

91st round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.

92nd round.—2 plain, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., and so on, 1 round plain, and so on.



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home-surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The old year waited amid the snow
Till men should bless her, and bid her go.
But the children laughed. "We await the new,
'Tis fairer and gladder and brighter than you."

DEAR SISTERS:

If we do speed the old year and greet the new in this spirit, it will be brighter and better than the old, for cheerful, hopeful thoughts make us happier, no matter what our surroundings, and help us successfully overcome the petty disappointments and irritating daily worries, which come to all. How lovely life would be without them, but no lot is totally devoid of blessings; and courage and a brave heart will accomplish wonders.

How many beautiful letters we have had in the past year from brave sisters, and the kind helpfulness and sympathy so generously extended, to those who fight among the shadows, has made this department beloved and useful as it is. The sunny South joins hands with the North and messages come from California to Maine, some telling of pleasure, some of pain, which, I am sure if you could read as I do, your heart would feel too large for the place it occupies, and a tear would silently slide down your cheek. Sisters, perhaps you do not know, have no idea, how much good the corner has done. It is the personal contact with the readers which shows the far-reaching results, so please give us your co-operation in the future, as you have in the past.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Della Brawn, Griffiths, W. Va., is a poor cripple woman, with four little ones. Sympathetic letters and anything useful, or reading matter thankfully received.

Miss Olive Winchester, Hooker, Okla., is a patient sufferer, who would appreciate letters and reading matter.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from this city, I thought I would write and describe to a small extent the grandeur of it. How many of the Sisters have ever visited historic Niagara? Do you not all agree that Niagara's cataract, rapids and gorge stand first among the earth's scenic features? Along the Niagara frontier, history was made when the United States was young, and there, also, Nature has showered her greatest gifts. The traveler may be enthusiastic over the beauties of the Old World, or the resident from the West may grow eloquent when speaking of the wonders of Colorado's mountains and canyons, but they stand spellbound with admiration, amazement and awe, for words cannot describe the grandeur of Niagara when they look upon it. In order to see it as thoroughly as possible, we board one of the Great Gorge Line cars. This trolley system encircles the gorge and for a distance of over twenty miles presents to the eyes an ever-changing panorama of wonderful scenery.

We first cross the great steel arch bridge spanning the Niagara river a few hundred feet below the Falls, and hence to Canada. As the car slowly crosses the bridge one of the grandest and most perfect view of the Falls is obtained, and in its course for nearly a mile up the river on the Canadian side, this grand view of the American and Horseshoe Falls is ever present until the car reaches Table Rock, almost at the brink of the Horseshoe Falls. From here we may also see the Canadian Rapids above the Falls and the wild plunging waters in the mad rush before leaping into the chasm. The Falls—you must see them to even imagine their grandeur. The continual, monotonous downpour of water, the heavy mist rising from the foot of the Falls, the continuous roar of this vast amount of water as it pours to the river below, the gorgeous rainbow—perfect in colors, which can be seen by sunlight or moonlight—all this has a strange fascination for the observer. A feeling of awe, as we gaze at this vast work of Nature, overpowers us. How omnipotent is the Hand of the Almighty! In the river below the Falls the little steamer, "Maid of the Mist," carries its passengers very near the foot of the Horseshoe Falls.

I like Della Stendit, am a self-made bachelor girl. Della, I would like to hear from you. In fact I would like to hear from all the sisters. Hoping to see this sometime in print I beg to remain your sister,

Miss LIZZIE BARNHART, 533 S. Main St., Findlay, Ohio.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a Georgia sister and I certainly have enjoyed these helpful talks, and the fancy work department is full of practical suggestions.

I hope you are all well this bright Sunday morning and enjoying the full benefit of all of God's blessings. Why is it that none of the sisters from Georgia write? I often wonder if I am the only one

in Georgia that takes COMFORT. I don't see how anyone can get along without it. I think it one of the finest papers for the money that ever was published. I can hardly wait for it to come.

I am a young housekeeper with two sweet little children. My oldest one, a boy of four years and my baby is a little girl. She was one year old the eighth of last May, my first child was a little girl but God had a better place for her and saw fit to take her away. It was hard to stand by the little white coffin holding our darling who was sleeping her last long sleep. It was very hard to give her up, but God knows best. Still it is hard to always realize this, especially when such accidents come as befell my boy when he was two years old. He caught fire and was badly burned. I sat by him day and night fearing he might die, but he was spared to me, but his right arm and hand is badly drawn up so it is almost useless. His grandmother is making a quilt for his bed and would like a few pieces of any size or color. I should also like to receive letters. May the love of God be with you all is the prayer of your new sister,

Mrs. NAOMI McMICHAEL, Monticello, R. F. D., 6, Jasper County, Ga.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to this dear old paper, for many years, in fact, I think from almost the first of its publication, and I prophesied then, that it would become one of the most popular of all our household journals, and just think how it has turned out, for where, among all the monthly publications, can you find another paper like our COMFORT. It is full of interest from cover to cover, reaching all classes of people, the rich and the poorest, as it is within the means of everyone, and in all probability, there is not another journal of the kind that can boast of the large number of subscribers which COMFORT possesses, that alone speaks for its popularity. In my opinion, COMFORT hasn't its superior, if it has its equal anywhere, but many others after noting its wonderful success, have tried to follow its suit, in their endeavor to imitate the paper, but it is very evident that they have fallen far short of their mark, for the very good reason, that they lacked COMFORT's editor. Perhaps I am an enthusiast you will say, and that will be the truth, for I am an admirer and an ardent one of COMFORT, and if I possessed talent as a writer, I should be only too happy and proud to become a contributor to its columns.

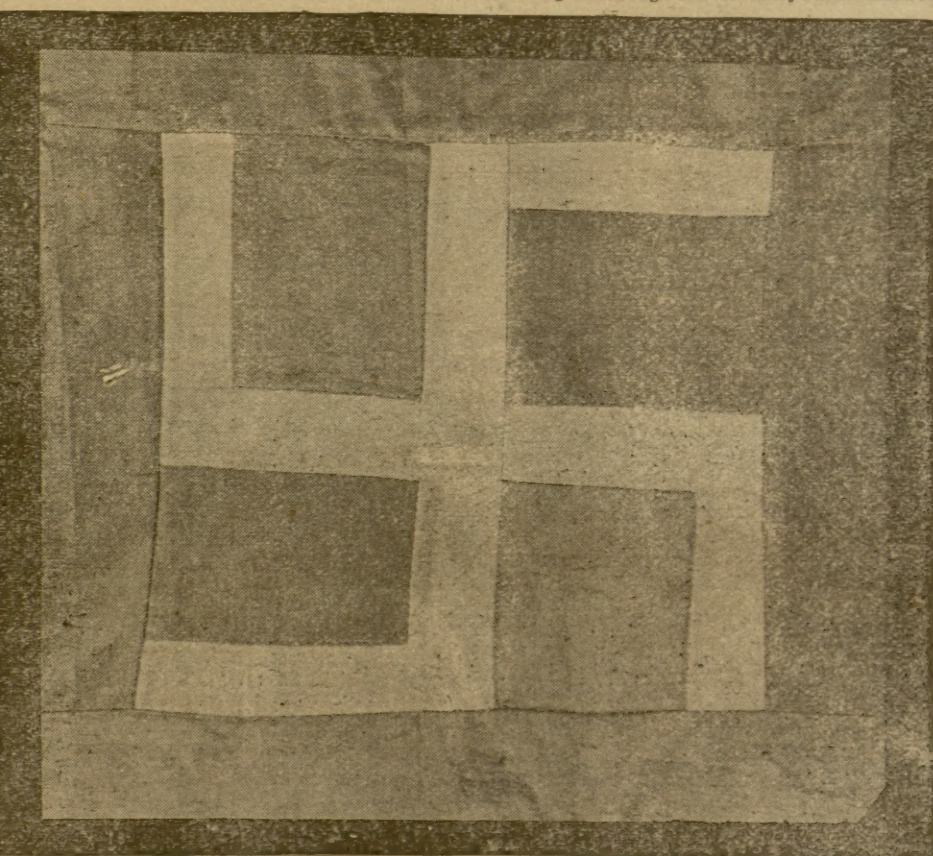
Dear sisters, I belong to a class which has called forth many kind expressions of sympathy, as well as your indulgence to a certain extent, as regards health, and some of the "other good things of life," which many of you are so fortunate as to possess, and without which health "life is scarcely worth the living." Although our Heavenly Father knoweth

Watch the number on your wrapper. If it is 220 or less, it means that your subscription has or is about expired and you should renew at once so as to not miss any papers containing the great story, "St. Elmo," which will be continued for some months into 1907; it only costs 15 cents to do it now.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to have a little chat about vegetables which may benefit some who live on farms or have gardens.

In the fall take beets, carrots, parsnips, winter radishes, and put them into boxes in the cellar, cover them with dry sand, and they will keep all winter; in April they are just as nice and hard as when first taken out of the garden. If cabbage is pulled up with the roots on them and then set down into the cellar the cabbage will keep nice all winter. Celery may be kept all winter if set into tubs with water enough to cover the roots, then cover with old carpeting and you will have celery growing and bleaching all winter. A molasses barrel,



NAVAJO INDIAN'S GOOD-LUCK EMBLEM, QUILT BLOCK.

Sent in by Miss Allie Cunningham.

sawed in two in the middle makes two good tubs for this.

For the sister who wished to remove rust from the stove which had not been in use for two years, take an old knife and scrape off the rust as much as possible; now purchase ten cents' worth of beeswax, melt it with two tablespoonsful of salt; when well dissolved, stir it well and spread it all over the stove; leave it on for one or two days. I make a stove; leave it on for one or two days. I make a hot water solution of one gallon of water and put into the hot water one pound of washing soda; wash off the beeswax, rub dry with old rags; get fifteen cents' worth of turpentine and rub this all over the stove with brush or rags, rubbing it in well, and leave on one day, then black thoroughly all over with good paste and rub hard. Do not have any fire in the stove through this operation.

To the many who write me for patterns, recipes, etc., I would say I have and will answer all who send stamped, addressed envelopes, but cannot otherwise.

Mrs. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, 4 East Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been reading your letters for several years. I have some asking for directions for making bedroom slippers. I am going to tell you how I make them.

Make a chain of eight and turn, then slip one stitch and make a single crochet in the next three, then three in the fourth and one in the next three. Chain one and turn, take up the back part of each stitch and put three in the middle of each row till you have eighteen rows, or nine ribs. This makes the vamp of the slipper, then turn and single crochet (taking up the back of each stitch) till you have fourteen stitches, then turn and go back; this makes the side. Make this long enough to go around the sole to meet the vamp on the other side, then crochet them together. Then make chain one and one double crochet slipping one stitch and go around the top of the slipper this way. This makes the holes to run the rubber through. Then make your scallops on the top of this and it is done.

I am afraid you can't understand this so I am going to make a small one and send with this to the editor, perhaps she can make it plainer. I do all kinds of fancy work, and would be glad for some ideas in fancy work and if I can help any of the sisters just ask.

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them shut out, and thus perhaps deny them their one enjoyment through which they get a glimpse of the outside world. Let me thank you, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, for making this corner so interesting and instructive.

May God's blessing rest upon you all, and especially the dear shut-ins. Respectfully,
Miss IDA E. WAKE, Fullerton, Md.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a real country woman from a farm down in Arkansas. I am writing in especially to see if anyone can help me out about my chickens. Last summer they were troubled with a strange disease, which I do not understand, and many of our neighbors lost poultry of all kinds in the same way. They would apparently be well and laying as usual, their combs pretty and rosy, and then in an hour's time they would be dead. Can any tell me what ailed them and what to do.

I would also like to know what is best to do when roses do not thrive. The leaves of mine looked brown and the stalks dry and dead.

I enjoy reading all these letters and get much help. I am a young housekeeper. I was twenty-three last August, and will soon be married four years.

We have a smart baby boy who is blessed with three sets of grandparents, and was named for his great grandfather. My nearest neighbor is my mother, who is about one half mile away, but you may guess I visit her quite often. Still there are lonely days and I do not have much reading matter and appreciate it to be remembered in this way and also with letters, for I love you one and all. Hoping the new year will be a bright one for each of you, I remain,

Mrs. MAUD COUCH, McRae, White Co., Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a stranger to you all, but not to COMFORT; it is certainly an ideal paper. I want to tell the young mothers a few home ways to treat the baby, as it is the most precious thing in the home.

A bad cold is something every baby has sometime. I have found hen oil good; heat as warm as baby can stand it and rub inside of hands, bottom of feet, under arms, behind ears and forehead, and on nose, then mix one teaspoonful with five drops of turpentine, wet flannel cloth and put on breast, and see how much better baby is in a short time. Now, mothers, you who have poor, little sickly babies try this, peel and slice half a pint of onions, pour in one pint of boiling water, and boil down one half pint with two teaspoonsful of sugar and half of a cracker, and feed baby all it will eat twice a day for a month, then tell us how much baby has gained. I gave this to my baby at three days old. They do not seem to like it at first but keep trying, they will cry for it before the month is out.

Now for the bottle baby, I have one and a big, fat one, too, I gave her cows' milk the first four months. I used one half pint of milk, one half pint of water, a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Second four months I used one pint of milk instead of one half pint. At the age of eight months I began pure milk, I just mix, never cook the milk. Wash your bottles at night and morning in strong soda water. I put a spoonful in bottle, and pour in boiling water and shake well. I have three babies; the bottle baby was two years old in November.

I am going to ask you sisters who have roses to send her a sprout of your bush. She is so fond of flowers, it is amusing to see her try to smell them. I will return all favors possible.

Mrs. LULA CLARK, Dora, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is surely the best paper, and I have enjoyed it for years, but this is my first letter. I am sending in a quilt block; now with "Anona," "Hiawatha," and other similar songs are all the rage, why not fashion quilt from Indian signs and emblems.

This one I made using the Navajo Indian's good-luck emblem. This he uses to brand his horses, on his blankets, and waves it above his head as a talisman to frighten away evil spirits.

Two colors only should be used, although it is rather hard to get them just right, but you can if you try, so don't write me for a sample block, for if only a few did, it would be considerable work, and more than I could do.

I hope you will all like this, and if so, maybe I can work out another pattern which will be quite as attractive. With best wishes to all.

ALLIE CUMMINGHAM, 836 East Bay Ave., Olympia, Wash.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let one of Uncle Charlie's nieces come in for a minute? I am an old subscriber, and think COMFORT gets better all the time. I enjoy reading the helpful letters in the sisters' corner. I will give a few household hints.

A bit of salt sprinkled on anything that is burning on the stove will take away the unpleasant odor.

A teaspoonful of brown sugar added to the prepared stove polish will make it stick better.

Old newspapers crushed well between the hands are good to polish the stove with.

I feel sorry for the poor unfortunate shut-ins, and am always ready to help them in any way I can. I think it would be a good rule if every COMFORT sister would make it a rule to write to one or more shut-ins each month, always remembering them in some way, if only by sending them a few postage stamps.

What a dear little soul our little sunshine worker Nellie C. N. is, my heart goes out in sympathy to her.

Mrs. B. E. Ward. How I would enjoy your island home. Come again, cousin.

J. A. D. Your letters are helpful.

How many of the sisters like Mexican drawn-work? I do for one.

Here is a pen picture of myself: I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have luxuriant brown hair and deep blue eyes, eighteen years young. I can cook and keep house, love fancy work, am fond of music, flowers, and books. I am a lover of nature, and everything that is grand and beautiful. If anyone cares to write me, I will answer all letters.

Wishing success to COMFORT, and its many readers,

MARTHA ROSE, Kentucky, Jackson Co., W. Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As COMFORT has been a welcome visitor at my home for almost a year, I thought I would send you a few words through its pages. I am a young housekeeper, with three darling little ones to love and care for, and I find many things of value which help to lighten cares and labor in these columns.

All the recipes printed in COMFORT, I cut out and paste in what I call my COMFORT Recipe Book, so that I can save them.

I live on a ranch fifty-three miles from Seattle, out in the timber, and as my husband is away from home during the week I get very lonely, and if any of the sisters will kindly send me books, or story papers to help me pass those lonely hours, I would be thankful indeed. I suppose you wonder why I don't go visiting? It is because my babies are all small, the eldest four years old, and youngest ten months, then the nearest neighbor's house is over a mile away, and I must walk a foot long to cross the river. Did any of the sisters ever cross a foot long?

If you have you know how hard it is. Another thing I would like, are patterns for children's toys, birds, dogs, cats, or anything to be made. I will return the favor in any way I can. I will also write to any of the sisters who send stamp for reply.

I will tell you how I clean my chicken-house. It may benefit some of you. I take a good-sized piece of cloth, wrap it around a long stick, dip in kerosene, thoroughly burn all the roosts and sides. You need not be afraid of setting it afire, unless you have some paper or inflammable stuff in the nests. I burn my chicken-house twice a week so as to keep it free from lice. To remove them from the chickens, dip them in one pint of lukewarm water, mixed with one pint of kerosene, and four tablespoonfuls of sulphur.

Before starching collars, soak them for twenty-four hours in water with a pinch of borax which will make them much whiter, cover top ones to prevent them from getting discolored. To iron them take a thin white cloth, lay collar underneath, and it will keep them from gathering the dirt from the iron.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

A STOLEN PROPOSAL

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Arthur Leighton, rector of St. Mark's, is in love with Anna Ruthven. He re-reads a letter, received the day before from Thornton Hastings, his college classmate, and opens to the second page. He will spend the summer at Saratoga, where Mrs. Julia Meredith takes her niece, Miss Anna Ruthven. He's expected to fall in love and marry her, but he has presentiments that Arthur is interested in Anna Ruthven and he promises to treat her as brotherly as if she were already his wife. Arthur Leighton determines the matter shall be settled before Anna leaves Hanover with Mrs. Meredith. He writes a letter, asking her to be his wife. Mrs. Julia Meredith arrives at the farmhouse. She and Anna go down to the Glen. Cunnily the aunt talks; she hopes to see her well settled in life. Whatever she leaves at her death goes to Anna and she expects her to make a brilliant match. There is no one in Hanover whom she, as a Ruthven, would care to marry, and as she asks the question, the rector comes around a rock where they are sitting. Previous to this he calls at the farmhouse to leave a book for Anna, and slips the letter into it, and trusts to faithful Esther, who takes it to Anna's room. Mrs. Meredith suspects something, and finding the letter in the book, partially unsealed, thinks it her duty, as the sister of Anna's dead father, not to let her throw herself away, and Anna little suspects how near she has been to the great happiness she hopes for, or dreams how fervently Arthur Leighton prays that night that God will grant him the priceless gift of Anna Ruthven's love.

The following Sunday the rector listens to Anna Ruthven, as she sings, "Oh, come let us sing unto the Lord," and he cannot think she means to darken his life. The Hetheringtons, with Dr. Bellamy, arrive late at church. Anna Ruthven is introduced to Fanny Hetherington and Lucy Harcourt, the latter telling Colonel Hetherington how she had met Mr. Leighton among the Alps, and afterward had traveled with him until the party returned to Paris. Anna wonders what could have brought the rector and Lucy into such familiar relations. Lucy Harcourt invites the rector to a picnic. Miss Ruthven is to be there. If his answer to her letter does not come before he will ask her for it. He receives a forged letter from Mrs. Meredith, in which Anna, though she has great regard for him, calls him a hypocrite and a liar, and when he meets, it may be exactly as heretofore. He will find Anna appearing very natural. In the meanwhile he writes Thornton Hastings that he is free to press his suit. He goes to the picnic. Anna, unconscious of her aunt's treachery, expresses sincere regret at his recent illness, and wishes to go to Saratoga. Later in the afternoon he finds himself alone with her. She does care whether she is missed by the parish poor and by him. He does not know how often she will think of him, or how sorry—She does not finish the sentence, and he asks if she has repented her decision. "Thinking he means about going to Saratoga," she tells him Aunt Meredith, and so do I think it best. She talks blindly, her thoughts upon one subject—the rector's upon another. She would have given worlds if she had staid at home.

Anna grieves that she has harbored a feeling of bitterness against Lucy Harcourt. "Thinking he means about the Widow Hobbs—it will give her some idea of the duties of a rector's wife. There is nothing but distressing poverty everywhere. The rector appears—he does not expect to find two ministering angels—he is sure of one. Lucy asks Anna if she has ever seen a man named Hastings. What is coming, tells her he never did, and never will, but some day he will ask her to become his wife. Lucy is an heiress and would give every dollar for Arthur Leighton's love. Thornton Hastings goes to Newport instead of Saratoga. Mrs. Meredith leaves Saratoga for Newport. Thornton Hastings is away when she returns. On his return he finds her card in his room. Arthur's letter affects him strangely, while added to this is a fear that Anna is influenced by what may result in an acquaintance with him. Mrs. Meredith is too wise to mention Thornton Hastings' name, and Anna is totally ignorant of his presence at Newport. She looks at him in unfeigned surprise when Mrs. Meredith presents "my niece." Anna does not dance, and Thornton Hastings talks to her, as he seldom talks to women, and when he leaves her he realizes how keenly Arthur Leighton must have felt at her refusal. He resolves to study Anna, and she pleases him better than anyone he has ever known. Anna does not mistake the interest Thornton shows, and she dreads to speak the word which must carry pain. She cannot be his wife. Thornton Hastings receives a letter from Arthur Leighton, announcing his engagement to Lucy Harcourt. Anna Ruthven, at the same time receives one from Lucy Harcourt, and as she reads she falls forward with a low, moaning cry.

Captain Humphreys, Anna's grandfather, as a senior warden, conceives it his duty to talk to the young rector; if he does not intend to marry Lucy Harcourt, he must let her go. Lucy calls to see Arthur, and asks if he is displeased. He tells her people are talking about his seeing her so much. Lucy reads between the lines—she will not be in the way. Arthur thinks he sees his duty plain and he continues. There is a way to stop the gossip, and he will, and he asks Lucy to be his wife. With the knowledge that Arthur loves her she can do anything.

Thornton Hastings seeks the answer to the question asked six weeks before. Bravely Anna tells him she respects him more than any man she ever knew, and having met him years before—Suddenly the truth comes to Thornton Hastings, that she loves Arthur Leighton. Anna pleads with him not to interfere. Lucy is to be Arthur's wife. Mrs. Meredith writes to Arthur Leighton, confessing the wrong, and imploring his forgiveness. Anna still loves him. Arthur spends the evening with Lucy, and he tries to think he loves her, and as he bids her good night, she feels a strange thrill of joy, for sometimes the thought comes that the love she receives is not as great as the love she gives.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED.)

BUT she did not think so now, and in an ecstasy of joy she stood in the deep recess of the bay window, watching him as he went away through the moonlight and the feathery cloud of snow, wondering why, when she was so happy, there could cling to her a haunting presentiment that she and Arthur would never meet again just as they had parted.

Arthur, on the contrary, was troubled with no such presentiment. Of Anna, he hardly thought, or, if he did, the vision was obscured by the fair picture he had seen standing in the door, with the snowflakes resting in her hair like pearls in a golden coronet. And Arthur thanked his God that he was beginning at least to feel right—that the solemn rony he was so soon to utter would be more than a mockery.

It was Arthur's work to teach to others how dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence, but he had not himself half learned that lesson in all its strange reality; but the lesson was coming on apace; each stride of his swift-footed beast brought him nearer to the great shock waiting for him upon his study table, where Thomas, his man had put it.

He saw it the first thing on entering the room, but he did not take it up until the snow was brushed from his garment and he had warmed himself by the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. Then sitting in his easy-chair and moving the lamp nearer to him, he took Mrs. Meredith's letter and broke the seal, starting as if a serpent had stung him when, in the note inclosed, he recognized his own handwriting, the same that he had sent to Anna when his heart was so full of hope as the brown stalks now beating against his windows with a dismal sound were full of fragrant blossoms. Both had died since then—the roses and the hopes—and Arthur almost wished that he, too, were dead when he read Mrs. Meredith's letter and saw the gulf his feet were treading. Like the waves of the sea, his love for Anna came rolling back upon him, augmented and intensified by all that he had suffered, and by the terrible conviction that it could not be, although, alas, "it might have been."

He repeated the words over and over again, as stupefied with pain, he sat gazing at vacancy, thinking how true was the couplet:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

He could not even pray at once, his brain was so confused, but when, at last, the white, quivering lips could move, and the poor, aching heart could pray, he only whispered, "God help me to do right," and by that prayer he knew that for a single instant there had crept across his mind the possibility of sacrificing Lucy, who loved and trusted him so much. But only for any instant. He could not cast her from him, though to take her now, knowing what he did, was almost death itself. "But God can help me to bear it," he cried, then falling upon his knees, with his face bowed to the

floor, the Rector of St. Mark's prayed as he never prayed before—first for himself, whose need was greatest, and then for Lucy, that she might never know what making her happy had cost him, and then—for Anna, whose name he could not speak. "That other one," he called her, and his heart kept swelling in his throat and preventing his utterance, so that the words he would say never reached his lips.

But God heard them just the same, and knew that his child was asking that Anna might forgive him, if to remember him was pain; that she might learn to love another far worthier than he had ever been.

He did not think of Mrs. Meredith; he had no feeling of resentment then; he was wholly crushed to care how his ruin had been brought about, and long after the wood fire on the hearth had turned to cold, gray ashes, he knelt upon the floor, and battled with his grief, and when the morning broke it found him still in the cheerless room where he had passed the entire night, and from which he had gone forth strengthened, as he hoped, to do what he believed to be his duty. This was on Saturday, and on the Sunday following there was no service at St. Mark's. The rector was sick, the sexton said, "hard sick, too, he had heard," and the Hetherington carriage with Lucy in it, drove swiftly to the rectory, where the quiet and solitude aided Lucy as she entered the house, and asked the housekeeper how Mr. Leighton was.

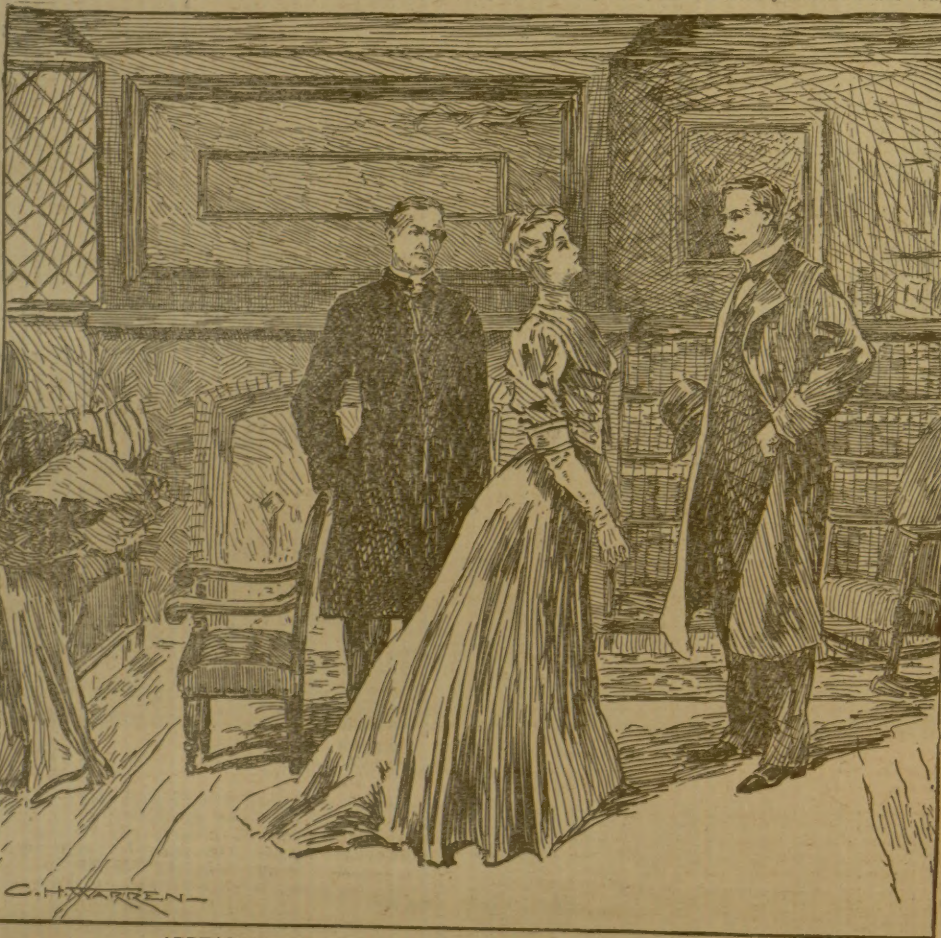
"It is very sudden," she said. "He was perfectly well when he left me Friday night. Please tell him I am here."

The housekeeper shook her head. Her master's orders were that no one but the doctor was to be admitted, she said, repeating what Arthur had told her in anticipation of just such an infliction as this.

But Lucy was not to be denied, Arthur was hers, his sickness was hers, his suffering was hers, and see him she would.

"He surely did not mean me when he asked that no one should be admitted. Tell him that it is I; it is Lucy," she said, with an air of authority, which, in one so small, so pretty and childlike, only amused Mrs. Brown who departed with the message, while Lucy sat down with her feet upon the stove, and looked around the sitting-room, thinking it was smaller and poorer than the one at Prospect Hill, and how she would remodel it when she was mistress there.

"He says that you can come," was the word that Mrs. Brown brought back, and with a gleam of



APPEALING TO HIM SHE REPEATED THE STORY RAPIDLY.

triumph in her eye, and a toss of her head, which said, "I told you so," she turned softly into the darkened room, and shut the door behind her.

Arthur half expected this, and had never himself up to meet it, but the cold sweat stood on his face, and his heart throbbed painfully as Lucy bent over him, and Lucy's tears fell on his face where she took his feverish hands in her, and murmured softly, "poor, dear Arthur, I am so sorry for you, and if I could I'd bear the pain so willingly."

He knew that she would; she was just as loving and unselfish as that, and he wound his arm around her, and drew her down close to him while he whispered, "My poor, little Lucy; I don't deserve this from you."

She did not know what he meant, and she only answered him with kisses, while her little hands moved caressingly across his forehead just as they had done years ago in Rome, when she soothed the pain away. There certainly was a magnetic influence emanating from those hands, and Arthur felt its power, growing very quiet, and at last falling away to sleep, while the soft passes went on, and Lucy held her breath lest she should awaken him.

"She was a famous nurse," the physician said when he came, constituting her his coadjutor, and making her trend wild with joy and importance when he gave his patient's medicine into her hands.

"It was hardly proper for her niece to stay," Mrs. Hetherington thought, but Lucy was one who could trample down proprieties, and it was finally arranged that Fanny should stay with her. So, while Fanny went to bed and slept, Lucy sat all night in the sick room with Mrs. Brown, and when the next morning came she was looking very pale and languid, but very beautiful withal. At least such was the mental compliment paid her by Thornton Hastings, who was passing through Hanover, and had stopped over one train to see his old college friend and, perhaps tell him what he began to feel it his duty to tell him in spite of his promise to Anna. She was nearly well now, and had driven with him twice to the park, but he could not be insensible to what she suffered, or how she shrank from having the projected wedding discussed, and, in his intense pity for her, he had half resolved to break his word, and tell Arthur what he knew. But he changed his mind when he had been in Hanover a few hours, and watched the little fairy who, like some ministering angel, glided about the sick room, showing herself every while a woman, and making him repent that he had ever called her frivolous or silly. She was not either, he said, and

with a magnanimity for which he thought himself entitled to a great amount of praise, he even felt that it was possible for Arthur to love this gentle, little girl who smoothed his pillows so tenderly, and whose fingers threaded so lovingly the damp, brown locks when she thought he, Thornton, was not looking on. She was very coy of him, and very distant towards him, too, for she had not forgiven his sin, and she treated him at first with a reserve for which he could not account. But as the days went on, and Arthur grew so sick that his parishioners began to tremble for their young minister's life, and to think it perfectly right for Lucy to stay with him, even if she were assisted in her labor of love by the stranger from New York, the reserve disappeared, and on the most perfect terms of amity she and Thornton Hastings watched together by Arthur's side. Thornton Hastings learned more lessons than one in that sick room where Arthur's faith in God triumphed over the terrors of the grave, which, at one time seemed so near, while the timid Lucy, whom he had only known as a gay butterfly of fashion, dared before him to pray that God would spare her promised husband, or give her grace to say, "Thy will be done."

Thornton could hardly say that he was skeptical before, but any doubts that he might have had touching the great fundamental truths on which a true religion rests were gone forever, and he left Hanover a changed man in more respects than one.

Arthur did not die, and on the Sunday preceding the week when the usual Christmas decorations were to commence, he came again before his people, his face very pale and worn, and wearing upon it a look that told of a new baptism, an added amount of faith, which had helped to lift him above the fleeting cares of this present life. And yet there was much of earth clinging to him still, and it made itself felt in the rapid beating of his heart when he glanced to the square pew where Lucy knelt, and knew that she was giving thanks for him restored again.

Once, in the earlier stages of his convalescence, he had almost betrayed his secret by asking her what she would rather do—bury him from her sight, feeling that he loved her to the last, or give him to another, now that she knew that he would recover. There was a frightened look in Lucy's eyes as she replied: "I would ten thousand times rather see you dead, and know that even in death, you were my own, than to lose you that other way."

There was a little too much of the lady patroness about her quite to suit the plain Hanoverian, especially those who were neither high enough or low enough to be honored by her notice, and they returned to their wreath-making and gossip, wondering under their breath if it would not, on the whole, have been just as well if their clergyman had married Anna Ruthven instead of this fine city girl with her Parisian manners.

A gleam of intelligence shot from the gray eyes of Valencia, who was in a most unreasonable mood. "She did not like to stain the honor of her family, hemlock any more than some other folks," she had said, when, after the trying-on of the bridal dress, Lucy had remonstrated with her for some duty neglected, and then bidden her to go to the church and help if she was needed.

"I must certainly dismiss you," Lucy had said, wondering how Mrs. Meredith had borne so long with the insolent girl, who went unwillingly to the church, where she was at work when the carriage went by.

She had thought many times of the letter that she had read, and more than once, when particularly angry, it had been on her lips to tell her mistress that she was not the first whom Mr. Leighton had asked to be his wife, if, indeed, she was his choice at all; but there was something in Lucy's manner which held her back; besides, which, she was, perhaps, unwilling to confess to her own meanness in reading the stolen letter.

"I could tell them something if I would," she thought, as she listened to the remarks; but, for that time she kept her secret and worked on moodily, while the unsuspecting Lucy went her way and was soon at the rectory gate.

Arthur saw her as she came up the walk and went to meet her. He was looking very pale and miserable; but he welcomed her kindly, trying to believe that he was glad to see her.

She went all over the house, as she usually did, suggesting alterations and improvements, and greatly confusing good Mrs. Brown, who trudged obediently after her, wondering what she and her master were ever to do with that gay-plumaged bird, whose ways were so unlike her own.

"You must drive with me to the church," she said at last to Arthur. "Fresh air will do you good, and you stay moped up too long. I wanted you today at Prospect Hill, for this morning's express from New York brought—"

His pulses did not quicken in the least, even when she told him how charming was the bridal dress. He was standing before the mirror and, gazing at himself, he said, half laughing, half sadly:

"I am a pitiful-looking bridegroom to go with all that finery; I should think that you would not want me, Lucy."

"But I do," she answered, holding his hand and leading him to the carriage, which took him to the church.

He had not intended going there as long as there was an excuse for staying away, and he felt himself grow sick and faint when he stood, amid the Christmas decorations, and remembered the last year when he and Anna had fastened the wreaths upon the wall.

They were trimming the church very elaborately in honor of him and his bride. The effect was very fine, and Arthur tried to praise it, but his face betrayed his words; and after he was gone, the disappointed girls declared that he acted more like a man about to be hung than one so soon to be married.

It was very late that night when Lucy summoned Valencia to comb out her long, thick curls, and Valencia was tired, and cross, and sleepy, handling the brush so awkwardly, and snarling her mistress's hair so often that Lucy expostulated with her sharply, and this awoke the slumbering demon, restrained, and, in amazement, which kept her silent, Lucy listened while Valencia taunted her "with standing in Anna Ruthven's shoes," and told all that she knew about the letter stolen by Mrs. Meredith, and the one she carried to Arthur. But Valencia's anger quickly cooled, and she trembled with fear when she saw how deathly white her mistress grew at first, and heard the loud beating of her heart, which seemed trying to burst from its prison and fall bleeding at the feet of the poor, wretched girl, around whose tips the white foam gathered as she motioned Valencia to stop and whispered:

"I am dying!"

She was not dying, but the fainting fit which ensued was longer far and more like death than that which had come upon Anna when she heard that Arthur was lost. Twice they thought that her heart had stopped beating, and in an agony of remorse, Valencia, hung over her, accusing herself as her murderer, but giving no other explanation to those around her than: "I was combing her hair when the white froth spurted all over her wrapper, and she said that she was dying."

And that was all the family knew of the strange attack, which lasted until the dawn of the day, and left upon Lucy's face a look as if years of anguish had passed over her young head, and left its footprints behind.

Early in the morning she asked to see Valencia alone, and the repentant girl went to her, prepared to take back all she had said and declare the whole a lie. But Lucy wrung the truth from her, and she repeated the story again so clearly that Lucy had no longer a doubt that Anna was preferred to her—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to every one of you, both little and small. Here's 1907, pregnant with great possibilities for us all. I want 50,000 members in this League ere 1907 skiddoes down the pike of time. Here are a few of the resolutions I want you to keep during 1907:

Resolved

- (1) That Comfort's League of Cousins is the greatest organization on earth.
- (2) Resolved: That thirty thousand new members must come into this League during 1907.
- (3) Resolved: That each member brings in a new member every three months at least, and every month if possible.
- (4) Resolved: That we try, not only to keep the rules of this organization, but daily endeavor, by acts of kindness and thoughtfulness to make this world a better place to live in, and especially be it resolved that we try to lighten the burdens of, and protect the weak, aged and orphaned, and to minister by every means in our power to the needs of the sick and suffering.
- (5) Resolved: That those who do not live up to, and keep these resolutions be publicly spanked by Uncle Charlie, and afterwards eaten by Billy the Goat.

There, I think that ought to help things along for 1907.

Remember, I shall give an autographed copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems every month to the one who brings in the most League members. Many hundreds of cousins are kicking because they did not get the Christmas turkey I promised them. Well, I'll have to explain. Toby, Maria, Mr. Turk, Billy and I duly sailed by airship for Mount Vesuvius on December 20th last. When we got to Italy we found that Mr. Vesuvius who runs the eruptions, had gone away to spend Christmas with some volcanic friend in the interior of the earth, and there would be nothing doing in the eruption line for six months. We were all terribly disgusted, with this sudden fracture of our programme, so we crawled up to the crater, and I said to Billy, "Billy, you just go down into the bow wows of the earth, and butt old man Vesuvius in the pants, and make him turn on the steam and fire up." Billy winked his eye, and said, "Leave that to me." Bill then disappeared down the crater, and in about steen seconds there was a rumbling noise that told us that Billy was getting busy, and that things were doing. Soon mud, lava and steam, began to shoot up, and then old man Vesuvius, with Billy at his pants, bobbed skyward, and dropped gracefully at our feet, and soon we had as dandy a mountain was red-hot, and Mr. Turkey was satisfied that he could roast himself to the Queen's taste, and your taste also. Then we discovered we'd left the axe behind, and Mr. Turkey could not cut his head off. Billy offered to bite it off, but Mr. Turk said he would roast himself with his head on. Then Toby and Maria went to one side of the mountain, and held Mr. Turk by the neck, while Billy and I grabbed a leg each, and held on the other side. We held him over the crater about three seconds, when Mr. Turk said, "say, Uncle Charlie, it's awful warm; can't you turn the fire off?" "Oh," I said, "Mr. Turk, quit fooling, you're in for a roast anyhow." Well, the old boy laid down to it for another few seconds, and old man Vesuvius sent up the cinders good and hot, and they hit Mr. Turk good, and he screamed murder, and with one mighty effort he tore himself loose, and to our disgust flew madly away to the North. There was nothing to be done then but to pull up stakes and skiddoo for home. On our way home, while crossing the Atlantic, we sighted an enormous iceberg, and Billy yelled, "Uncle, throw your lamps on that berg, and you'll see something that will make you sneeze tacks!"

Well, I did as Billy requested, and what do you think I saw? You'd never guess. Well, in the middle of that old berg, stood that daddied old turkey, cooling himself off with a three hundred ton chunk of ice, so that's why you did not get your turkey. I'm awfully sorry for I did my very best, and so did all the family, but that old turk handed us a lemon, and we got it where the boy got the collar stud, right in the neck.

A young lady writes: "Dear Uncle Charlie, I am six feet eleven inches tall, and very thin, I only weigh thirty-seven pounds. Can you tell me how to get fat? Lena Leann."

Yes, my dear, I can help you. Go up on the top of a high building, and jump off, and you will come down plump.

Now, let me tell you something. Don't start sending in complaints that you haven't received your card and button a few days after you send in your twenty cents. Don't complain for five weeks at least after sending your money, and wait another week after your complaint is written, for the odds are directly your letter is mailed, your card and button will arrive. After having twenty complaints looked up, a task that took one person an entire day, the letters of complaint are handed me marked, "Impatient." That means that the writers have not allowed as time to enter their subs. up, and get their cards made out and mailed. You

folks who get one letter a month ought to get a thousand a day for a week, then you'd begin to realize what my life is. Don't send me your weird song poems and ask me to criticize them, I positively decline to do it, for I don't believe in encouraging foolishness; and trying to foist ill-rhymed 'pottery' on the market, that no one will ever buy is the most foolish act an otherwise sane person can be guilty of.

I deeply regret to tell you that poor Alice Bee of Goffs, W. Va., the brave little woman who suffered so long and so patiently, has passed on to a better and brighter world, where there is no pain, sorrow, or suffering, and care and worry are unknown. Her brother's letter is before me, and I choke up every time I read it, for that patient little sufferer was very dear to me. She is better off than the rest of us, who must carry our crosses, and patiently tread the road she has trod, until God calls us to the place where we can lay down our burdens forever. We extend our warmest sympathy and love to those who mourn her loss.

I want to pat you all gratefully on the back for the noble way you answered Tom Lockhart's letter. Tom got a thousand letters, and nearly 400 orders for books. (Tom, you've beaten me all to sticks,) and he begs me to thank you all; for he is profoundly grateful. Hundreds wrote without even sending stamps for replies, but insisted on answers. To the stampless, thoughtless folks, Tom mailed a circular of thanks—and these thoughtless ones, now have the pleasure of knowing that it cost him exactly \$10 to do this. That act took the profit on nearly one hundred books, and spoilt the gifts of nearly one hundred thoughtful people. The thoughtless brigade spoil nearly everything in this world—more's the pity.

William T. Harrah, not Harris, was the name of our afflicted friend, whose picture appeared in November issue. The address is Backus, W. Va., and Laura Hastings lives at South Bend, Ind., while Jack Evans resides in Chicago, Ill.—the states were omitted by accident when their pictures appeared recently in our corner.

Now for the letters.

Our first letter is exceedingly interesting.

BOYKIN, GA., Nov. 19, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND ALL THE COUSINS: Move up a wee bit and give a Georgia cousin a seat on Uncle's broad lap. I will not take up much room, as I am only sixteen years old, five feet four and one half inches in height, weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds; brunette, dark hair, brown eyes, and dark complexion.

This is a fine country, neither too hot nor too cold; about twenty-five or thirty miles from Florida, we raise all kinds of berries, such as huckleberry, blackberry, dewberry, strawberry, and gooseberry. The grain products are oats and corn. The fruits are peach, pear, plum, a few apples, grape, fig, pomegranate and supererong. Boykin is a small town, three stores, grist mill, and cotton gin. West of here is a large pond, which produces fine cypress timber, and east of here, a large lake, and on its banks is a sawmill that sends out from three to ten cars of lumber each day.

May I tell you all about my trip to the Gulf of Mexico. We left here Sunday morning, June 9th, on the six o'clock special, and arrived at 10:30 A. M. Off from a distance it looks as though the Gulf and clouds meet, and the Gulf is the color of the sky. We got off at the hotel. Behind the hotel is a sulphur spring, in which sulphur continues to boil up out of the ground. We went out bathing, boating, fishing, and romping. We went across to Dog Island, ten miles from the land, and got caught in a storm over there, but it didn't do any harm.

They have a hall to which dancers go to dance. They will dance sometimes until daylight. There is also an oyster bed there. The Indians were supposed to be the first ones that discovered that they were fit to eat. In the hotel they feed mostly on fish and oysters. Schools of mullets continually jump up in the water. The sharks are thought to be after them. We saw one shark, it was between six and eight feet in length, and about two and one half feet broad, and had a mouth over a foot long, and teeth like a saw. We saw a pomper, it was a kind of a fish, but was as large as the largest mule; it was not dangerous. They say they will roll things out of the ocean to land, such as barrels, boxes and pieces of iron.

We gathered some seaweeds. It grows up about as tall as wheat, and heads up like wheat. We got some of all kinds, and curious s-shaped shells, and also got a starfish which is in the shape of a star, but not very large. It was dead. I have never seen a live one. The breeze rises about half past seven, and blows all day. Tide begins to rise at nine o'clock, and keeps rising until two, then it begins to fall, and during that time the waves come up high and ripple high upon land. My letter is getting too long. Pardon me, please, for staying so long. I will tell the rest of my trip next time.

LILLIE V. KEEN (No. 20,332).

Lillie, yours is a bright, chatty letter, the kind I like. You're a keen observer, and not much escaped your notice on your remarkable discovery of the Gulf of Mexico, which I always thought was a small duck pond in New Jersey. Any way I never knew much about Geography, and I never knew a lake from a mountain, until I'd got soured in one, and broken my neck falling off the other. There is a scar on my left ear that was put there by too much geography. I was asked at school to describe what an island was, and I said, "A small body of water surrounded by land on the top

and bottom sides." That's where I got mine and I'll carry it to another world. It is the scar that won't come off. I was also asked to describe a cape, and I said "Something Grandma wears round her shoulders in winter, to keep her teeth warm," and that's where an express train hit me. It was my business at school to dust and keep the big maps that hung on the school walls nice and clean. One morning I fell asleep, and the master caught hold of my ear and lifted me off the floor. "What makes you sleep, eh?" he said, giving my ear an extra twist. "Oh, I'm tired!" was my reply. "Tired eh, what have you been doing?" "I've been dusting all over Europe," was my innocent reply, and so I had, and that ought to make anyone tired.

Lillie says that Indians were the first to discover that oyster beds were fit to eat. Lillie, I think you've got your dates wrong on this. I can't believe anyone or anything living could eat an oyster bed, except Billy the Goat. I know Billy is a good hand at eating beds, as he ate a thirty dollar hair mattress that the folks next door left on the line to air last week, and he said it tasted awful good, and feels very soft and warm across the chest. When Billy gets tired, he swallows himself, and sleeps on the mattress. That yarn about schools of mullets jumping up in the water strikes me as being a fish story. I've no doubt Lillie wants us to believe the little mullets had a spelling-book in one hand and a Webster's Dictionary or Bullock and Ward catalogue in the other, but I don't believe it. I worked in a fish store once, I drove me off my nut, I was coddled by the codfish, and fell in the half-butt. I used to flounder round the place, and one day I got outside of so much bass, I got on a skate, and that knocked me off my perch, and I smelt trouble and skiddooed down the pike; and everybody said I was a lobster, but I didn't give a clam. People are too offishus anyhow. Well, never mind, education is spreading, and even the mullets are swimming round in schools. The tide begins to rise at nine, and keeps rising until two. It takes that old tide five hours to get up out of its river bed. That tide must be very untidy, and all tied in knots to take as long a time as that. Five hours to rise and get up—my, that's awful!

A little Sunflower wants to say a piece.

WELLS, KANSAS, Oct. 15, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen years old, am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have light complexion and brown hair.

I can cook, iron, wash and do all kinds of housework, and Uncle, I can bake the loveliest cake you ever saw in all your life.

Uncle, I wish you would come up here and hear me play the organ or piano. I will play you a march so that actually you march all the way back to Maine.

You are so comical, Uncle, that I laugh till I almost cry at some of your funny remarks. Uncle, isn't it a shame about poor Billy the Goat, being so near Death's Door, and all because of that awful meat he ate not long ago. Uncle, I advise you not to eat any, for what would all the cousins of this country do without an Uncle Charlie to cheer them up once a month. Now, cousins what would we all do if Uncle Charlie were not here.

Well, Uncle, I will try and coax you to let me join your happy League of Cousins. I will send you the twenty cents to join the League and another year's subscription to the best magazine in the United States.

I remain, your niece,

GRACE D. WINDHORST.

Gracie, I'm ever so glad you have so many domestic accomplishments. I like all my nieces to be able to cook dust, make beds scrub iron, and be generally useful. It is kind of you to offer to make me a cake, but spare me for a few more years; I never harmed you, Gracie. I know I'm a bad, naughty, wicked man, but I deserve a better fate than the one you have proposed for me. You say, Gracie, that you'll play me a march, that would march me right back to Maine on the double quick. That's where you are wrong, I would not march back, I'd run. We never allowed Billy the Goat to be near Death's Door, and for good and sufficient reasons, for if we had let him remain near Death's Door, he would have eaten the door. I'm not going to eat any of the stuff that made Billy sick, no siree, you could not induce me to eat a Packington sausage, or any other canned meat abomination hailing from that city. When I have come down to eating dog, I want to know what kind of dog I am eating. I want honest dog, and not putrid Packington poodles. If I do have to eat dog, and Heaven forbid that I should have to, I'll eat Toby. ("Not on your taintype you cannibalistic old stiff, you don't eat me if I know it, Toby.") Fortunately, at Christmas, Emil Rappold, the League Chef sent me a magnificent cake, all smothered in icing, and I've lived on that for two weeks, and I've had to sit on that cake day and night, as Billy has had his eye on it. The icing made it pretty chilly sitting, round the equatorial regions, but I hung on until I downed the last bite. I'm not selfish usually, but Emil told me to wolf it all, and I always do as I am told.

No, I won't come to hear you play that piano. A lady asked me the other day to hear her play the scales on the piano—I didn't stay long, for while she was scaling the piano I was scaling a wall. If you were to invite me to play a duet with you on a porterhouse steak I'd go in a jiff, but I'm dead leary of that piano. A lady wrote me the other day, and asked me if I knew of some song she could sing to her husband, as music always helped to sober him up. I told her the most appropriate song for a man to sing when he was getting over a souze was "Comin' Thro' the Rye." I told her to sing it to him with a club accompaniment, an iron one for preference.

You ask me what would happen if I were not here to cheer you. Well some other man would do the job, and you'd forget me in a month. That's the world's way, dearie.

Here is a letter from Cousin John C. Busby. John sends me his card and a very swell card it is. On it is printed this: "John C. Busby, noted athlete and writer, Independence, Iowa."

John's envelope is also similarly stamped, thus John's accomplishments are made known to the world. What John has done in the athletic line I do not know, as John does not tell us, but what John can do as a litterateur I will now give you the privilege of judging for yourselves, and as one noted writer has no right to alter the work of another noted writer, I give you John's letter exactly as he wrote it to me, without dotting a "t" or crossing an "i."

Sept Iowa 9 Independence.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE

I am glad to belong to the League of Cousins Independence Iowa is a nice place it is a nice town of 5,000 thousand inhabitants we have 2 Rail Roads running through the town I C R R and rock Island and the Wapsibian River I have just got back from a trip to Pikes Peak the Rockies Mountains is grand there is 3 ways of going up Pikes Peaks by cog R R or by Buros and by foot it is a grand mountain I have seen the sun rise in all its glory over the plains east of Denver you can see 3 States Neb. Colorado Yoming and I think Dakota When I went up they killed a wild Cat at the base of the mountain it was the biggest I ever saw I also saw a large rattle Snake with 23 rattles and I saw prairie dogs and Jack rabbits and red Houses in North Western Kansas I got home all safe

JOHN C. BUSBY C. P. M.

P. S. I would like to hear from some of the cousins I am a baker by trade.

JOHN C. BUSBY Independence Iowa

Thank you, John. So you have a town of 5,000 thousand inhabitants, that is five million inhabitants, and five million is a lot for one town. But John dear, what is an inhabitant? I've never seen one.

Will you catch one by the leg, and ship it to me, so I can have it photographed for the cousins to see. As regards the railroads running through your town, that is no advantage to a city unless the railroads stop long enough for you to get on and off the trains. I'd like to see those rocky mountains, John, guess they are something new since I was out there. They only had ordinary mountains in my time. You say there are only three ways to get upon the top of Pikes Peak, but you are away off in your kaboozelum. I know more than three, in fact several times three. A very good way that you've forgotten is to turn the mountain upside down, and slide down to the top.

Another way is to fly up. But the best way, and that's the method I used, is to get a boat and row up. This beats everything. Of course rowing up a mountain is rather uphill work, but it can be done if you stick to it and keep plugging, especially if you get out and push the boat.

You say you can see three states from the top of Pikes Peak. That's nothing. Every morning I look out of the window at our back yard, and I can see a state of disorder, a state of dejection, and a state of bankruptcy, a state of despair, and a good many other states I can't state here. You say you can see the state of Yoming from the top of Pikes Peak, John,—but all I can say is, if you saw Yoming from the top of Pikes Peak, you must have had a good long telescope, as there is no state by that name on this continent. There's Wyoming, maybe you mean that. I don't think you saw Dakota, unless you had a very high ladder, or stood on somebody's shoulders. You have to look half way across Colorado and across part of Nebraska before you could cast your optics on even South Dakota. I'm afraid, John, that you had so much of that Manitou soda water on your way up that you saw double. I think that rattlesnake with the twenty-three rattles must have rattled you. Did all those twenty-three rattles get busy at once? If so there must have been something doing. Who is Jack Rabids, and why is he rabid? Toby says that the rattlesnake bit Jack, and that made him rabid. How about it? Billy says you mean rabbits, but I don't think you do, for I'm sure that when a man's a noted writer, he does not write one thing and mean another. So John do tell us what you mean by Jack Rabids. I've heard of a rabid dog, but not of rabid rabbits, or of Jack Rabids. As you are a writer, John, we want you to set us right on this. Also tell, John, what C. P. M. means after your name. As you are a baker by trade, Toby says he thinks C. P. M. means Champion Pie Maker, and Billy thinks it means Climber of Precipitous Mountains. Maria, whose mind runs to cooking, thinks C. P. M. stands for Chicken Pies Manufactured. I've got a guess coming, John, but I'll save mine for another time. Anyway, John, you had better be a noted baker than a noted writer, for all the noted writers are a bad lot, more or less rabid, and only fit to live in Yoming. Toby says maybe C. P. M. means Cock-roaches Privately Murdered. Cousins, help me to guess this, and John will tell us if you're right.

A little Arkansaswyer, looked out of the Ark, and saw yer all sitting on my lap, and now she wants to lap up a little and join in the chin music.

PINE BLUFF, ARK., Oct. 14, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my membership card and button and think they are beautiful. I thank you very much for them.

I am a girl fourteen years of age, am five feet and one inch tall, weigh one hundred and ten pounds. I have brown eyes and black hair.

I live with my father and mother. I have five brothers and three sisters, I am next to the oldest. I can do all kinds of housework, and milk the cows. I live in the large city of Pine Bluff. This is a nice place to live. There are so many places for one to go. I don't live far from the Arkansas river. I can go to the river and have a nice time rowing. I have been in Arkansas two years. I came from Rome, Ga., to Prescott, Ark. I left Prescott two months ago, and have been here ever since.

Uncle Charlie, I am going to school. My teacher is Miss Anna Grant, she sure is strict on us. She won't let us turn about in our desk, won't let us turn our heads around. It's a wonder she lets us breathe. Uncle, come to see me, and I will take you around to visit our school. We always like to have company, and I know you would enjoy yourself. Uncle, tell Billy, the Goat, I saw him the other day on the street. I know it was he, because he was so polite as to run at me.

I will close; hope I will see this in print. I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

MYRTLE SMITH (No. 15,761).

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



COUSIN HATTIE TRIBOU, of Waterloo, Iowa.

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. He tempts the man with money, and the Indian, reticent by nature, and Dick Clarke, occupied with thoughts of his own, travel in silence. They arrive at Hill's Cavern. The landlord is about to close for the night, and sees only the Indian. Dick Clarke comes forward lest he be denied the shelter he seeks. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. After this talk Dick Clarke retires for the night.

Squire Parkhurst's home is well chosen—two stories high, with a rustic piazza. Mabel Higgin lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. In her secret heart she is jealous of Mabel Parkhurst, her young mistress. Jerry Blue, the bound boy, annoys Mabel. If Hetty were Miss Mabel she would make him study six instead of two hours.

CHAPTER VI.

JERRY'S HUNTING ADVENTURE.

THE morning succeeding the stormy night was singularly beautiful. The sun was shining brightly. The valleys and meadows were green with waving grass, sprinkled plentifully with cowslips and dandelions—a morning on which life itself becomes a luxury and an intoxication.

Upon this day, Jerry had pitched for carrying out a plan he had long been contemplating. It was briefly this: so recent had been the settlement of this part of the country that the shy denizens of the forest—the deer of the Indian hunting grounds—had not yet disappeared. Occasionally a hunter would bring one into the village, though, as the deer thinned out, such occasions became more and more rare, and became invested with increased importance.

It was this circumstance, perhaps, that shaped Jerry's youthful ambition. He had read unmoved the lives of distinguished writers and judges, but the thought of slaying a deer without assistance from anybody powerfully excited his emulation. He had now and then caught a glimpse of a deer dashing rapidly through the forest walks, and felt no doubt that, if provided with a weapon, he could bring one down.

There was a gun kept in an outbuilding, belonging to a man whom Squire Parkhurst employed during the busy season. When Jerry had made up his mind to try his luck as a hunter, it was this weapon he proposed to use.

On this particular morning, after his duties were over, he took an opportunity when Mabel was on the other side of the house, hanging out clothes, to steal into the place where the gun was kept, hastily seize it, and darting forth make for the woods.

"Now I'm all ready to pepper 'em!" cried Jerry exultingly. "I wonder what they'll all say at the house if I come home with a fine fat deer? It'll keep us in dinners for a week."

Leaving Jerry to trudge along in the direction of the forest, we return to our acquaintance at the tavern.

Dick Clarke did not arise early; the fatigue of the previous day had been so great that exhausted nature required a longer time than usual to recuperate. When he did arouse himself the sun was already high in the heavens.

After two or three preliminary yawns he made his morning toilet.

"After all 'tain't so bad a country," he soliloquized, taking a leisurely survey from the window of the varied scenery that lay stretched out beneath, in all the glory of morning sunshine.

"I thought last night that I should be heartily glad to get away from it—that is when my object is accomplished—but this morning puts quite a different face on the matter. The climate or something else has had a wonderful effect in promoting my appetite. I don't remember when I have been so sharp set. I think I'll go down and see what sort of a breakfast I can get."

On descending to the lower part of the house, Mr. Clarke found the table already spread and the breakfast awaiting his attack.

"I heard you stirring 'round upstairs," said the landlord, "and thought I'd have breakfast put on the table. We took ours about two hours ago, but calculated you might be tired and wouldn't disturb you. Hope you had a comfortable sleep."

"Capital, capital, my good host; it has given me a famous appetite. I have no doubt I shall do ample justice to your breakfast."

The fare provided might well tempt an epicure. However much the cities of theseaboard might have the advantage in other respects, they could not have furnished a more delicious meal than this rude tavern. The woods contributed wild honey and maple syrup, and these, with milk, eggs, hominy, corn bread, and the flesh of the wild pheasant, furnished forth a meal upon the dispatch of which the newcomer entered with the greatest zest.

After half an hour busily spent he rose from the table with a sigh of relief, and in that comfortable state which accompanies a full stomach sauntered out to the barroom, where he decided to complete his meal with a glass of brandy.

"What do you propose to do with yourself today?" asked the complaisant landlord. "I hope you'll find enough to amuse you, so that we can keep you here a good while."

"Perhaps you may, landlord. I certainly like your country very much better this morning than I did last night, and your breakfast has added to the favorable impression. I think I shall go out and reconnoiter a little. I think you mentioned a Mr. Parkhurst last evening."

"Squire Parkhurst. Whereabouts does he live? In the neighborhood?"

"Some distance off, sir. It must be three or four miles."

"And in what direction?"

"You see those woods there? Well it's on the other side of them that the squire lives."

"Then it would be a saving of distance for one that wanted to go there to go through the timber?"

"Yes, it would shorten your way a good deal. Are you going to see the squire?"

"I don't know as to that," said the other evasively. "As the country is all new to me, I might as well go there as anywhere to look about. Besides I can't help feeling interested in the daughter, after all that you have told me."

"Mabel Parkhurst is a handsome gal, that's a fact, and will make a fine wife for young Davenport," said the landlord.

"Not if I can help it?" muttered Clarke.

"What did you say, sir?" queried his host.

"Nothing of consequence," said the other hurriedly. "I think I'll try the woods, then, landlord, and perhaps I may seek out this man that you speak of."

"Wouldn't you like to take a gun with you,

been discharged by someone in his rear—so that the result of his attempt to escape was to confront him with the perpetrator of the assault of our would-be deer-slayer, Jerry.

When the eyes of Mr. Clarke rested on the boy running up with his gun swung across his two hands, eager probably to take possession of his game, he stopped short in stupefaction.

"Good Heavens!" was his first thought.

"What a singular state of society this must be when a boy coolly makes a mark of any stranger he happens to meet. And there the young rascal is, staring at me, in disappointment, I suppose to think his shot has not taken effect."

He shook his fist. "What fiend possessed you to shoot me, boy?" he demanded sternly. "What have I done that you should seek my life?"

"Seek your life, sir?" repeated Jerry vacantly.

"Certainly. Don't you see that bullet hole? An inch or two lower, and it would have pierced my skull."

"I—I thought you was a deer," faltered the boy, beginning to be terrified for the consequences of his precipitation.

"Thought I was a deer! Do I look like a deer?" demanded the exasperated traveler.

"N—no, sir."

"Then what made you take me for one?"

"I heard you moving, and thought you was a deer."

"You did, eh? Why didn't you wait till you found out before you thought proper to shoot at me?"

"Because I was afraid, if I waited, I should



OH, YOU AIN'T GOING TO SHOOT ME, ARE YOU?" EXCLAIMED THE BOY.

sir! There's a deal of game that, maybe, you might like a shot at."

"Not this morning," said Dick Clarke. "I think I won't trouble you. Some other time, perhaps."

"Just as you say, squire. The musket's at your service any time."

Thanking the landlord for his offer, our acquaintance took his way to the forest. It was well grown, some of the trees having reached an age almost patriarchal. Perhaps, if our friend had been a poet or a sentimentalist, he might have experienced something of that pleasure which Byron found in the "pathless woods," but he was not troubled in that way. His mind was a practical one, and its particular training—for he had been educated as a lawyer—had a tendency to make it more so. He had always lived in a city or a large town, and had little taste for, or appreciation of, natural scenery.

As he was making his way through the woods he was startled by the cry of a strange bird that suggested to him the possibility of encountering some ill-disposed Indians, who, he had heard, were wont to be in ambush behind trees.

"It would be very disagreeable," he thought, "if some of the prowling savages, provided there are any, and this wood certainly seems lonely enough for their lurking place, should take it into their heads to make a mark of me."

Scarcely had this thought shaped itself in his mind when it was followed by the discharge of a gun, the bullet from which lodged in his hat.

Though perhaps not more timid than the majority of people, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that our hero should be struck with consternation at this sudden attack, and, conscious that he was wholly unarmed, should have put in force his first instinctive impulse to flee.

But it so happened that the bullet, instead of having been sent from in front, had actually

missed you—I mean the deer, sir," said Jerry, getting more and more confused as his exculpation went on. "I—I—am sorry that—"

"That is very satisfactory," returned Dick Clarke, still irate. "You preferred the risk of killing me to the risk of losing your deer. Human life must be very cheap in this part of the world. May I inquire, as a simple matter of curiosity, how many men you have shot by mistake for deer during your hunting experience?"

"None, sir. You're the first deer I ever mistook for a man—I mean the first man I ever took for a deer," said Jerry, getting more and more mixed up in his speech.

"What should you have done in case you had killed me?"

"I don't know," answered Jerry helplessly.

"Give me that gun," said Clarke imperatively.

"Oh, you ain't going to shoot me, are you!" exclaimed the boy, terror overspreading his face, and his ruddy color giving place to paleness.

"Isn't it fair," asked Clarke, maliciously enjoying the boy's terror, "that I should have a shot at you in return for the one with which you favored me?"

"Oh, don't, sir, don't! I'll never shoot at a deer again in my life."

"How is that going to benefit me? Perhaps you will shoot at me instead."

Jerry vehemently protested that he cherished no such sanguinary intention, and Clarke, to his great relief, did not insist upon the retaliation referred to.

"Where do you live?" asked Clarke, after a pause.

"With Squire Parkhurst, over there."

"Ha! you are not his son? I never heard that he had any."

"No, I only live with him to do chores and such like."

"Then you can direct me to his house?"

"You ain't going to tell him about my shoot-

ing you?" asked Jerry apprehensively.

"I don't know. I haven't made up my mind."

"Then what are you going to see him for?" asked the boy anxiously.

"My boy, I advise you not to be too inquisitive. I may have other matters to confer with him about, beside this affair of yours. Conduct me as quickly as possible to his house, and I will take into consideration the expediency of informing him of your assault upon me."

"I hope Mabel won't hear of it," thought Jerry, as he silently proceeded to obey Clarke's request. "She wouldn't let me rest night or day. I must say it's not such fun deer-hunting as I thought."

"This is certainly a promising commencement of my adventure," reflected Clarke. "Mabel Parkhurst little dreams how near chance has come to cutting short the career of one who proposes to do her the honor of becoming her husband."

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFERENCE.

When Jerry and his companion came within sight of the house, the boy began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness, and he slackened his pace.

"What's the matter?" inquired Dick Clarke.

"I'm afraid they'll see me with this gun," said Jerry. "I hadn't ought to have it, and Mabel's got sharp eyes. If you'd just as lieve wait a minute I'll dodge along and put it away."

"Very well," said Clarke. "But who's Mabel?"

"She's an old maid that does the kitchen work. She's as homely as a board fence, but she thinks she's handsome, and that somebody will come along and marry her some day."

"Humph!" said Clarke. "On the whole, my boy, you needn't trouble yourself to come back. I can just as well go up and announce."

Feeling relieved by this assurance, Jerry proceeded to make his way stealthily to the building from which he had taken the gun. But fate was against him. Mabel had gone out a moment before to get some chips with which to replenish the fire, and met Jerry face to face as he was entering.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked boy," she commenced in a shrill voice. "Who gave you leave, I'd like to know, to carry off that gun?"

"Hush, Hitty," said Jerry in a mysterious manner. "I met a stranger in the woods who came up to the house with me. I reckon he's in search of a wife, and if you run right in you'll get a chance to open the front door and let him in. And who knows what may happen if he likes your looks?"

"What sort of looking man is he?" asked Mabel, her curiosity and interest aroused. "How old is he?"

"About your age, I guess. It would make a capital match."

"I ain't certain as it would be right for me to marry after disapp'nting poor Joshua," said Mabel pensively. "Is he—does he look as if he was pretty well off?"

"There he is, knocking at the door. Run, or you won't see him."

Forgetful of her dignity Mabel paid heed to the recommendation, and a moment afterwards presented herself at the door to admit the stranger.

"This is Mabel," thought Clarke. "It's just as well to get into her good graces. I may hereafter have need of her assistance."

"Mrs. Parkhurst, I presume?" he said with a deferential bow.

"No, sir," said Mabel, fluttering with pleasure at being mistaken for the mistress of the household. "Squire Parkhurst is a widerrer."

"Ah, indeed! A lady friend, then, I presume."

"May I inquire if the squire is in at this time?"

"What a polite gentleman he is!" thought Mabel. "I was always told that I was very ladylike, and he seems to be a good judge. Won't you walk in, sir, while I go and see?"

She said aloud, in her most gracious manner. "I think I will remain at the door. I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"Oh, no trouble at all, sir," and Mabel tripped away with as much grace and lightness as could be expected of a maiden of forty-seven.

Joseph Parkhurst was in the east room, so called, an apartment which was devoted principally to his use. The room was furnished more after the fashion of a city residence than a log cabin. A carpet covered the floor. The chairs were of mahogany curiously carved. One or two family portraits hung on the wall, and arranged on shelves was a collection of some forty or fifty volumes. Mr. Parkhurst—let us call him Mr., for as we know, he was not a real squire—was sitting at a window, out of which he gazed with a look that plainly took in a little of the beauty that was spread out so lavishly before him. There was a listless look upon his face which betokened a spirit not at rest. Something he craved which the wilderness could not give.

"There's a gentleman at the door that wants to see you," said Mabel, abruptly opening the door.

"A gentleman to see me!" repeated Mr. Parkhurst with some surprise. "Very well, you may show him in."

Dick Clarke entered the room with an affable smile, and bowed deferentially.

"Good morning, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst hesitatingly.

"I see you don't remember me, sir. It is not strange, as, though your person has long been familiar to me, I have never had the pleasure of exchanging a word with you. By way of introduction let me announce myself as Richard Clarke, of New York, an humble disciple of that profession which counts so many master minds among its devotees—I mean the law."

"You are a lawyer, then, Mr. Clarke?" said Mr. Parkhurst. "Have you come here with an intention of establishing yourself?"

"No, sir, I confess to a preference for the more thickly settled part of the country. You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that my sole motive in making this somewhat arduous journey is connected with yourself."

"With me!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst, lifting his eyes in profound astonishment.

"It is even as I say," said the lawyer. "I may add that my visit may redound to your advantage. This, however, depends in great measure on the manner in which you receive what I have to say."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

I'm glad to hear from you, Myrtle, as the letter takes me back to my school days, and pretty strenuous school days they were. You say your school teacher scarcely allows you to breathe; that's nothing. In the school I went to we were never allowed to breathe at all. Anybody caught breathing during school hours was fanned with a rawhide until his back teeth dropped out. We went into school at 9 A. M. and got out at 12, and before we went in we had to take a long breath, to last the three hours in school, or there was something doing with the paddle. If any boy couldn't stay the three hours, and started to turn black in the face, he had to ask permission to go outside and breathe. One boy was fanned because he was discovered carrying a handful of breath into school in his shoes. After that we had to leave our shoes outside. It was pretty tough in the summer to be without foot gear, as we couldn't "shoo" the flies. We used to sing a hymn every morning, and it began thus: "While I draw this fleeting breath," but we were never allowed to draw it, except on paper. If we wanted to draw our breath we had to draw it in chalk on the blackboard. I remember I'd been eating onions for breakfast one morning, and the master said: "I hear onions, on your breath." "That's impossible," said I, "as I left my breath outside before I came in."

There was a master in the school that always made a dead set for me. Cold mornings when he wanted to get his blood circulating and hands warm, he used to hammer my head with his open fist. But I got even with him. That school was an old-fashioned one, and had a cellar underneath about nine feet deep. Right in the center of the school was a big trapdoor that was lifted up bodily by two metal rings when anything wanted lowering into the cellar below. Now I'm not spinning any yarn, this is just as it happened. When you lifted up that trapdoor there was an old pair of steps that led into the cellar. Well, the morning that school broke up (this was a boarding school), another boy and I were up at 4 A. M. and we went from the head master's house up to the old school. With a hammer and chisel we had borrowed from one of the day scholars, we removed the cleats, or whatever you call the things that held the trapdoor in place. It was hard work, but we did it. Then we unhooked the step ladder, removed it, then replaced the trap, leaving two thin, frail bits of wood to prevent it from dropping into the cellar. At 7 A. M. we had to be at our desks in school for prayers, and sit there in silence until the breakfast bell rang at 7.15. The master arrived a few minutes after we were seated. As the boys trooped up from the house, about two hundred yards away, we let them into the secret, and the excitement was intense. I shall never forget the way my heart wobbled, as the boy nearest the door gave the signal that old Billy Higgins was coming.

Into the school Billy strode, but he didn't stride far—about six feet was enough for Billy, and then he got his. There was a crash, a yell, two arms shot in the air, a thud, and one triumphant scream of delight from seventy hearty, hilarious boys pulsating with the joy of vacation-time. The breakfast bell rang, and I looked the school door on the outside, and threw the key over a wall. Billy was in the cellar for two hours, as we took good care to leave him nothing to stand on or build a platform with, and there was no way out excepting by the trapdoor, and you can't reach nine feet unless you have something to stand on. By the time that Billy Higgins was fished out of that dungeon, we were all in the train, thirty miles from school, and moving all the time. I never went back to that school, for if I had, I should not only have been compelled to quit breathing during school hours, but forever. Billy Higgins would have attended to that. Often in my dreams I am running for dear life with Billy after me, and gee whittaker, but I do some record sprinting, you bet. Myrtle, I have given you a peep at my school days, and you see it is the same old story, poor kids are always getting it, where the girl got the pearl necklace—in the neck.

A little sunny-haired Californian beauty will now hop up on my lap, and say a little piece.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Nov. 26, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

This is my sixth or seventh letter to you! I have written to you of this historic and picturesque "city-by-the-sea" many times.

Santa Barbara, my much loved home, is a growing city of more than 15,000 inhabitants, and is a famous tourist resort, owing to the mild, sunny climate—unequaled anywhere, and to the many places of interest to be seen here, the old Mission (built by the Indians under the supervision of the ancient "Fathers," or priests, more than 118 years ago), General Fremont's head quarters, etc., etc. Then, the largest grapevine in the world is only a few miles from here, in the Carpinteria valley. I think even Billy the Goat, would gasp with wonder and astonishment at the hugeness and grandeur of this remarkable grapevine.

Well, I could tell you a great deal in regard to this particular part of the "Golden State."

From the window I can see the wide, blue Pacific. Here and there a small sailboat "rocks gently with the tide," and I wonder if that dim wreath of smoke in the distance "heralds the approach" of one of the beautiful, white passenger steamers, the California, or Santa Rosa.

I am a Southern Californian girl of seventeen, and I am five feet and three inches in height, weigh about one hundred and twenty-three pounds, have dark golden-brown hair, medium, or fair complexion, and dark blue eyes.

All League members, who would care to hear from a Southern Californian, write to

A Golden State Cousin,
Birdie Snow, (No. 228).

P. S. Uncle, do you know if there's other League cousins in this city, or anywhere along the Pacific coast? If I'm the only cousin in the "Channel city," I ought to feel either very conceited or—very lonesome!

B. S.
Yes, Birdie, I'm fully aware of the fact that this is your seventh epistle, and you've left out I notice, all the interesting things you put in the other letters, more's the pity. Guess you thought I knew them by heart, guess I did, too. Well, dearie, your persistence has won. You were fourteen when you commenced to write, and now you are seventeen. That's a good many years in the life of young girls like us. Do you know, Birdie, I never could understand what you were doing in Southern California. People told me they never had snow in Santa Barbara, and yet it is very evident that while you are there, they have snow all the year round. The reason I never printed your letters was because I felt sure, living in the hot place you do, that you would melt before I got your letter in type. I was engaged to marry a girl named Snow once, and I went to the church, and stood at the altar waiting. And then in

the words of the song that is all the rage just now, slightly altered to fit the occasion:

And there was I waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church, waiting at the church,
There was I waiting at the church,
With rice and old shoes pelted.
Just then they sent me round a note
Such a funny note, this is what they wrote,
Regret to say, she can't marry you today,
Miss Snow has melted.

I was also engaged to a Miss Glass, but I soon saw through her. Then I was engaged to Miss Gunn—she went off. Next came Miss Lariat—she roped me in, then Miss Henn came on the scene, but Miss Henn laid for me—with an axe, and that settled me.

General Fremont's head quarters. Why does General Fremont have his head in quarters? Will you explain, Birdie? Are the quarters in silver, or are they just odd change. That dim wreath of smoke you see rising on the distant horizon from the eternal blue of the mighty Pacific is not the smoke of a coastwise steamer as you innocently suspect, but on the contrary it is Toby sitting on a hard wave smoking a cigarette. If you'll walk out into the vasty deep, and soak him a souse in the bone tank, I'll be obliged. There are about 3,000 cousins in California, Birdie, and quite a few in your city as you'll know when this strikes the coast.

Here is a letter I want you to read carefully, and study and think over. I have been waiting for one of the girl cousins to broach this subject as it is one of vast import.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here comes a little? Washingtonian niece to have a squint at your lonely chair.

Sixteen summers and winters have flown over my beautiful auburn head, which unlike yours is covered with an abundance of curly hair.

Uncle, my only beauty is my eyes, which are dark brown. I am five feet seven inches tall, and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds.

Well, Uncle and cousins, altho a school girl, I am very much interested in Woman's Suffrage, and I feel it in my bones that you are, too, Uncle. I am sure, that as patriotic a man as you, would have helped in the war with England, if you hadn't been too old, and anyone who believes that England had no right to tax Americans without letting them be represented in Parliament would not believe in taxing the "widow and the fatherless" (this includes "old maids" whose forces I intend to join some day) without them being represented in Congress.

A friend of mine once remarked, that widows and old maids ought to marry, if they wanted to be represented at the polls. Has it really come to the place that men have to keep women from their rights in order to get women to marry them? And then, Uncle Charlie, you know it may not be the fault of all of the old maids that such is their lot, but remember that I don't speak from experience, and so may not be right. You might try asking some of them if it was their fault that they are living in "single blessedness." I don't believe that you dare to.

Some women say that they don't want to vote. I must say then that they don't care what becomes of our country. Some men say that if women are allowed to vote, they ought to be made to serve in the army. Women do not claim to have physical powers equal to men, but if their mental powers are not equal to those of the men they are not up to much. I think when they talk that way they forget the heroic deeds of some of the women nurses on the battlefield, or rather they would like to forget them. Then as for making them serve, men are not made to serve, and I don't think that half of the lecturers against Woman Suffrage ever served or expect to serve in the army.

Women are peace-makers; but if occasion demands, they would rise to meet the necessity. Some say that a woman's place is in the home, and so it is, but I don't think that going off a few minutes to vote would in any way detract from any woman's usefulness. While the husband drinks and bets to help along the cause (the election of the Democratic or Republican ticket), the wife could quietly go to the polls, and vote the Prohibition ticket and do as much good for the home, and her boys, as ten such men as the one I have described. Then again, some say that it would bring about the same result, for the women would vote as their husbands do anyway. Just try us and see!

If all of the married women do vote as their husbands do, the first time, I shall come to the conclusion that American women have got so crazy from their long subjection that they cannot rise above it all at once. Besides that, in the United States all of the women are not married, thank goodness, and as they have no rulers, nine tenths of them, I venture to say, will vote the Prohibition ticket.

Now, Uncle, I don't intend to scold you, or any of your woman's-suffrage-believing nephews, who think that a white woman knows as much as a black man.

My lecture is meant for the unbelievers, and, Uncle, I hope that you will make believers out of them, for it would be too bad for such a dear, good man as you are to have nephews opposed to letting your nieces vote.

Now, Uncle, if my letter is too long, you may perform an operation on it and amputate some of it; but if I don't see at least some of it in print, my lovely bloom will fade and ere the first snows fall, your dearly loved niece will occupy a tiny (?) grave on a sunny slope where spring flowers earliest bloom and fall the slowest.

Inclosing twenty cents for Comfort League button and card I remain your loving niece,

OLEA BLANK, Bow, Wash.

Bravo! Olea, I am glad to find one sturdy champion of the rights of her sex. You ask me if women should vote? You bet they should. You ask me if I am in favor of woman suffrage? You bet I am every time. I advocate it every chance I get both by speech and in print. I remember once upon a time I was jacked enough to think that women had no rights and did not need to vote, but indeed I don't think so now. There are a good many reasons why women should vote, and I will mention a few of them. Just as Olea says, we have no right to tax women, unless we give them representation. A great many women are taxed but have no voice in the government. We went to war with England on this very point, taxation without representation. What right have we to force a condition on our women that we would not tolerate ourselves? Is that manly? Is that fair? Women are not only as intelligent as men, but in the majority of cases vastly more intellectual. You will always find that the girls are the smarter at school. Who is it that teaches and instructs our youth in our public schools? Women. The male pupils of these women may be dunces, and never have sense enough to vote, though they will exercise the power because they are men. The women who taught these men and gave them such education as they have (women who are immensely their superiors in intellect) are unable to vote, just because they are women. Unable to vote, mind you, because they wear skirts and not pants.

If you ask those in charge of our big libraries all over this vast country, about the class of literature read by the two sexes, you will find that the women read the good books, books that are worth while, books that are ennobling and instructive, books that make for progress and betterment, while the men read the trash. If you meet a girl and a boy both reading books,

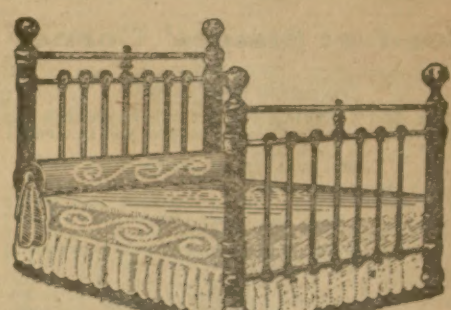
it is ten to one the girl will be reading "In His Steps," and it is a hundred to one the boy will be reading "Bottle-nosed Ben; or, The Bad Man of the Border," or "Sadie, the Queen of the Opium Den," or some other yellow filth of that order. You would entrust the nation's future to the dime novel boy, with his pockets full of cigarettes, and his mouth full of blasphemy, while to the girl with a heart of gold, and a pure white soul and intellectual brain, you'd give no voice in guiding the ship of state, no hand in shaping the destiny of the nation.

Go to church, what do you find there? Ninety women to every ten men. I have sat in a Western church Sunday after Sunday, for four years, and seen that church crowded with women, two hundred women to three men. The saloon, the gambling rooms, and the dives held more attraction for the men than the church, and this in a Christian country, which this is supposed to be. Women like the late Susan B. Anthony, the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Gould, Ida M. Tarbell, etc., have not been allowed to vote, but barroom loafers, ward heelers, and grafters who are not worthy to touch the hems of the garments of these noble women are allowed to exercise the rights of suffrage. Helen Gould cannot vote, but Helen Gould's coachman can. To whose hands do you think the destinies of this nation could be the better entrusted, to Miss Gould or to one of her hired men? Thousands of the male voters are too befuddled with alcohol, too pickled in liquor, too soused with rum, to be able to form an intelligent idea of public questions, and matters of public betterment. Let alone solving economic problems. You have only got to look at conditions in this country today, and see how deeply we need the women voters, and how badly the men make use of the votes they have. Men have been voting in this country for over one hundred years, and yet I get thousands of letters from all over the country, disclosing conditions so absolutely deplorable and heartrending, that it tears my very soul case to read them. Women left with four or five half-naked children, compelled to do the work of a man, plowing in the fields, tilling the soil, hewing timber, and then sending the children supperless to bed. Men have been voting for one hundred years, yet they have not begun to learn how to take care of the sick, the widows and the orphans. For my part I would like to stop the men voting entirely for ten years, and give the ballot to the women. I would like to elect women presidents, women governors, and women senators, and women judges. I would particularly like to have women mayors of cities, and I would like to have alderwomen not aldermen for the municipal government of our cities. When some of our cities have become so filthy, and the streets so disgraceful, that even a pig would have declined to walk across them, women have banded together and cleaned the cities themselves, thus putting the men to shame. This has been done time and again in some of our cities when corrupt politicians did not do their duty. Women would pass more helpful laws in ten months than men would in a thousand years. Women would never disagree upon certain cardinal points. They would regulate the liquor traffic in this country in such a way that drunkenness would be abolished, and the curse of alcohol forever removed from the land. If women voted there could be no children tolling in our factories, wearing out their young lives, and ruining their frail bodies on the altar of greed. There would be no women working sixteen hours a day in our sweat shops. There would be no ruthless slaughter of citizens on our railroads. Five hundred babies would not be killed weekly in New York City during the summer for the want of wholesome milk and ice. Women are more humane, broader minded, more sympathetic, more democratic in their views than men. Wherever their influence is felt it is felt for good. Wherever women are organized they are organized on the side of justice, right, and decency as against wrong, crime, and corruption. All women are not angels, there are bad women as well as good ones, but if a woman is bad, you usually find she became so through the evil influence of one of the so-called stronger (?) sex. Women should have a vote, women will have a vote, women must have a vote, if ever this country is to be what God Almighty intended it to be. Men have been running things for thousands of years, and a mighty poor job they made of it. It is time women took a hand now, and as soon as they do this land will be one of which we can all be proud of, a country to which Christ could come without a blush. God bless the women and God speed the day when everyone of them may be given the power to cast a vote.

This is a letter that will touch many a heart.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, October 11, 1906.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am writing you this letter in the interest of a little friend of mine, Elton Andrews.
Elton is fourteen, and last April he was looking for some old iron to sell, near the canning factory (he needed the money, as he is poor), and when he came home went to cross the railroad tracks, and a freight car came backward unexpectedly and struck him. It cut his right leg off about the ankle, the poor boy said his foot itched, and he reached down to it and it was gone. They took him to the hospital and while they were waiting for the doctors to come, one of the men said to him, just to cheer him. "Oh, you will be all right when the doctors come!" but the poor boy said, "No, I won't, my foot is gone." There the poor child was worrying about his foot being gone, and he did not know when the doctors came they would have to take his arm off also. His right arm was so badly mangled they had to take it off three inches below the knee; he also had other injuries, and every one thought he could not live, and it was reported over town that he was dead. Our paper spoke of him as being a bright and fine-looking boy, but said he had never had any advantages. He is now well as ever, but has not walked any since the 14th of last April. He is now at the Children's Home. He can write just lovely with his left hand. His school teacher, Miss Emily Yates, gave him his box of school crayons, and he can draw real nice flowers and different things. His grandmother gave him a heavy weight to hold his paper down while drawing or writing. He sold these drawings at the hospital while there, for ten cents each. He is saving his money for a cork leg. He is a fine-looking boy, has a sweet, innocent face. His school teacher said she would get the school children to contribute for the artificial limb, but I think she is so busy with her school she forgets him, but I don't. I send him Comfort every month and ten cents whenever I can. I wish you would remember poor Elton in the Comfort paper and ask some of the kind hearts to help him if they would just send him a dime or a few stamps. This is the way to address him.
ELTON ANDREWS, care of Children's Home, Cincinnati, Ohio.
P. S. We all go to Uncle Charlie when in distress. God bless you!

I regret that this letter was too late for De-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Now, dears, wishing you all the happiness you deserve, and hoping I have helped you in a small way, I remain your sister,

MRS. LOLA CHASE, North Bend, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I certainly enjoy reading COMFORT, and derive much benefit from the many recipes given in our corner. I am saving every one for future use. I have tried several of them and find them grand. I am a young housekeeper you understand, since I have only been married six months. My maiden name was Zuber, and you who read my letter before will perhaps remember me when you scan these lines.

I have received several post cards from COMFORT readers and appreciate them. I have a kind unseem friend whom I have formed acquaintance with through the sisters' corner, who lives in West Plains, Missouri. She is Miss Brimhall, perhaps some of you are personally acquainted with her.

Mrs. J. N. Doremus. I hope you have recovered from your illness, and will be pleased to hear from you again. Thank you very much for your good wishes for my happiness in my new home.

Sisters, do you all ever think you would like to visit the Home City of our grand paper? I do for one, and perhaps we might get a glimpse of "Uncle Charlie," who writes so many funny things.

Mrs. BERTHA ECHOLS, Box 305, Hot Springs, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am one of the younger ones, but as I am trying to do my part, maybe you'll make a place for me.

My mamma left me just about a year ago, and then my sisters married, so now I am here alone, keeping house for papa, and a seven-year-old sister. I can preserve fruit, and put up pickles. When I get time I enjoy fancy work, especially making paper flowers. As some of the sisters have mentioned this work, I will gladly help them out with directions, if they write inclosing stamp for reply.

I make wax flowers, and sometimes put them in gold dust, so every one will not be the same. I also crystallize grasses and make salt and starch work. Do any of you ever make things that others in your community don't have? I think it is so much nicer than to have everything alike.

I would like to hear from some of the young people, and would appreciate little souvenirs from all parts of the country. I will try to answer all letters.

TENA WEDEL, Box 9, Pawnee Rock, R. F. D., 1, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an old maid. I am five feet six inches tall, have dark hair and gray eyes. Now I wonder how many of the COMFORT sisters will agree with what I have done. I am all alone in this world, so four years ago I took a little girl two years old to give a home. I have to work for our living, but I find the little one lots of company. She is bright, winsome, and full of mischief. I enjoy her, and now would not give her up for anything in this world. I shall do my best by her, and try to teach her what is right, what do you think about it, sisters? I should like to hear from any of you, and would be very glad to receive a sample pattern of the maple leaf crocheted lace. I would also like white muslin blocks, ten by ten inches square, with a bird or animal stamped on each. I will return all favors in some way.

MISS EMMA J. CADWELL, Sandstone, Pine Co., Minn.

God bless you in your work. May the little one you have given a home make a splendid woman from your loving influence.—Editor.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have often thought of adding a line to this dear old page from which I receive so much pleasure. Many of the recipes I have tried and found perfect.

I should like to hear from persons living near La Veta, Colo., and hear all about that part of the country. I am alone on a farm with my two boys, but, of course, they are out most of the time, so I get very lonesome.

I wish all would remember me on St. Valentine's day, and fill up my mail box. It would give me new thoughts and make a pleasant change for me.

Our farm is just one mile from the Kansas state line in Oklahoma. If any one wishes to know anything about this country, I will gladly answer all letters. Mrs. MINNIE DAYTON, Hardner, Kans.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Like many others, I, too, have been a silent looker-on and reaping the many benefits from the sisters' corner.

I am five feet five inches, and weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. My home is in Kentucky, but I have recently moved here to Columbia, which is a little village, mostly a German settlement of about two thousand inhabitants.

Do any of the sisters know that linseed oil and lime water is excellent for burns and scalds? I all send in an economical recipe for making butter pies, which we all are very fond of. I would like a letter party on my birthday, March 12th, and would like drawn work designs. My heart yearns for the dear shut-ins. I am writing to several. I will try and be as cheerful as I can, for who can tell what we each have to bear.

Dear Mrs. E. L. Culverswell. How frightened you must have been, and now how thankful you are that your dear ones were spared you, and I hope are this you are on your feet once more.

Mrs. TULL WINSOOTT, Columbia, R. F. D., 2, Ill.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

When you hear my name you will think I am a boy, but I must tell you that I am not, but a girl of twenty-eight summers, five feet, eight inches high; have dark brown hair and eyes, and weigh one hundred and seventeen pounds. My mother, my fifteen-year-old brother and I live on a farm. My father died last February and so we are very lonely. I can do all kinds of housework and fancy work. I will tell the sisters how I do cross-stitch: Lay any picture or leaf from a paper that you want for a pattern, mark all around with a pencil, and fill in inside the mark with cross-stitch. I work rose leaves this way on aprons and they are real pretty.

If anyone will bathe behind the ear with turpentine it will relieve earache and one will not have to put anything in the ear. I hope all who read this will kindly remember me as soon as convenient with some little souvenir to pass away the lonely hours, and hope some few who live on the coast will send some little token of the sea. Wishing COMFORT and its readers success, I will wait patiently to hear from you all.

ARTHUR WYATT, Ravenden Springs, Ark.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I come to bring a remedy for consumption to Ada Hudgens and other victims of this dread disease. In many cases it taken soon enough it has effected a cure.

Take a quart bottle and fill with a pint each of salt and whiskey. Shake thoroughly and take a tablespoonful three times a day.

My mother, Mrs. N. A. Jones, of this place, who is in poor health, would appreciate patterns or pieces for any kind of fancy work. I would like to receive any kind of flower seeds and letters, and will try to return all favors.

EULA FLINN, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for several months, and like the paper very much. I am a Virginian by birth. I have been married nearly eleven years. The first five years of my married life were spent in Virginia and the rest in Atlanta, Ga. I am now on a visit to Virginia.

How many COMFORT sisters have ever visited Atlanta? I guess all that have been there will agree with me, that it is a beautiful place. It is a great railroad center. Atlanta has some nice buildings, the Piedmont Hotel is considered one of the finest hotels in the South, the Kimball House is also quite nice. Atlanta has many tall buildings, I will name some of the tallest we have: The Empire, Century, Prudential, Equitable, Candier, Austell, Fourth National Bank and many others. We have some beautiful parks and places of amusement. I would be glad to hear from some sister in Atlanta,

while I am in Virginia, will some sister please write?

I have one child, a little girl nine years old. My husband is in Florida; he is Superintendent of Construction, his work takes him from home a great deal.

I will now give a description of myself. I am twenty-nine years old, have brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion and weigh one hundred and eighty-four pounds, am above average height. I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters. My present address is Meridian, Va.

Mrs. R. R. CRITTENDEN, Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

Greetings to you all, another Christmas and New Year has come and gone since I last wrote. It seems a short time since I wrote you my Christmas and New Year letter, now it is 1907.

What a good time the housekeepers can have now that the holiday season is over, instead of planning fancy work, and Christmas gifts, we are arranging for the spring clothing, quilt making, and a general overhauling of the household supply of cheese, tablecloths, etc., now is the time to do all that good warm puffs can be made, pieced up out of garments that have been relegated to the rag bag, and attic; it is astonishing what can be done with a lot of old trumpery—even if pretty well worn, some goods will last quite awhile if made up into puffs, the lining of which can be of the same material; put in a couple of rolls of cotton batting (or more if desired), sew up the edges, put on frame, and tie with different colored yarns. If one has not a regular quilting frame make one. Take strips of any thin boards about two or three inches wide, the length of the quilt desired, say two yards for the width, and two and a half yards for the length; I like the large ones so they can be tucked in all around, then they cannot slip off these cold nights. Fasten the strips at the corners after winding them with strips of muslin, and baste the quilt on to them, tie all round the edges as far in as one can reach comfortably, then unfasten the corners and roll up, fasten again, and tie the center. The frame can be placed on the top of four chairs; it is easy enough after one gets started. Made out of cheesecloth they are lovely, or covered with pretty, bright calico, pink and white, then tie with pink cotton, or as one's fancy dictates. If one wishes to be real sociable and old fashioned, get the puffs already tied, and invite in some friends "to the quilting," serve doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and any old-fashioned dishes one likes.

Mrs. Eckle, Mrs. Miller, and others that have sent in patterns of handsome quilts, are probably reveling in quilting parties. That autumn leaf pattern was a beauty, Mrs. Miller, but what a sight of work; one of those blocks would make a handsome sofa pillow.

Inexpensive COMFORT is publishing some beautiful patterns for little girls' dresses.

Mrs. T. B. Davenport, Oklahoma, wishes to know what rennet is? For the benefit of others as well, I will state rennet is made in this way, and is used in the making of cheese. When a milk-fed calf is killed, the stomach is taken out, cleaned thoroughly and wiped dry. Put salt in and around it, and hang up to dry where the flies cannot get at it, when dry put in a bowl, and cover with water and a liberal supply of salt; it will keep indefinitely. When ready to make the cheese use enough of this liquid to curdle the milk. Sometimes the inner membrane of the stomach is taken, cleaned, salted and stretched out to dry. When thoroughly dried a small piece is cut off, dissolved in a little whey or water, and used to curdle the milk. It will keep a long time if well dried. Any butcher would sell or give a calf's stomach, upon application. Peppin is sometimes made from this membrane as it contains acid gastric juice. Any further information I shall be pleased to give you.

Find recipe for old-fashioned pound cake in recipe column.

Mrs. Linden's favorite proverb, "Carve your name on hearts not marble." Extract from her pet hymn: "Make the best of everything, never indulge in pinning."

The blackest cloud oftentimes has the brightest silver lining.

Miss J. A. Morris, Diggs, Mathews Co., Va., writes me: "My home is fifty miles above Norfolk, Va., we have good fishing and oysters and fine climate. I would like an elderly couple to board for the winter (an abundance of nice milk and butter), would board them cheap. I live alone, and would like a boy about sixteen years of age, would pay him wages, and we could work my farm together, I have a nice pleasant home."

I have given Miss Morris's address, so anyone wishing, can write directly to her, her offer is certainly a fine one for a boy needing a home, and a chance to make something on the farm.

Mrs. W. S. Moore. The seed I sent you were Velvet Marigold; they were not worth your return gift, but please accept my thanks for same. I have been through Sanford.

Mrs. Lydia Eckle, Lincoln, Nebraska, writes me: "I have written ninety-six letters inclosing shadow embroidery patterns, and have thirty letters to answer and patterns to make. I have bought yards and yards of Persian lawn, and skein after skein of silk and worked these patterns for the sisters. I have never received five cents that I did not send back full value. I cut and mailed over one hundred tulip-quilt patterns; there are still more to answer and patterns to cut and send. Anyone that has sent me stamps and a request for patterns will all receive them, but it takes time. Of course some of the letters may have miscarried, but do tell the sisters if there is a single one of them that has written me and inclosed stamps (that have not heard from me), to write me again." Mrs. Eckle certainly is and has been kind to many of us. It is lots of work to make samples and patterns; it not only uses up time but money. I surely think we all owe Mrs. Eckle a strong vote of thanks in our behalf.

Mrs. Moulton. Your workbasket in the November number took my eye and fingers; that wall pocket with our dear COMFORT in it also appealed to me; you certainly are a genius if you designed that apron bag, that is fine. Some of my friends shall have one in the near future.

Mrs. Cunningham. Do come again.

Mrs. Heath. I certainly trust you may hear from your friend. What a comfort COMFORT is in bringing old friends together; what times you and "Ida" will have raking up old times. Do let us know if you hear from her.

Mrs. Ingraham. You echo my sentiment. "Angry words, Oh! let them never from the tongue unguarded slip. Let the heart's best impulse ever check them ere they soil our lips."

is one of the good old songs. Hilda Sunshine. What a sweet, pretty name, given you, no doubt, for your Christian acts. Your idea of the umbrella for the Christmas tree was good.

Mrs. Eason. There is always room for one more, and you have found "the way." But was it rough and uneven? Your answer will be "yes, but the reward?" Oh! it is worth striving for. It is beautiful to see a young couple starting out with those divine principles; you will surely succeed. I certainly hope that your wedded life just begun, may be a long and happy one.

Mrs. Myrtle Rickard. If you will write Mrs. W. A. Partridge, 36 South St., Troy, New York, she will give you the address of a Rickard. I do not know the address, or first name, or would give it here. Inclose stamped, directed envelope to Mrs. Partridge.

Mrs. Adam Mackensie. Why not write to Mrs. Lydia Eckle. Address above.

Mrs. Mattie Ray. Find requested recipes in another column.

Mrs. Pense. I have a bulb with two horns as you describe, that I procured in Florida (Jacksonville, I think).

"Cordelia Malone" is all right from start to finish. I also have her sister, "Bedelia." Thanks to the COMFORT people for the music they have sent us the past year, I would not have had such a fine collection but for them, and so much nice reading for these winter evenings.

The book "St. Elmo" is a beauty, bound in cloth, with portraits of St. Elmo and Edna on the cover, for only seven subscribers. It is just the thing for a birthday or holiday gift, besides sending the best magazine printed for the money, to seven people, thereby making them happy every month for a year. I am much interested in "The Hidden Wedding Treasure," as it pertains to the late terrible earthquake. I save the papers until the stories are completed, then read them aloud to an admiring audience in the evening. The audience usually smokes during the performance, but that does not annoy. "J. A. D." was well cured long ago, and she confesses that she enjoys the pipe or cigar almost as much as the smoker; then the said audience does look so comfortable and happy, you know.

"J. A. D." (Mrs. VAN DYKE), Orange, Mass.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

TO CLEAN GLASS AND MIRRORS. After washing wipe off with a cloth wet in alcohol.

STOVE POLISH when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner is blacker, more glossy and more durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

TO BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES. Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge, to about one and one half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions, or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off the liquid and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush, any gilding which requires restoring, and when dry it will come out as bright as new work.

TO CURE ASTHMA. Secure a muskrat skin and wear it over the lungs, placing the fur side next to the body. This will bring speedy relief and if worn long enough a cure.

TO PREVENT UNBURNED STOVES FROM RUSTING. Apply a thin coating of three parts of lard and one part rosin melted together.

Mrs. JENNIE ARNOLD, Petersburg, Ind. TO GIVE A NICE GLOSS. Add one half teaspoonful of Epsom salts to starch and the clothes will also iron easier.

FOR A BURN OR SCALD. Use a little wet baking soda.

Mrs. J. A. LASH, Auburn, Ind. FOR A SORE THROAT. Dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in a half cup of vinegar and use as a gargle.

Iva J. MORRIS, Box 50, Dexter City, R. F. D., 2, Ohio. FOR A BEE STING, or bite of a poisonous reptile, make a poultice of red clay and coal oil and bind on the affected parts. A good remedy for chicken cholera is white oak bark kept in their drinking water. Mrs. A. T. CABLE, Essex, Ark.

TO CURE FELONS. Take slippery elm bark, pound up and soak in cold water, dip a cloth in the water and apply to felon. Apply fresh cloths every half hour. Cook a piece of bread crust, cool and use as a poultice. This is excellent.

TO CURE HICCUPS. Take a few drops of vinegar. To REMOVE FRESH PAINT FROM THE FLOOR. Cover with vinegar and wipe up with a cloth, repeat if necessary, using a clean cloth.

TO WHITEN CLOTHES. Put one tablespoonful of turpentine in each boiler of water.

TO MAKE STARCH CLOTHES IRON EASY, add a pinch of salt to your starch.

TO HELP KEEP PRESERVES. Wrap each glass jar in newspapers. ALICE E. MASON, Berryman, Mo.

TO PREVENT A LAMP'S SMOKING. Soak the wick in vinegar and dry it well before using.

TO TEST NUTMEGS. Prick them with a pin and if good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

TO CLEANSE MATTING. Wipe off with a cloth wrung from salt water. This prevents from turning yellow.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BROTH FOR THE SICK, pass a clean white wrapping paper over quickly, using several pieces until all is removed.

BERTHA LAKE, Pleasantville, Vanango Co., Pa.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Sweet Potato Pie

Boil four large-sized, sound sweet potatoes, then peel, and mash them very fine with a fork. Beat three eggs, and the yolks of two eggs very light, add this to three fourths cup of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one half cup of sugar (if you like the pie sweeter use more sugar), add eggs and milk, have a shallow-lined pie plate ready, with a good pie paste. Have the above ingredients well mixed, and bake; when finished, beat the whites of two eggs very light, add confectioners' sugar, spread on pie, return to oven to slightly brown.

Squash Pie

Steam the squash until very soft, and strain through your sieve. To one heaping cup of squash take one pint of milk, three eggs, one cup of sugar. Mix together ground ginger and grated nutmeg, so you have of the two together two thirds of a teaspoonful, and one half teaspoonful of salt. Bake without a top crust.

Butter Pie

One tablespoonful of butter creamed with one half cup sugar, one egg thoroughly beaten, and flour or corn starch to thicken, with just enough water or milk to line a pie pan.

Mrs. TULL WINSOOTT.

Cream Cake

Whites of five eggs, one and one half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sweet milk, three and one half cups of flour, one large teaspoonful of baking powder.

The Cream

Yolks of the five eggs, scant cup of sugar, one pint of sweet milk, boil till thick, cool, flavor, and spread between layers.

Queen of Puddings

One pint of biscuit crumbs, one quart sweet milk, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of boiling water on biscuit crumbs to make soft. When done spread top with preserves, make an icing of the whites of the eggs, flavor to taste, spread over the top and brown.

Mrs. J. H. WAGGONER, Huntland, Tenn.

For the Invalid's Breakfast

Try a steamed egg. Fill a cup half full of hot water, break in the egg, carefully, so as not to disturb the yolk, set over a boiling kettle or in a pan of boiling water, cook until the white sets; in the mean time cut a round piece of bread, toast crisp, dip into hot salted water, put on a warm, pretty plate, dot with bits of butter and place on it the steamed egg, or the egg can be right from the cup, first pouring off the water.

Bake an apple, remove skin and core, place on a little fancy dish and serve with a tiny pitcher of cream and sugar in a diminutive sugar bowl. Baked potato is nice, remove from the skin and serve with butter, salt and pepper, some like sweet or sour cream on baked potatoes.

Salt codfish makes a nice change occasionally for an invalid, soak in water, when soft pick to pieces, and boil up in milk thickened with a little flour, adding butter, and seasoning, as desired, serve on toast or with baked potato. Always give an invalid tea, coffee or whatever they have to drink in the prettiest cup and saucer you have, a clean napkin on the tray, and the food served in a dainty way will often tempt their capricious appetites; do not consider anything too much trouble, that gives them a moment's pleasure. A Butler's tray with folding legs, is a fine and convenient article to have in any family, if a meal has to be carried to a sick room. I know of one that has been used by several invalids at different times, and is still in existence. It was bought one May morning, together with the first strawberries of the season, and what a surprise for the poor sufferer; that was way back in 1885, and is still bearing its load of daintily prepared food to the different members of the family when required. Now for something for those with good appetites.

Liver Hash

Boil the liver, chop finely, allow a cup of the chopped liver to a quart of milk, put milk on stove, when boiling, add flour wet up in cold milk to thicken, season, butter (a good generous piece), add the liver and serve with toast, pouring the hash over it, or baked or mashed potato.

Old-fashioned Fried Salt Pork

Slice the pork thin, freshen in cold water, then fry crisp, remove pork, add flour to thicken, to the fat left in the frying-pan (it will melt and dissolve readily in the hot fat), then add milk and cook to the consistency of thick cream. Pork is nice also freshened, dipped in beaten egg, then corn meal, and fried in hot fat. All meat gravies can be made the same as above, adding water if desired instead of milk, pork, lamb, mutton and even sausage gravy is good; if browned gravies are desired, put some flour on a tin and brown in a hot oven, and use the same as the unbrowned flour.

Good old-fashioned corn meal mush is good for supper these cold nights. Have the water in the kettle boiling, stir up the meal in cold water and add to the boiling water (to which has been added salt to taste), boil until it is a smooth batter, then keep stirring and cook slowly one hour, it can be set on the back part of the stove, but stir occasionally to keep from burning, eat with milk; what is left turn into a shallow dish, slice and fry in hot fat for breakfast.

J. A. D.

Sweet Crackers

Two and one half cups sugar, one pint sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls ammoniac powder (in milk), one teaspoonful lemon oil, one egg or whites of two eggs, one cup lard.

Mrs. E. LAWRENCE, Hunter, Okla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

We Need Secretaries!

How a Woman in Every Neighborhood may Furnish her Home Beautifully, FREE OF COST.



NEW Furniture for your home from top to bottom! It would cost a lot of money to get all that furniture—and especially the kind you'd like to have—hundreds of dollars.

But big pay for a few hours of pleasant work that you could do without any preparation.

But that's just what we're offering you.

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They'll get the idea. They'll thank you for the favor. Because we can prove to you and you can prove to them that we furnish you better Household

Necessities than they are now buying at half the price they are now paying.

And you and they get beautiful household furnishings—Chairs, Tables, Desks, Rugs, Chinaware, Silverware, Stoves—all of the finest quality and best workmanship, as presents.

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W. & H. WALKER, Club Department 94, PITTSBURG, PA.



The Great Chicago Mystery

or,

The Man With Many Aliases

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By Rosser W. Cobbe

Author of "The Mark of the Beast"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the capture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quex is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl, whose people wants Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only twenty, who is in for "dipping." Truman "awakes" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

CHAPTER IV.

A KEEN BIT OF WORK.

"D O I want to know what? Do I? Say, just put me in a bare thirty-foot room with de guy dat did me for ten minutes, and there won't be 'nough left for a decent funeral."

Crit smiled at the lad's vehemence, as he replied:

"Well, Christie, it's Jim Hollis." "Jim Hollis! 'Four-time' Jim. Oh, dat dog! Dat dirty, lyin' dog! I'll get even wit him if it takes me a thousand years."

"You can do it in a little less than a thousand years, Christie," Crit said pleasantly, "and what's more, you can do something else if you like, get out of here into the bargain."

The prisoner's eyes brightened.

"How kin dis happen?"

"This way, Christie. I want you to locate Jim Hollis for me. Promise to take me to him, and give me the first chance, and I'll see that you're released immediately."

The prisoner jumped to his feet.

"In a minute," the crook cried, "oh, wot a glorious time they is goin' to be!"

The young fellow was all of a tremble and could scarcely contain himself, as Crit stepping into the outer room, readily obtained his release, then bidding the chief good by, and promising to let him hear good news before long, he and his associates took the grateful Ferris with them.

"Good news, Truman?" the chief asked, wondering with all his might what methods Crit had used upon the prisoner. The crook, although somewhat excited, had not gone through any agony of mind, and yet the chief knew that Crit had gained an important point of some kind.

"No news, unless good news," Crit laughed, as the four left and boarded a State street car, going south.

Once seated, the prisoner asked curiously:

"I say, Mister, did 'Four-time' Jim give you de double cross?"

Crit exchanged glances with his associates, then he replied slowly:

"Yes, Ferris, he once gave me the double cross, too, but it's the last," and knowing him as they did, Ralph and Peter could almost have pitied Jim Hollis, The Man with Many Aliases.

CHAPTER V.

A CROOK'S HONOR.

When the little party boarded a State street car, Crit sat by Ferris, on the front seat of the grip, with Ralph and Peter on the other front seat, which, strange to say, were vacant, the morning being a little cold. Ferris had been the first to board, so he sat on the outside of the seat on the inside of the car, so that constantly his face was fanned by passing cars.

Ralph as he sat, by leaning back, could get a good view of the face of the young tough, and mentally he shook his head.

"A bad lot," he sized him up.

A bad lot he was, with his heavy features, sullen manner, eyes distorted from constant use of morphine, and his hunched shoulders, a man already for crime, although but a boy in years. There was not one redeeming feature about him; degenerate was written all over him, and yet Christie Ferris had no really repulsive features, and was well-built and developed.

Ralph eyed him closely, for the young detective had very serious doubts of this crook, whom he readily recognized as "cheap" as the chief had stated, but who might prove dangerous nevertheless.

A car, northbound passed. For some reason or other, both cars slowed up a little, and Ralph saw a young fellow, about the age of Ferris, in one of the single seats of the grip, start, look intently at Crit, and then make a slight gesture. All he did was to make a motion toward his face with his outstretched fingers, as though to signify bars, and Ralph, intently watching, saw a change come over Ferris.

It was a very slight change, but Ralph saw it, and appreciated the fact that in some way Crit had been recognized, and that the lad who had done so, had passed the news to Ferris. Probably the gesture meant that they were detectives, Ralph did not know.

Ferris' face had changed slightly, but he rode along in silence, making no replies to Crit's pleasant talk, for the detective was trying to draw the boy out, but just as they passed sixteenth street, he turned and said in his sullen way, with a hunch of the shoulders:

"I ain't goin' to take all dese guys, dat's sure."

"All right," Crit returned pleasantly.

"Send dem off," he persisted.

"Sure. Boys skiddoo!" Crit commanded, and Ralph and Peter obediently swung off as the car stopped at seventeenth street, and crossed the street, as though to wait for the next northbound car. However, they did nothing of the kind. As soon as the car bearing Crit and the young crook pulled away, they hastened back, and jumped on a car which was closely following the one in front.

Drawing his hat over his eyes, Ralph, standing on the step running along the side of the grip car, could easily watch the actions of those on the other car.

At twenty-second street, he saw Crit and Ferris jump off, and walk west on twenty-second street, and it is needless to say that just before the car reached the crossing at that street, he and Peter did likewise, but when they turned the corner they could see nothing of the two.

Barely half a minute had elapsed, for the cars were very close together, but Crit and his companion had vanished.

"Looks bad," Peter said dismally.

"Come on in," Ralph said, drawing Peter into the saloon on the corner. A glance showed that the room did not contain the two for which the young detectives were looking, and although they made a pretty careful canvass of the saloons in the district, which are many, they were equally unsuccessful.

"Crit was recognized!" Ralph exclaimed at last, and then he told Peter of what he had observed.

"Gosh, I didn't know we were national characters!" Peter exclaimed.

"Oh, Crit's known everywhere, but I did think he could take a ride on State street, Chicago, without every bum crook marking him," Ralph grumbled.

"Well, what's next?" Peter asked.

The two were pretending to drink in one of the worst saloons in the district, as they talked, and both felt discouraged. They were sure that the boy had been playing Crit.

"Still, it's a hundred to one shot, that Crit tumbled, too," Peter said and Ralph agreed that this was possible.

Just then their attention was attracted by a newcomer.

Although it was not yet noon, he was much the worse for liquor, and seemed to be giving his companions all they wanted to hold him down.

He seemed well supplied with money, for he was constantly pulling out a roll as big as his arm, and flourishing it, would invite the whole room to "have one on him." As often as he did this, one of the men with him, a burly fellow, with a red face, and flaxen hair, would take it from him, stuff it back in his pocket, and say:

"Aw, shut up!"

This was repeated at least a dozen times, until Ralph and Peter were becoming tired of the disgusting exhibition and were just leaving, when Ralph clutched Peter by the arm.

"Mandeville," Peter whispered under his breath.

The two detectives resumed their seats, and called for another round.

To find the employee of the bank which had been robbed by him, in a low dive, flourishing such a roll, was surprising even to Ralph and Peter.

The other man with Mandeville and the red-faced fellow was wiry, an undersized ill-conditioned individual with crook written all over him. His companions called him "Fake." He was known to the police as "Fake" Pete. The red-faced man was "Snowflake" Mike, evidently so called on account of his extremely florid face, which was not the result of drinking, but of exposure to all kinds of weather. In earlier days, "Snowflake" Mike had evidently been a sailor.

The two men were talking, and seemed worried.

"Aw, shut up!" "Snowflake" said wearily once more, returning the money he grabbed from the drunken man, and thrusting it into his pocket. "See here, you gazabo, if the 'old man' sees you this way, you'll go out of business for a bit."

"Go on, I ain't afraid of your 'old man' or Jim Hollis either," replied the drunken man. Ralph and Peter exchanged quick glances. They had struck a clue at last.

CHAPTER VI.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

"You cannot make me believe anything of the kind, Wilkins, and you might as well stop it right here," and the speaker, Custer Quex, glared at one of the Central Office men.

"All right, if you say so, but then there are the proofs."

"But I saw Mandeville last night, and Miss Lyster disappeared a week ago. I tell you, none of you men at Headquarters is worth his salt. If Crit Truman were here we'd get some light."

"Where is he?" Wilkins asked.

"Can't catch him, believe he's gone to Chicago. Mr. Lyster telegraphed him care of the Pennsylvania, but I don't think he'll come back," and the lover sighed. One short week before he was talking joyously over the telephone to Sylvia Lyster, now he was consulting

with a detective trying to discover her whereabouts.

"There wasn't a paper or anything?"

"Nothing we know anything about."

"Who is this young person who seems to be in the house?"

"I do not know exactly, some girl Miss Lyster was befriending."

"Send for her, I want to ask her a few questions," Wilkins said abruptly, and the young man obeyed. Mr. Lyster was utterly prostrated, and so Custer Quex, by virtue of his engagement, was in charge at the Lyster mansion.

When Kathie Mandeville came into the room, her face was pale, and she was trembling. At first the detective was inclined to be rough, but Quex soon stopped that, and she was treated with more consideration.

The girl Sylvia had befriended was very quiet utterly denying that she knew anything about her disappearance, until suddenly the detective said:

"I have seen you before, now I remember, it was at a show with Mandeville."

The poor woman flushed painfully, but before she could say anything, the detective continued:

"You see you didn't stand much show against her, for she eloped with your beau."

"What do you mean?" demanded the angry woman.

"Sylvia Lyster has run away with Mandeville."

"That is an infamous lie!" was the quiet reply.

"Pretty harsh words to use to me young woman!" thundered the detective.

"Not in this case, for you are telling a lie. Sylvia was incapable of eloping with anyone, and especially with him."

"And why particularly with him?" There was a decided sneer in the detective's voice.

"Because he is my husband, and she knew it," was the astounding reply.

The detective looked at her for a moment, then said quite gently for him:

"Poor girl! I guess you have your troubles like the rest of us. Now tell me, did she receive any letters that upset her? Don't be afraid to reply."

Kathie hesitated, but Custer Quex said gently:

"Tell us if you know anything," and she then said in a low tone:

"She did get a registered letter. She came back upstairs from signing her name for it, and stopped in my sitting-room, excusing herself for opening it. At first she looked astonished, then her face grew very pale, and at last she looked as though she were going to faint, and then she was gone and that's the last I ever saw of the poor, dear thing," and the girl Sylvia had so befriended burst into tears.

CHAPTER VII.

"HANG-EYE" JOHN.

Ralph and Peter were listening to the conversation very intently, although to have looked at them, slouching at the dirty table, none would have thought them other than the others in the room.

"Guess he's about all in," suggested "Fake" Pete.

"Been hitting the booze hard for some time," the other man replied nodding at Mandeville.

The detectives remembered the young man, now huddled at a table in one of the lowest dives in Chicago, as a clean, honest-faced young fellow, who enjoyed the full confidence of his employers, and who had a bright future before him.

In their investigations while on the case of the bank robbery, they had discovered many things about this Percy Mandeville. His downward road had been steep, his pace rapid. The beginning seemed to be an unfortunate winning of a hundred to one shot less than a year before. After that he had played the ponies regularly; stimulated his jaded and overstrained nerves with whiskey, and when his own money gave out, had robbed those who trusted him.

"Crit was right," Ralph thought. "The bank ought to have prosecuted. It's putting a premium on crime to overlook such degeneracy."

Mandeville had sunk down in his chair, dead to the world, and his two companions were evidently growing impatient. They had ordered drinks several times, but the detectives noticed that they did not swallow them, but tossed the liquor in the cuspidor, as did they themselves.

After this action had been repeated, the two detectives felt they had hit upon a clue, which was a very valuable one. Jim Hollis never drank himself while on a job, nor did he permit his associates to do so.

"I wonder if they can be a part of the gang," Peter said, and Ralph replied:

"May be."

At last "Fake" Pete rose and sauntered toward the door. At the bar, he stopped and exchanged a word or two with the man behind the bar, then passed into the street.

A moment later, he returned, and hastened back to the table at which Mandeville and "Snowflake" Mike were seated.

"Here, wake up!" he said, roughly, shaking the drunken man.

"You can't reach him," his companion sneered.

"'Four-time' is coming," the man whispered, still shaking the sleeping fool.

Ralph and Peter had almost forgotten Crit, for they felt that luck was on their side in directing them to this hole.

"It's time," growled "Snowflake" Mike, who joined his companion in his efforts to rouse Mandeville.

"What's he want him for?" asked "Fake" Pete.

The other shook his head.

"Noo Yorker, maybe's the reason," "Fake" Pete sneered.

A laugh, low and cunning was the only reply, and the detectives realized that these Chicago crooks were jealous of Eastern criminals.

Suddenly a figure came into the room, and hurrying up to the group of three, caused the two who were working on the sleeping man to relax their exertions.

It was with difficulty that Ralph and Peter refrained from an exclamation, for the newcomer was Ferris.

They could hear all he said, and they saw he was laboring under considerable excitement.

"Hurry up and come on, dis is no place for youse," were his first words.

"'Four-time' said bring him here," the other men muttered.

"He's sent me here to tell youse dat dere's a new one on de case."

"Who?"

"Crit Truman."

The effect of this name was magical.

The crooks looked frightened out of their lives. They actually trembled, and then "Fake" Pete burst into a perfect torrent of abuse and profanity, which lasted until he was stopped by Ferris, who told in a few words of his liberation by Crit.

"And you bit?" sneered "Snowflake."

Ferris nodded.

Then he told of his warning received from the crook on the passing car. The men applauded, and then "Fake" Pete asked:

"You took him—?"

"Yep."

How the listening detectives wished they knew what that significant pause stood for.

"And 'Four-time'?" asked "Fake."

"Wants youse at de 'odder place," was the quick response, and the two unquestioningly started to obey.

By this time Mandeville was sufficiently aroused to be pulled up and started for the door, although he still exhibited a tendency to treat the crowd, and an instant later, the strange group would have left the saloon, had not Ferris's eyes fallen upon Ralph and Peter.

In their extreme anxiety to search for Crit, the young detectives had not assumed any disguise, and save for the change in their appearance produced by their slouching attitude, and the sullen, sodden expressions on their faces, they were much as they had been when on the grip with Ferris.

This crook might be "cheap," but circumstances had made him keen as a knife, and he instantly recognized them.

He wasted no time in words. Like a flash he made the same gesture Ralph had seen the crook on the passing car give, and the place was in an uproar.

The situation was a dangerous one. The detectives were cornered in a low and unknown dive, among the most desperate of criminals. They knew nothing of the place, nor how many secrets its walls might contain. They were hampered by not being acquainted with the territory in which the saloon was located, but all this did not daunt them. When the row broke out, they simply looked up, and seemed to be trying to rouse themselves sufficiently to join in the fun.

This did not impose upon the crooks, however, for they made a rush, and Ralph and Peter seeing that the game was up, abandoned any attempt to pass for other than they were.

Like a flash they were on their feet, facing a dozen as ugly crooks as anyone could find within the city's confines.

"Fly Mugs" was heard on every side.

Guns were drawn, several knives flashed, but neither Ralph nor Peter felt alarmed. They had been through so many scenes like this that they knew no fear.

"Shall we rush them?" Peter asked.

Ralph nodded.

While still looking perfectly indifferent, and seemingly off their guard, the two, without an instant's notice, suddenly dashed forward, striking right and left with their powerful fists, and cutting away through the desperate men in a manner perfectly astounding. The saloon was a small one, and they had not been far from the door, so, in spite of the fact that weapons were in the hands of the criminals, the detectives by sheer pluck, and by the very suddenness of their onrush, cleared the crowd, and were into the street without receiving the slightest injury, although they left more than one black eye behind.

Among those who received a tap from the hard fist of the New York detectives, was Ferris, whose cheek bone on the right side of his face, was laid bare.

His curses were loud and fierce, and he swore by all that a crook holds dear to revenge himself upon those whom he considered his enemies.

"Dey'll wish dey never run across dis bunch," he said again and again.

"Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike were more interested in what would be the verdict of their leader for allowing the detectives to escape.

"'Four-time' will eat us," "Fake" Pete said dismally.

"If you put him wise to their being here, he ought to be satisfied," said a strange voice, and turning the crowd saw a man of heavy build, with a drooping left eye, a bad scar across his forehead, and long, black, dark hair, which fell over a greasy velvet coat collar.

For a moment they were dazed, then a cry went up from every throat:

"'Hang-eye' John."

The crooks were almost wild with delight. "Hang-eye" John was known to everyone of them, as one of the most desperate and skillful leaders the criminals of Chicago had ever known. Six months before he had been sentenced to ten years at Joliet, and yet here he was among them, well, smiling, and himself.

"Catch on to de hair," cried one of the crowd in admiration.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

The Hidden Wedding Treasure

or,

The Mystery of the San Francisco Earthquake

By William T. Valentine

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Rosalie Bronson, one of the belles of San Francisco, is to marry Ireton Kensington, who whispers, "Tomorrow evening my darling, you will be my bride, and all the world will envy me my wife," and me my husband," she answers. As she utters these words, John Bronson, her father, who has worked his way from a penniless boy to a wealthy man tells how he made his first fifty dollars, and that with all that has come from it in bright twenty dollar gold pieces is to be her wedding gift. Judge Kensington asks, "Is it wise to put any great amount of money where it may be stolen?" Bronson tells the Judge not to worry. More than a million from fifty dollars! Bronson says every cent is made honestly. "Men of the Western coast have chances such as come to few. It is the Garden Spot of the World. San Francisco will be the metropolis of America." Lawrence Felton, a New Yorker, thinks no city can equal New York. The lovers part for the night. Ireton Kensington and his father start for the Palace Hotel. They meet Gerald Phayeton and Lawrence Felton, who tell Ireton his punishment is to stay with them all night. Violet Hilton is to be maid of honor and later will marry Gerald Phayeton. Lawrence Felton is attracted to a beautiful widow. Once they had been nearer and dearer. Suddenly the three are thrown on their faces and before they can rise a tall building falls, burying Gerald beneath its ruins. Ireton rushes to the Palace Hotel and bears his father out, while Lawrence Felton goes to Mrs. Roton's rescue. They hear, "This way, quick!" and looking up see Rosalie in a motor. Both men turn, and Rosalie hears her lover say, "My father, while Lawrence Felton cries, "My wife," and Rosalie knows his secret. They start for Nob Hill, when the auto is seized by order of the police to convey the sick and injured. Lawrence Felton hears from Mrs. Roton there was a law in the bill, and we were never divorced. They decide to be married at once. Ireton tries to find Rosalie and falls to the ground. Rosalie comforts Ireton's father, who moans for food and in the next breath asks for her father. Rosalie knows he has passed through too much in California not to be able to care for himself. When Gerald Phayeton recovers himself he is drenched with blood. Violet is with him and a physician, who binds up the wound and who advises Gerald and Violet to marry. Rosalie finds Ireton and implores him to open his eyes, and tells him all the dear ones, except her father are safe.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING OF ROSALIE.

BARELY had Ireton recovered sufficiently to recognize his other friends, he knew Rosalie instantly, when the eager questionings were broken upon by a silvery voice asking: "Why, my dear children, I am so glad to see you," and they saw the benignant face of the clergyman who was to have married Rosalie and Ireton. Having been returning from the bed of a dying man that morning, during the first shock, he wore his cassock. "Oh, Bishop," Rosalie cried. "We want you so much. Will you marry us, Ireton and me tonight, just as we intended? If there are more shocks, we want to die together." "Of course I will marry you immediately, you are right," was his dignified reply. "And we too," Gerald said quietly, and the Bishop gravely inclined his head. "May I speak to you a few moments?" Felton asked, and while he was explaining to the clergyman his and Katherine's case, a very pitiful thing occurred, which was always to be recalled with moist eyes by the three husbands. A girl, who unfortunately bore upon her face traces of the life she led, and a man, whose face had been scarred by the horrors of the day, came up, and the girl threw herself at Rosalie's feet sobbing: "Can't we be married, too? If you'll let us in, we'll live straight honest we will, won't we, Jim?" and the man with eyes too drawn for tears, hoarsely whispered: "So help me, God."

The Bishop immediately assented when asked by Rosalie, and the three men, Ireton, Gerald and Lawrence made no objection, but not so the old Judge. His objections were still for the moment by the reverent voice of the Bishop, saying, "Let us pray." Everyone felt better after that fervent prayer, even the quarrelsome old Judge, and his "amen" was very loud. Suddenly he asked eagerly: "When will the ceremony be performed?" "As soon as the parties in question are ready," and the Bishop was obliged to laugh at the consternation upon the eminent jurist's face, when he saw that others were to stand before the Bishop, along with Ireton and Rosalie. "I forbid it," he said sternly. "But I do not, Judge," Rosalie said softly. "What have you to say about it?" answered the angry old man. "But I am one of the brides," came from the soft, sweet lips. "She is an angel," Ireton said quickly. "Then you are actually willing?" sneered the selfish old man, "to have such creatures married with you two?" "Not only willing, but glad," "I never thought it of my son."

Here the Bishop decided to break in, by saying sternly: "You ought to be proud of these two young people." Judge Kensington laughed coldly: "That they marry with any scrap from the gutter?" "That they recognize the equality of Christianity and the sacredness of the Church and her sacraments," was the reply. As the Bishop and the Judge were talking, the four young people ranged themselves before the priest of the church of God, their garments strangely out of keeping with the ceremony. Rosalie still wore her silk motoring robe over her nightgown, while Ireton had the remains of his evening suit. Slightly concealed by Felton's coat was the beautiful Katherine, while the man she was going to marry had what was left of his evening suit. Gerald's suit had been seriously damaged when he had been buried under a pile of debris, he had given away his coat, but he had never felt so well dressed, for Violet in her cravenette cloak was by his side; the other couple appeared like hastily put together rag bags. Again the Judge remonstrated, but the Bishop stepping in front of them began his solemn ceremony, all the more impressive on account of the strange surroundings. Each husband made his response, with a "God help me" after it, while the bride shed hot tears, not knowing if an hour would keep them together. It was a terrible thought, that even though the promises were made until death did part them, their married life might only last a few moments. "Promise that we may never part," sobbed Violet, who had gone through such an agony searching for Gerald.

"My children, your lives, your happiness, lie in the hands of the Lord," said the Bishop solemnly, passing along to hear comfort to others. "I never thought you would have been married this way," Judge Kensington said reproachfully. "Neither did any of us," Gerald, his face bound with crimson-stained rage, yet happy, replied very gently. "You two were to go up flower-strewn aisles, along which were stretched satin ribbons, and to the music of the finest organ in San Francisco. Your dresses were as the finest a bride has ever worn, Rosalie, while your garments were as excellent in every detail as I could select for you, my son," and the Judge fairly wept in his rage. "Father," Mrs. Rosalie said softly, stealing up to

him, and laying a gentle hand on his shoulder, "do you think that all this will make any difference to Ireton or me, or the others? We were in love, and have been married by our own clergyman, so what difference does a flower or two more or less, make?" "It makes the difference between right and wrong," was the snappish reply. "Don't, father!" Ireton remonstrated. "Then your father, Rosalie, is not here," he continued grumbling. The bride laughed lightly, as she replied: "Have no fear from that source, for my father is safe, I know it." "But we are not. Any moment your newly-placed wedding ring may be torn from your finger. We have no money, food or clothing. People are looting everywhere." Rosalie's fair face flushed, and she replied a little sharply. "Surely he is not to blame for that?" "Perhaps not now, but he will be later on. If that wedding present of his was where we could lay our hands upon it, we would be wealthy." "Father!" Ireton cried sharply. "It's true enough, for our fortune is lost utterly in reality and the failure of two banks. If we had that over a million and a half, we could command at once, and turn it into a thousand of millions, in the wondrous state of prosperity which is going to come," and the crafty old Judge smirked his lips.

"Ireton, darling, you won't let my present be such a source of misery to others, will you?"

"Indeed, I will not!" he cried, but Judge Kensington only smiled grimly, as he reminded them:

"You have to find that treasure first."

CHAPTER XI.

AND GENERATIONS WILL CALL THEM BLESSED.

The following two days were terrible. On every side started the Mayor's proclamation, regarding the fate of those who looted, and yet the ladies in their scanty clothing were robbed, and at last Rosalie said decidedly: "There is no reason of our leaving my father's home to the mercy of such men. Go, Ireton, and get permission from General Funston, and my white motor if you can, and we will carry out some food and clothing." "Good, but do keep your eye open for that gold," cried the Judge, and had he not been Ireton's father, Rosalie's lips would have curled with scorn, but as it was she just smiled and promised. "The brute!" Katherine whispered to Violet, "when everyone ought to know she has worries enough as it is." "What a little difference it makes to us, when our dear ones are with us," Violet said, yet one of their cries, they were willing to spare, the impossible old Judge.

"If wonderful John Bronson had been with us, we would have known just what to do, but my dear, I feel like Rosie that he is not dead," Violet continued. "So do I, he will turn up at the right time, and with a good reason for the absence," and then the two ladies kissed again, turning flushed faces towards Rosalie, as she came in dressed in a queer-shaped pair of trousers, and a military blue shirt. When they laughed, she returned merrily: "There weren't enough women's clothes to go round, so I put these on, for I will have to ride astride up home. If I am allowed to get in, my clothes will go a good way," and she smiled hopefully. "You don't mean to say that you will give your elegant clothing, that which was made for your wedding outfit?" stormed the Judge, but she nodded, vaulted lightly into her seat, and rode off beside her husband and an army officer, and within an hour a very strange sight was to be seen in the magnificent home on Nob Hill, where so short a time before wedding bells were to ring out. Up the broad walk, from the hedgerow to the wide-open doors came a stream of women, some almost naked, all burned and many bruised, and none were sent away. Standing by great piles of clothing, such as girls hold most dear, stood Rosalie, Katherine and Violet, and their white hands, stained with grime and street fires, tenderly fitted the lovely gowns to backs never intended for them. In the upstairs room where they had been placed the evening of the reception, were the costly presents, and it was the intention of the young couple to return to each donor the present he had sent. A few days ago, even a two hundred bit of plate was as nothing, now it was enough to set the impoverished person up once more.

"It is a beautiful idea, darling," Ireton had whispered, kissing the soft curve of her cheek. "I call it nonsense," thundered the old Judge, but later, when he realized that the necklace of diamonds would come back to him, he was much relieved, although he wanted to go over everything, but deciding that his father was not himself, under all these distressing circumstances, Ireton utterly refused to put him in charge, and thus relieved his bride of an unhappy task, for she was sure of the same thing. As the day drew to an end, and the house was almost bare, just enough having been kept for the three couples, with the one who had been added to their number and begged to be retained as servants, to commence as frugally as the thousands of others in the city, Rosalie said slowly: "I am beginning to be a little uneasy."

"What about?" Gerald asked. "Listen," she whispered, holding up her hand. Unmistakably there were footsteps on the floor above. "Men stealing what is all to so many?" Ireton cried, beside himself with indignation. Violet and Katherine tried to hide what they had seen at once, that the Judge was not there. Whether Rosalie suspected will never be known, for the Judge plunged into the room, his face bleeding, his eyes flashing and his hands waving wildly above his head, crying: "They are in there, stealing. You would not let me guard my own son's possessions, and now you see what has happened. Satisfied are you, ungrateful daughter-in-law!" he screamed, raising a skinny finger towards Rosalie's white face. "There is something more," cried Felton, "listen!" and they all held their breaths.

CHAPTER XII.

A TRACE OF THE TREASURE.

"Hush," Rosalie said quietly, then slipped from the room. "Why, what?" Ireton began, but Felton laid his hand upon his shoulder. "She evidently knows what she's doing," he advised. "To our ruination," answered the old Judge, who, day by day, was growing so disagreeable, that no one could hear him but his gentle daughter-in-law. "Ireton!" came the bride's sweet voice, winding down the steps. "Yes," he returned, springing up the stairs by leaps. "Keep the rest back," Rosalie sobbed. The young man turned, waved his hand back, then flew ahead, to catch his fainting wife in his arms. Gazing about him, he pulled her inside the large bedroom which had been the storage room of the presents, and as he did so, the tender eyes opened, and she whispered: "Pretend I know nothing. Read this, and allow

no one else to see it," and his brain still in a whirl, Ireton caught a bit of dirty paper, and read:

"I'm all right."

"The presents will disappear for but a few days."

"I will see that their values will go to the donors."

"My love to my darling girl."

The penmanship was that of his father-in-law.

"What is it?" screamed the Judge, whom the other had not been able to keep below.

Hiding the bit of paper, Ireton stepped out, holding up his hand:

"Rosalie has been frightened. Here, Gerald, help me get her out. I want to put her in her room, for even if we have to cook in the streets tonight, she can rest quietly."

"Where are those presents?" shouted the Judge.

"She fainted. Never mind, we'll have them," cried the son, so angry he could scarcely speak, and then the two, Ireton and Gerald, bore the slender figure to the room in which she had spent the last night of her maidenhood, and laid her upon the dainty bed.

"Select rooms to suit you," Ireton said courteously, "and have the servants bring you food. My wife will need some, but I can come for mine," but before he was able to leave the stricken woman, strengthening food was at their door, and he found that its warmth revived her better than anything else.

After he had the pleasure of gazing into her lovely eyes, and seeing the expression of perfect sanity come back into them, he said in a low voice:

"Rosalie, I parted from you so long ago that I cannot remember when it was, to come the next day and make you my wife. Darling, we are married, but I have scarcely had time to say a word of affection to you, I am a stranger by your side."

A soft, white hand crept into his, and drew his own, broken hand to the rosy lips, which muttered:

"My hero!"

The young man bent his head, and his tender kisses covered her face, while he half sobbed:

"Is there anything, my wife, that I can do? Can I bear a portion of your burden?"

"You have the paper?"

"Yes."

"Keep that for me."

"Is that all?"

"For the moment, Ireton. Before long I can tell you everything, just try now, if you can, to keep your father from misjudging mine."

"My father has been cruelly itself," was the quick reply.

"Such a terrible event effects men various ways, and his has brought out what he had always kept subdued before," and Rosalie's voice was very sweet.

"My blessing to keep this to yourself and not to complain," he whispered, kissing her hands and red lips, and wondering if throughout that city there was another bride like his, but before he could say anything more, there was a loud cry from the yard, and Ireton was mortified at seeing his father dancing about, holding in his skinny hand the velvet box containing the necklace he had presented Rosalie.

"Father!" he said, sharply.

"I'm not cheated!" yelled the old man, flourishing the box.

"As though you ever would have been, in any case. You forget that all those presents belonged to my wife Rosalie, and that if you take anything, you rob a bride of the Church," cried Ireton, hoping to awe the old man, but he only shook his head, and clapping it to his bosom, danced away, singing and shouting.

The unhappy son was not surprised to be called up before midnight to identify the old man, and his trinket, but in his hideous shame, he asked that commanding officer to take it away, and hold it in trust, and then going back into the house he told his wife.

"My dear," she said gently.

"I believe you would forgive him anything," gasped Ireton.

"He is your father, my love," was her gentle reply, "a state of affairs which makes him sacred, you ought to know," and it is no wonder that Ireton drew her into his arms and kissed her, whispering love and devotion, and forgetting to ask about the other father.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD WOMAN'S LOVE.

That first evening when Mr. and Mrs. Kensington and their guests were permitted to remain indoors, although their cooking was done on the pavement outside, three bridal couples discussed in their own ways the influence Rosalie's wonderful love had upon them.

As Gerald suggested that Violet use the room that she had often occupied when visiting Rosalie, he took the one adjoining, and after he and his wife had helped the two servants of the establishment, now left to them, Jim and Annie, the newly married inmates of the slums, he said to Violet, slowly:

"Next to you, dear, and in some way above you, I think Rosalie Kensington is one of the best women, the loftiest I ever knew."

"I do, too, and Gerald, you can't think how much good she has done me, always, but most in these last days. She has done more than any other in our crowd, and really seems to think nothing of it. Here we are with her and Ireton, paupers, yet treated as honored guests."

"She regards us as honored guests," Gerald broke in.

"Exactly. Now when she is nearly crazed with worry, for whatever she may say in public, I know she is worried about her father, she keeps up our courage, and bears with that hateful old Judge," and Violet's eyes blazed.

"Oh, him!" Gerald cried in a disgusted manner, then added:

"Sweetheart, darling, I cannot believe how we have been spared. While hundreds are dead, thousands wandering homeless, hungry and despairing, here we are together, happy and rich, for we have each other."

"And does it make you so happy, husband dear, to have me your wife, when even the clothing on my back comes from Rosalie?"

Gerald kissed his wife's lips almost reverently, saying soberly:

"My dear, what comes from her, seems as though it comes from Heaven."

Lawrence and Katherine, the reunited husband and wife, said little. In the days to come they would explain and then understand each other better, but this Katherine did say with a solemn expression upon her lovely face:

"I can never separate again, Lawrence, because I have learned so much from Rosalie."

"And I, too, from both of them."

"They are almost too good," Katherine said, impulsively, leaning her cheek against her husband's.

His laugh was a merry one, as he smoothed her hair, asking teasingly:

"Afraid your faults will appear too vivid?"

For a moment the old, angry reply was upon her lips, for Lawrence's teasing remarks had been one of his worse faults to her, but she stifled her indignation, and said gently:

"I am going to ask Rosalie to teach me how to get rid of them," and he, regretting his unkind, although really heedless remark, kissed his wife's trembling lips, saying as he did so:

"And I'll learn from you, dearest, how to curb my ugly tongue," and when she heard that from a man who never confessed he was wrong, Katherine knew that a long life of happiness stretched before her.

While these two couples, were extolling the virtues of the hostess, poor Annie, who had been one

of life's outcasts, and Jim, long ago considered too low for any trust, renewed their simple oaths of fealty to the one, who in her bridal happiness had not hesitated a moment, but held out her pure hand, and raised them to a level so far above the one they had once occupied, that they knew that they never would go back to it.

Not only had she tried to help them in that way, but she had taken them into her employ, and they knew that a home was theirs as long as they lived the kind of lives she wished.

"If I'd known such a one as her," Annie said with a big sob.

"Don't cry, old girl," Jim said gently, awkwardly drawing her head to his shoulder. "If we'd gone straight from the first they'd be not nearly so much credit for us to pull all right now."

"She told you that," Annie said, admiringly.

"You just bet she did, and a lot more, I can't remember enough to tell over to you, but it's sunk in."

"So has what she said to me, Jim, I love her more than anyone in all the world."

"I know, girl, so do I, just like she is a kind of religion," Jim replied, and the sweet, tender woman, who had been developed so rapidly into a model, slept very peacefully, knowing that she had done the best she could, and that her loved ones were safe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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THE most important step in raising thoroughbred poultry is correct mating. Few beginners realize this until they discover that their chicks, when matured, are far from what they expected. Correct mating will give good results and make the year's business prosperous and satisfactory, while improper mating will result in total failure. The great advance and improvement in the different breeds is due entirely to the greater knowledge breeders are gaining every year as to mating. Only a few years ago nearly all results were obtained from what was known as haphazard mating, or in other words, selecting a fairly good specimen for a male and mating him to good-looking females. Little regard was paid to pedigree; in fact, it was hardly considered. Today the results from haphazard matings are far from satisfactory, although occasionally a good chick is raised. Correct mating has become a science, in fact it is the scientific part of poultry breeding. It is therefore the result of careful study and of years of experiment. So when we say correct mating, we mean scientific mating.

The old habit of allowing males to run with females the year around has been discontinued for some time by first-class breeders. All now recognize the necessity of the mating season. This is usually in the months of January or February. The common practice is to select a male bird, for he is considered half the pen, and mate females to him. In the solid color varieties the task is not so difficult as in those of variegated plumage. As an example of the former, we may take any of the white varieties, and of the latter breeds Barred Plymouth Rocks and Brown Leghorns. As the Barred Plymouth Rocks are considered one of the most difficult breeds to mate correctly, they will serve best to illustrate scientific mating.

At first the best results were obtained from ordinary or single matings. This means selecting standard bred males and females. The result of such a mating was a fair percentage of good-colored cockerels and good pullets, and but few really poor specimens. This single mating idea was popular for many years, and even today some prominent breeders are still using it with satisfactory results. Still, the single system did not seem to improve the breed as rapidly as was desired, and too few really fine specimens were the result. Progressive breeders aimed at something better—something more to be relied on. After a few experiments, double mating began to be talked of, and better results were obtained, and the exhibition birds reached a higher degree of excellence.

Today the double mating system is practiced by the best Plymouth Rock breeders; the results decidedly satisfactory, and the breed has improved wonderfully. Whether this system will eventually injure the useful qualities of the breed, remains to be seen. Its opponents say yes, but its advocates cry no in chorus. In my opinion, it is impossible to produce any such specimens as won the first prizes at Boston and New York by any single mating system. In males, the shape, color and general show and standard qualities can be obtained only from double mating. In females, double mating is even more necessary if the standard color is sought for. Correct double mating in Barred Plymouth Rocks is recognized as follows:

For Cockerels.—Select a standard, prize winning, if you have one, cockerel. He should be the son of a prize winning or exhibition male bird, and his father before him. The stronger the blood and better the pedigree the more valuable he will be as a breeder. To him mate females a few shades darker than standard color, but evenly barred and deep as possible—well-shaped bodies, small, well-balanced tails and small, firm combs. Eyes, legs and beaks should be as near perfect as can be obtained. In fact, the better the females, the better the chicks. As to the male, I have said, prize winners, if possible; therefore, his qualities need no explanation.

For Pullets.—Select prize exhibition females and mate to them a male too light for exhibition, but not a washed out, or faded-looking color. Although he may be light, his plumage should be well barred, and a trace of gray or slate color near the skin, and not white or cottony, in other words. Where the barring stops there should be a distinct trace of grayish blue color. He should have a full body and good breast. Legs and beak a deep yellow; a small, good comb, and his plumage bright and even throughout.

In these matings the specimens ought to have been bred in line; for example: For cockerel matings, to produce cockerels, both the male and females should come from previous cockerel-mated pens. This is not so difficult as it appears, because from a cockerel mating you obtain exhibition cockerels; but the female will be darker than standard color, and hence, too dark for exhibition purposes, but just fit for cockerel breeders next year.

For pullet matings, to produce pullets the male and the female should come from former pullet matings. This happens in inverse ratio to the cockerel pens. For example, the females will be standard exhibition color, and the males a little too light for show purposes, but good for next year's pullet matings. If, therefore, your pullets and cockerels are bred thus in line year after year, the very best results can be obtained.

True color in Barred Plymouth Rocks is more difficult to produce than the barring itself. Bluish barring is rare, but brown of different shades is quite common. Of late years the tendency is toward the narrow close barring and the bluest of blue shades.

In choosing birds of good plumage, shape must not be lost sight of. Too often color is preferred to shape, and this it is which will eventually ruin the type of any breed. Many glaring examples of this were seen in the large

exhibitions at New York and Boston. Every breed has its type, and when the color is changed the type should remain the same. All Plymouth Rocks should be typical in shape, no matter whether they are Barred, White or Buff. The same is true of all breeds which are divided into different varieties. There are White, Brown, Buff and Black Leghorns. The colors are distinct and decidedly different, but the Leghorn type should prevail. Too much stress, therefore, cannot be laid on shape when selecting the specimens in mating your pens.

Early mating is an advantage, but early mating does not necessarily mean early hatching. This is a matter which remains with the breeder. Early hatched chicks find a ready sale for early fall shows; middle-spring hatches meet the demand for next spring's breeders, while late hatched chicks fit in well for late winter shows.

Correspondence

Mrs. J.—Which is best, cooked or raw meat for chickens?

A.—Raw, lean meat.

H. H. writes asking for my address.

A.—All letters must be addressed care of COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

L. F.—My hens are sick, droppings yellow and smelling badly, after a few days they die. I feed corn, oats, bran, they have grit, water, and green feed in plenty, and a large farm to run over.

A.—Your birds are suffering from cholera, which is a contagious disease. Shut up all the affected birds in a dry, warm, though well-ventilated house away from the other birds. Feed them on stale bread which has been soaked in boiled milk and well squeezed. Mix three drops of tannum in a teaspoonful of milk which has been scalded and give while warm. Give them only scalded milk cold to drink. Remove all droppings three or four times a day. When a bird dies burn the carcass, thoroughly clean the chicken-house and add one teaspoonful of carbolic acid to one quart of drinking water for the next ten days as a precaution against the disease spreading.

J. S.—Will you tell me how to erect an incubator, as I am going to try one?

A.—I shall devote next month's space to the incubator as many of my correspondents are interested in the subject at this time of the year.

H. O. B.—Will you tell me if it is true that ducks can be successfully kept on a farm where there is no stream or pond? I want to keep them in quantities as there is a good market for them here.

A.—Yes, ducks do as well and even better without water to swim in when they are being raised for market as the action of swimming hardens the sinews of the legs and makes them tough. Care must be observed, however, to provide an unlimited supply of fresh drinking water in vessels so arranged that the birds cannot get into them with their feet, but deep enough to permit them submerging their heads. A large pan should also be kept constantly filled with sharp grit which the birds will relish much better if kept perpetually moist. The breeders at this season of the year should have some animal food, green stuff, cut clover hay well steamed if you have not a good supply of cabbage, bran and ground feed (corn and oats ground together in equal parts). Eggs should not be over five days old for setting and it is better to use them as much fresher as possible.

F. G. G.—What is meant by animal meal, and where can I get it? Can I mix stale bread in the mash? My husband works in a bakery and can get all the bread he wants, but when I put it into the warm water it gets sloppy and the birds don't like it. Please advise me how to feed. Do you feed your chickens all the year round? Do you think the Rhode Island Reds are better layers than the Wyandottes?

A.—Animal meal is ground meat scraps, specially prepared for poultry, and can be bought at all large feed houses. But if you have plenty of scraps from the table, or can get lean meat scraps from your butcher, they are better than the prepared meal. I think the bread would be better food dry than mixed with a mash. It makes a good midday meal in the winter, but it is not heating enough for night or morning in a cold climate. We do not feed mash between May and September when the birds are on free range.

Note Correspondents

The blue ducks are scarce in this country, as I think I saw three or four exhibits at the last New York poultry show. I do not know of anyone having stock or eggs for sale at a reasonable price. At the next show which is early in the new year, I will endeavor to get a list of breeders for the convenience of my correspondents, until then I am afraid I cannot help you, as I have none for sale myself.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Rich Fruit Cake

Four eggs, one cup sugar, two cups molasses, one and one half cups butter, one half cup milk, one teaspoonful baking soda, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one half pound citron, sliced fine, one heaping teaspoonful cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, five cups sifted flour. Bake two and one half hours in a slow oven.

Mrs. B. J. BORSAGO, 708 Bosworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS: While I, like many others am lying on my bed, I would enjoy reading a personal letter from each one of you. The days sometimes seem long to me, being confined to the house is so different from roaming over the beautiful earth. But we should try to look on the bright side in spite of a thorny

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Fence Improvements that cost you nothing

We have been constantly improving wire fence at an expense of thousands of dollars every year. But because we make and sell 50,000 miles of

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every month, the cost of these improvements has been spread over many million rods of fence.

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FRANK BAACKES

Vice-President & General Sales Agent
American Steel & Wire Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Lemon Cream Pie

Take a deep dish, grate into it the outside of the rind of two lemons, add to that one and one half cups of sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour unsifted, stir it well together, then add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs; beat this thoroughly, then add the juice of the lemons, two cups of water and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Set this on the fire in another dish containing boiling water and cook until it thickens and will drip from the spoon like thick honey. Remove from the fire and when cooled, pour into a deep pie tin, lined with pastry, bake and when done have ready the whites, beaten stiff, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread this over the top and return to oven to brown slightly.

Chocolate Icing

Put into a shallow pan four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and place it where it will melt gradually but not scorch; when melted, stir in three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and one of water, mix all well together, then add one scant teaspoonful of sugar, boil about five minutes, and while cakes are nearly cold spread some evenly over the surface of one of them, put a second one on top, alternating mixture and cakes, then cover top and sides and set in a warm oven to harden.

Ginger Snaps

Two cups molasses, one cup lard, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful ginger, flour enough to make very stiff; roll thin.

Correspondents Wanted

Alice E. Mason, Berryman, Mo., young people. Bertha Lake, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., March 1, 1907. Andrew Gunderson, Terrace, R. F. D. 1, Minn. Miss Grace Cummins, Wentworth, N. H., girls of twelve or thirteen. Andrew G. Flynn, 20 Crosby Place, Pittsfield, Mass. Miss G. A. Hinson, Jasper, Fla., young people. Blanche Steele, Cataline, Texas, young people. Wesley Osborn, Box 13, Cottageville, Ky. George E. McIntyre, Almira, N. Dak. Miss Clementine Avery, 504 Russell St., Nashville, Tenn. Mr. E. Haynes, Work Point Barracks, Esquimaux, B. C. Mrs. Pearl Sanford, Jewett, R. F. D. 1, Ill., especially those having surname of Keeman or Keyman. John Pennington, Skylight, Ky., young people. Fannie Ellard, Colquett, R. F. D. 2, Ga. Marjorie Elliott, Ceres, Cal., young people. Miss Ethel Knicely, Box 41, Holgate, Ohio, young people. Miss Harriet E. Smith, McArthur, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1907. Charles G. Cosgrove, Four Pines Place, West Walworth, N. Y., young people. Miss Orna Wardage, Crom City, R. F. D. 2, Ohio. Miss Nona Hobbes, Mechanicsville, R. F. D. 1, Saratoga Co., N. Y. Wilma Dick, Gainesville, Texas, young people. Buel Orne, North Craftsburg, R. F. D. 1, Vt. Edward A. Jackson, Hollydale, Lunenburg Co., Va. Miss Sallie Baker, 891 Broadway, South Boston, Mass. Miss Mary O'Connell, Webster, Ill. Foster Plaister, Rossville, R. F. D. 1, Ga. Mrs. P. McKenry, Lewisburg, Ky. Mrs. Annie Parker, Bowles, Ala. Mrs. Gustave A. Wahl, 503 Homer St., Algiers, La. Miss Mary L. Austin, Fort Kent, Maine. Miss Clarice Russell, Melburn, Ohio. Ezra Green, McNeal, Ill.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I want to thank the sisters who have been so kind as to send me magazines. I have received a good many, and have enjoyed them. I have received several nice encouraging letters, too, and am very thankful to all who have remembered me.

Please do not send stamps for reply, as writing is so hard for me on account of a heart trouble. Will you please send magazines and small gifts to a little friend of mine, Miss Floy Walton, Holt, Missouri? She is a cripple from rheumatism, hasn't walked for nearly seven long years. I made her acquaintance at the Sanitarium two years ago where she spent nearly six weeks. I think she was there about three months. I know she will appreciate any little gift. She is about sixteen years old.

Mrs. MATTIE KESSLER, Eldorado, Kans.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS: While I, like many others am lying on my bed, I would enjoy reading a personal letter from each one of you. The days sometimes seem long to me, being confined to the house is so different from roaming over the beautiful earth. But we should try to look on the bright side in spite of a thorny

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copper, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. OZARK HERB CO., Block 3, St. Louis, Mo.

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and nearly 100 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for our 2 free books, "How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost," and "How the Housewife Can Save \$10."

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Big Money in Poultry Our big Poultry book tells how to make \$100 a week, feed and market for best results. 100 illustrations. Describes largest pure bred poultry farm in the world. Tells how to start small and grow big. All about our 10 leading varieties. Quotes lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4 cts.

F. FOX, Box 2, Des Moines, Iowa

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of stock and fair education to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 48, London, Ontario, Canada.

40 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Largest poultry farm in the Northwest. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4c for fine 32-page poultry book and catalog. H. F. Neubert, Box 793, Mankato, Minn.

\$65 PER MONTH Straight Salary and expenses, to men Bank refs given. Don't ask unless you mean business. Eureka Poultry Feed Mfg. Co., Dept. 40, East St. Louis, Ill.

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Fuel drawn principally from atmosphere. Uses 395 barrels of air, while consuming one gallon of oil. Wood, coal and oil cost money. ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR. Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

HARRISON'S VALVELESS WICKLESS, AUTOMATIC OIL-GAS AND AIR BURNER STOVE Automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire. Combustion perfect. To operate—Turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match, it generates gas which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air, to every large spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating, no more attention. Same heat all day, or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner, oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in the world. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control.

D. CARN, IND., writes: "It costs me only 4 1/2 cents a day for fuel." L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Harrison Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, NEB., writes: "Saved \$4.25 a month for fuel by using the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me \$5.50 per month, and the Harrison only \$1.25 per month."

M. KING, VA., writes: "Using one Burner and Radiator, I kept a 16x18 foot room at 70 degrees, when out doors 13 to 20 degrees were registered." REV. WM. TEARM, ME., writes: "This morning 16 below zero, and my library far below freezing point. Soon after lighting the Harrison Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat." WM. BAERING, IND., writes: "We warmed a room 13x14 feet, when it was about 10 below zero with one Radiator." Objection—

Not like those sold in stores. Ideal for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc., with Radiating Attachment; also cooking, roasting, baking, ironing, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot and dirt. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills. ALL SIZES. PRICES LOW—\$1.25 and up. Send to any address. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for our 30 day trial offer—full description—thousands of testimonials. 1906 Proposition. CATALOGUE FREE.

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Two Boys

There are two boys in Cambridge school, A wise one and a little fool. One knows his lessons every day, Can dance, speak pieces, sing and play, Has milk-white skin and hazel curls, That makes him liked by all the girls; But going home so prim and neat, He'll speak to no one on the street.

The other lad can swim and skate, Play pranks, ride horseback, leap a gate, Vault posts, jump fences, run and climb— His clothes are soiled most all the time, But he ain't proud or prim or neat, He'll yell "hello," clean 'cross the street. He loves to pull, toss, drag and pitch. Now there's the two boys, "Which is which?"

Removing Glass

A safe and easy way to remove a pane of glass is to apply soft soap to the putty, and in a few hours it will become soft no matter how hard it has previously been. You can then scrape it away with a knife without fear of breaking the glass or marring the wood. A cut made by a small splinter of glass should be immediately attended to for it may cause blood poison.

A Stencil

The boy with artistic talent, or the common lad, if he takes pains can make a serviceable stencil out of an old tin can. Put it on the stove until the heat melts the joints and causes it to fall apart, then hammer it flat and tack it firmly to a block of hard wood. If you are not



able to draw neat and uniform letters, cut some out of a calendar or newspaper, and paste them on the tin to get your outlines. With a small, sharp chisel cut away the parts described by the outside lines, leaving intact small retaining strips wherever necessary. The pictures show the different steps of the work. This stencil is used by placing against the object you wish to mark, and then applying paint with a common brush.

A Game

Here is a simple game which requires very little preparation. Write down ten questions on a slip of paper, and on ten different slips write the correct answers, that is one on each slip. Now place the ten slips with the answers on face downward on the table. The captain asks the person to his left a question and he draws from the pile of answers. If he gets a correct one he has another chance, but if not the next player to the left takes his turn. Whoever draws five right answers first wins the game. The questions may be very simple such as "Who discovered America?" "Who was the first president?" etc. The number of questions may be increased according to the number of players, five for each one, and any number may play, the more the merrier.

Frost-bites

Boys who live in the cold regions, and are in danger of frost-bites will do well to study these simple directions. Stay away from the fire, and rub the affected part with snow or the coldest water obtainable. When the circulation has been in some degree restored take a hot drink, and continue the rubbing with a piece of flannel or a rough towel. If the ears have been slightly nipped hold a fistful of snow around them and they will soon be all right. If the frozen spot remains sore and turns black cover it with common salt and keep it covered for a few days at least. Otherwise you will be troubled all your life, and the injured part will remain very sensitive to the cold.

Etiquette

Here are a few points of etiquette which a boy must observe if he wishes to be considered well bred. In walking with a lady give her the side nearest to the wall. If you meet a lady in a public place never speak her name loud enough to attract attention. In walking take charge of any parcel with which the lady may be encumbered. In saluting a lady tip your hat with the hand which is farthest away, thus if you pass her on the left side take your hat off with your right hand.

Mission Bench

This mission bench, simple enough to be made by any boy, will add a touch of refinement to almost any room. The top is 16 inches by 10 inches, and 1 inch thick. It must be smoothed very carefully with plane and sand-



paper on the upper side. The ends are 81-4 inches by 81-2 inches by 1 inch, and must be dressed on both sides, for both sides will be visible when the bench is in use. The under piece or stretcher should be 15 by 4 by 1 inches, upper side only dressed. The shape and plan of cutting these pieces is shown by the drawings. Screws, glue if handy, and four wooden wedges are used to fasten them together. Finishing is done by first rubbing in wood filler, then varnishing, sandpapering and re-varnishing until a satisfactory polish is produced.

Snowshoes

It is great fun walking on snowshoes after you get the knack of it. I have spent much time in trying to devise a pair that every COMFORT boy could get without expense or trouble and this is the result of my efforts. Round off the tops of two light, wide barrel staves, gracefully tapering the back ends to a point. Exact dimensions are not given because we do not know the size of the pieces you will use. Follow the proportions of those in the cut and you will be about right. Tack on straps or ropes for feet fastenings and you are ready to glide away like an oldtime pioneer.



The Number Three

The number 3 figures largely in arithmetical tricks. Select any two numbers you please and you will find that either one of the two, or their sum when added together or their difference is always 3 or a number divisible by three. Thus if you select 3 and 8, the first number is 3, if you say 1 and 2 their sum is 3, if your numbers are 4 and 7 their difference is 3, again 15 and 22 the first can be divided by 3, 17 and 26 their difference is divisible by 3. Number 3 is the only one that you cannot get away from.

Rabbit Skins

The proper way to prepare a rabbit skin is to lay it on a smooth board with the fur side under and tack it securely down. Dissolve two ounces of alum in a pint of water and with a sponge dipped in this solution moisten the surface all over. Repeat this every now and then for three days and when the skin has dried take out the tacks, roll it up the long way, hair inside, and draw it rapidly back and forth through a smooth ring or anything that will answer the same purpose. Then roll it up the other way and repeat the operation.

Ash Sifter

Those who burn coal in the winter will welcome this ash sifter for by its use many half burned pieces can be saved. Get an ordinary box and cut two corresponding holes in the narrow sides, through which put a tightly fitting stick which extends four inches over one side and ten or twelve over the other. The short end is whittled round, for it is to turn like an axle. The top and bottom boards of the box are taken off and in their place is put coarse wire netting, one side so fitted that it can be opened like a door. Next a crank is placed on the long end and after being filled with ashes it is placed over a barrel or other receptacle and turned round and round. You will be surprised how much coal this simple device will save in one season.



Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

"Proceed, sir," said Mr. Parkhurst. "You have aroused my interest." "Before doing so," said Clarke, "I will recapitulate gone events in your past history, that you may perceive how far I comprehend your present position. We shall then be better prepared to understand each other." The lawyer, for henceforth this will be the easiest name by which to distinguish our acquaintance, at once commenced his narrative. "I am perfectly well aware that, though at present an occupant of a house in the wilderness, you were born to wealth and social distinction which, but for untoward circumstances, would still be in your possession. Your father held a high colonial office previous to the struggle that eventuated in sundering the present States from the mother country. Although in that struggle he aimed to preserve neutrality, I believe I am correct in saying that his sympathies were rather with England than the colonies."

"I believe such to have been the case," said Mr. Parkhurst. "This point, however, is immaterial. One of the acts to which it led, though, is of the highest importance. But before speaking of this, let me go on with my brief narrative. I believe your father's death was sudden."

"It was. He was struck with apoplexy which, though not immediately fatal, deprived him of speech, so that during the short time he had to live he was utterly unable to communicate with me."

"He appeared to have something on his mind that he wished to communicate?" queried the lawyer with a certain degree of eagerness in his manner. "He did, and seemed to be quite distressed to think that it was out of his power to do so. But, sir—improbable as it appears, your manner leads me to ask the question—have you any conjecture as to the nature of this communication, which my father was prevented from making?"

"As to that, Squire Parkhurst, I may have or I may not. You will excuse me for being non-committal just at present. Remember that I am a lawyer, and that this is a part of our trade. I have a question or two more to ask."

"Your manner is somewhat mysterious," said Mr. Parkhurst with some hauteur. "However, I will take it for granted that you have a sufficient motive for it, and will answer any questions of a proper nature you have to ask."

"It is only what I expected from a man of

your intelligence," said the lawyer affably. "I will endeavor not to trouble you with any unnecessary questions."

"Go on, Mr. Clarke," said Joseph Parkhurst, exhibiting a degree of impatience in his tone. "Did your father leave as much property as you anticipated?"

Mr. Parkhurst looked at the lawyer in some surprise, the question not being of such a character as he anticipated.

"There is no reason," he said after a pause, "why I should not answer this question of yours, although I cannot guess your object in asking it. I frankly admit, then, I was surprised to find the property less by one half than I had supposed. However, nothing is more common than that public opinion should exaggerate the amount of property belonging to a person known to be wealthy. As I had never heard my father allude directly to the extent of his possessions, I was led to the conclusion that in common with the public I had been mistaken on the subject, or else, which was by no means improbable, that in the troubles of that stormy period my father's wealth had been diminished by losses."

"The conjecture was a plausible one," said the lawyer, "but that which is plausible is not necessarily correct. Did it never occur to you that it might be upon this subject that your father wished to speak to you when suffering under the attack that proved fatal to him?"

"I have formed many conjectures on the subject," said Mr. Parkhurst, scanning the lawyer's face with interest, "but I confess that this never occurred to me. Have you any reason to suppose—your look seems to indicate it—that such is the case?"

"I have," said the lawyer briefly. "And of what nature is this evidence?" asked Mr. Parkhurst eagerly. "Is it so decisive as to promise any advantageous results?"

"I have no hesitation in saying that it is."

"I await your further disclosures with impatience, Mr. Clarke."

"I must ask you to restrain your impatience for a moment. I think I have heard that of the diminished property that came into your possession, you were unfortunate enough to lose a large part. Is this the case?"

"The circumstances under which you see me living," said Mr. Parkhurst with some bitterness, "will be a sufficient reply to your question."

"I did not know but that your retirement to this romantic spot was dictated by a preference for country life."

"No, sir, far from it. I am not a sentimentalist. I have no taste for the country or country life. I was born in a city—at all events a considerable town, which is now a city—and should never have left it if I could have continued to live there in the style to which I had been accustomed from my birth. But that could not be—the money which I inherited from my father, amounting to fifty thousand dollars, I was unwise enough to invest in speculations that promised large returns, although I ought to have been contented with the safer but apparently less productive investments which my father had employed. Well, sir, I need not go into details. Enough that I found myself reduced two years since to a comparative pittance through the failure of the schemes in which I had trusted. I could no longer live in New York save in the most humble way, and that the family pride which came to me with my inheritance would not brook. I had no mind to see myself looked down upon by those with whom I had associated as my equals, perhaps as my inferiors, and hard as the sacrifice was, I determined to cut loose the ties which bound me to my native place, and seek an humble asylum in this frontier district. I did not expect to find happiness here, nor have I been disappointed. I find myself cut off from all the associations to which I had been accustomed, and forced to take up a life which has but a single redeeming trait. This is that I have removed myself far beyond the pity, indifference, or neglect of those whom I before knew. I have also the satisfaction of seeing that my daughter takes the change more kindly than myself. I am not sure even but she prefers the present life to that of the city. I cannot comprehend it. I think she must differ essentially in tastes and temperament from myself."

"I think I could explain it," thought the lawyer. "I am very much afraid she is in love with this young Davenport. Lovers at her age are very apt to overlook all else."

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Parkhurst, "I have now expressed myself at greater length than I intended in relation to my position here and how I look upon it. I am now ready and anxious to hear anything which you may be able to communicate upon this subject, which, as you must have discovered, is so near to me."

"I will come to the point at once, sir," said the lawyer, "by stating that I have the power of replacing you in your old position, and enabling you to reappear among your former friends and associates with the same advantages of wealth the loss of which has driven you to seek a home in the wilderness."

Mr. Parkhurst was not prepared for this revelation. It seemed too strange, too improbable to be true. And yet if it should prove a fact! His face flushed with new-born hope, his lips parted in eagerness, and in an agitated tone he said:

"Surely you will not mock me with delusive hopes!"

"Surely not, Mr. Parkhurst," said the lawyer, scanning him narrowly. "I promise nothing which I am not able to perform."

"But this seems so mysterious! How can you, a stranger, possess this power?"

"Chance, sir, has thrown it into my way. But as you will naturally enough desire a confirmation of my words, I will so far task your patience as to relate briefly the manner whereby certain facts, having a weighty bearing upon your interests, became known to me."

"Do so, sir. I am all attention."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* * *

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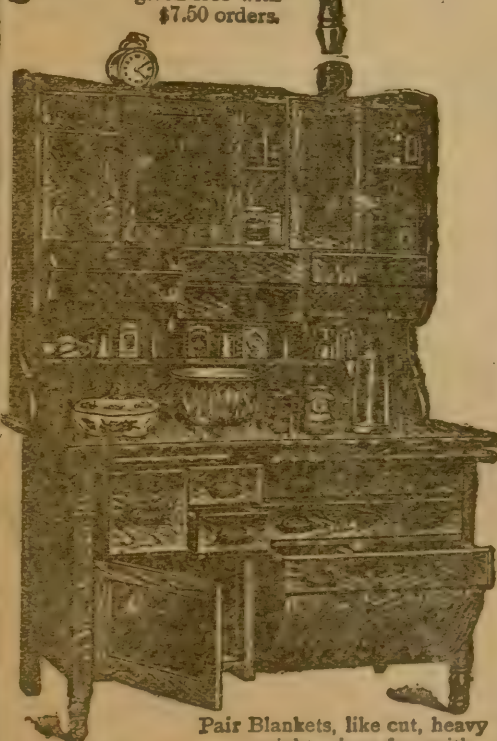
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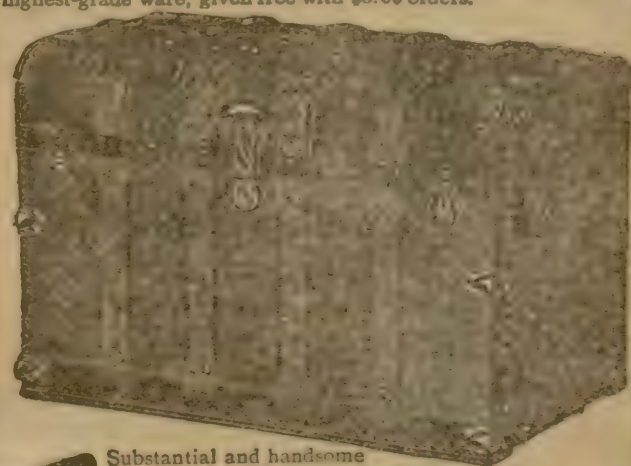
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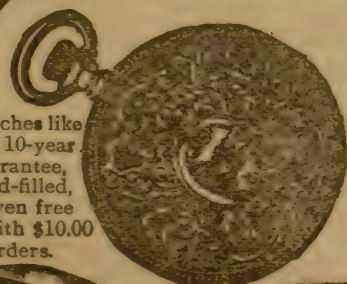
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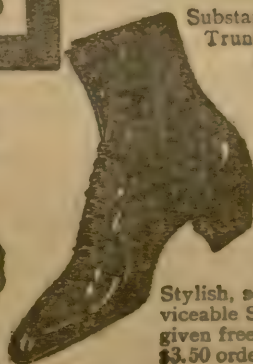
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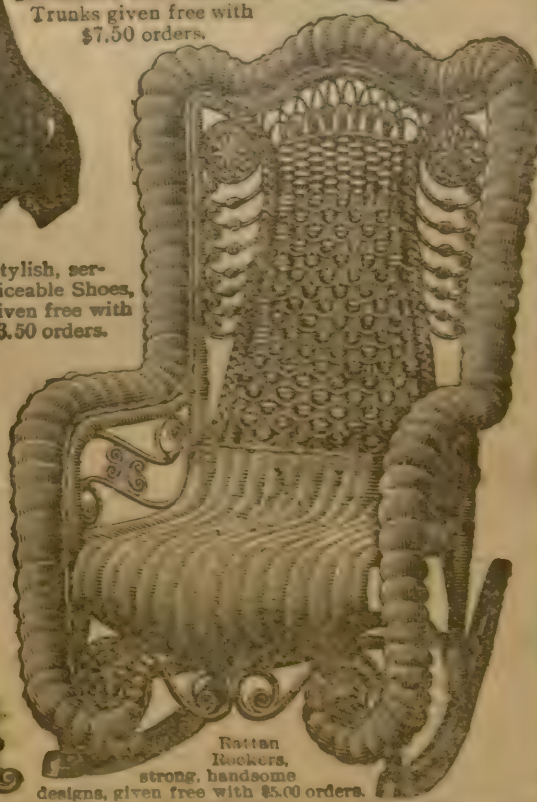
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ST. ELMO

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl sings "He stood and measured the earth and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills—There is the grand old world, and Edna witnesses a duel where 'honorable satisfaction' is obtained, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Harry Dent's wife arrives; she falls senseless, dying the next day, and husband and wife sleep by side. Edna is kind to her grandfather's blacksmith shop is startled by a harsh voice. "Are you stone deaf? Is there a blacksmith shop near?" Edna points in the direction, and when she arrives there sees the stranger, who is impatient at the delay, and who curses her grandfather. The horse is vicious. The work finished, the man tosses a gold coin, which Aaron Hunt will not accept. Edna may have it. In his haste the stranger drops a copy of Dante. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She is cared for by Mrs. Wood, who tells her grandmother died during her illness. Edna decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory. She boards the train at Chattanooga. The day wears away, night comes on, and she falls asleep. She is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds; there is a scramble, then a shock and crash, and all is chaos. Edna is severely injured; she is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, and tenderly cared for by Hagar, a colored nurse, who uses her influence in behalf of Edna. Mrs. Murray will educate her, exacting certain things; she will be displeased if she talks to the servants, or encourages them to talk to her. Mrs. Murray's son, St. Elmo, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval concerning her, his mother's misplaced charity and Mrs. Murray's promise that you will not scoff and sneer at her religion. A ringing laugh is his only answer and Edna recognizes the owner of the lost Dante—the man who cursed her grandfather. Hagar wants her to keep out of Mass' St. Elmo's path. By the aid of crutches Edna can walk, and she explores the house, entering all rooms except two. Mrs. Murray explains they are her son's. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog snuffing at her hands and feet. His voice thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog, and snatches the stick from his hand, refusing to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. Edna returns to her room. St. Elmo walks up and down his elegant rooms filled with rare curios from foreign lands. On a slab is a miniature tomb about four feet tall, the richly carved doors of which is opened only by a curiously shaped key which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain. He ponders on his lost manhood and Edna's abhorrence of him.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond, as Edna's instructor, and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. She cautions Edna never to refer to his domestic afflictions. St. Elmo starts on his long journey to Oceania. He intrusts a key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone—not even his mother; secondly that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years, and she has good reason to consider him dead. She will not betray the trust. Mrs. Murray has daily family prayers. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth and high social standing, comes with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Mrs. Leigh, Gordon Leigh's sister, gives a party on his birthday. It is Edna's, and Mrs. Leigh sends her an invitation by Gordon. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning "Peace be with thee." Edna hesitates in accepting it. Gordon asks Mrs. Murray to decide. She did right in not accepting it, but with Mrs. Murray's advice and consent she may wear it. Edna dislikes to go to the party, but Mrs. Murray insists. Edna overhears criticisms and sneers concerning her, and Mrs. Murray and Mr. Hammond's scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Mrs. Murray receives a letter. St. Elmo will not return for one year. Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some uneasy presence. The silence is oppressive. Edna walks up to the tomb; a spider has woven his drapery over the entrance to it. She takes the key from her pocket, and puts it far enough in to eject the intruder. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence. Edna refuses an invitation to dine with Mrs. Leigh and gives Mrs. Murray her reasons. Going to the library she is absorbed in study, when suddenly looking up she sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He tells her he doubts her. His suspicions are aroused and insulting. If she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought this confidence killed; he has tempted her and she stands firm. Mrs. Murray returns. She places a bouquet in Edna's hands by request of Gordon Leigh. Mrs. Murray promises him that Edna will go to ride with him. She will not have Gordon disappointed. Edna conducts family prayers. St. Elmo buys a ring in Naples, and asks Edna to accept it in token of her care of the golden key; she refuses the gift and St. Elmo drops it on the glowing coals. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglas G. Manning, and St. Elmo's eyes seem to glitter on the page.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna Earl; she refuses him. He confides his sorrow to Mr. Hammond. Estelle Harding, the daughter of Mrs. Murray, the motive of winning St. Elmo's hand the reason for Edna's refusal to become Gordon Leigh's wife. Mrs. Murray is indignant. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. The coming of Clinton Allison is announced. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word. Reluctantly Edna shows Mr. Manning's signature. To Mrs. Murray she declares she loves no one better than Gordon Leigh. She does not acknowledge Clinton Allison's salutation. In him she recognizes the slayer of Harry Dent and his wife. St. Elmo exacts an apology and Edna remains firm in her conviction.

Mr. Hammond has unwelcome visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. Mrs. Powell sends a letter to Estelle Harding by Edna. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridiculed and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo gazes on the scene; they are unconscious of his presence.

The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave Le Bocage. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Mr. Hammond offers her a home; her decision is unalterable. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings an arrested doctor to Hulda Reed and his friends Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming charity in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wretched life. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Mr. Hammond pleads for St. Elmo. He sends Edna the contents of the tomb and a letter, hoping it will influence her decision. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews' children. Riding in Central Park with them, they meet Mrs. Andrews and her brother Grey Chilton. Felix thinks his uncle handsome—what does Miss Earl say?

CHAPTER XXV. (CONTINUED.)

As I had barely a glimpse of your uncle, I formed no opinion. Felix, button your coat; it is getting cold.

When they reached home the children begged for some music, and Edna sat down before the piano, and played and sang, while Felix stood leaning on his crutches, gazing earnestly into the face of his teacher.

The song was Longfellow's "Rainy Day," and when she concluded it, the cripple laid his hand on hers and said:

"Sing the last verse again. I feel as if I should always be a good boy, if you would only sing that for me every day. Into each life some rain must fall? Yes, lameness fell into mine."

While she complied with his request, Edna saw tears gather in the large, sad eyes, and

she felt that henceforth the boy's evil spirit could be exorcised.

"Miss Earl, we never had a governess at all like you. They were old, and cross, and ugly, and didn't love to play chess, and could not sing, and I hated them! But I do like you, and I will try and be good."

He rested his head against her arm, and she turned and kissed his pale, broad forehead.

"Hallo, Felix! flirting with your governess? This is a new phrase of school life. You ought to feel quite honored, Miss Earl, though upon my word I am sorry for you. The excessive amiability of my nephew has driven not less than six of your predecessors in confusion from the field leaving him victorious."

Mr. Chilton came up to the piano, and curiously scanned Edna's face; she rose and moved toward the door, saying:

"I am disposed to believe that he has been quite as much sinned against as sinning. Come, children, it is time for your tea."

From that hour her influence over the boy strengthened so rapidly that before she had been a month in the house he yielded implicit obedience to her wishes, and could not bear for her to leave him, even for a moment.

Her days were passed in teaching, reading aloud and talking to the children; and when released from her duties she went invariably to her desk, devoting more than half the night to the completion of her manuscript.

As she took her meals with her pupils, she rarely saw the other members of the household, and though Mr. Chilton now and then sauntered into the schoolroom and frolicked with Hattie, his visits were coldly received by the teacher, who met his attempts at conversation with very discouraging monosyllabic replies.

His manner led her to suspect that the good-looking lounge was vain and heartless, and she felt no inclination to listen to his trifling chatter; consequently, when he thrust himself into her presence, she left him to be entertained by the children.

One evening in November, she sat in her own room preparing to write, and pondering the probable fate of a sketch which she had finished and dispatched two days before to the office of the magazine.

The door bell rang, and soon after a servant brought her a card: "Mr. D. G. Manning. To see Miss Earl."

Flattered and frightened by a visit from one whose opinions she valued so highly, Edna went downstairs, feeling as if all the blood in her body were beating a tattoo on the drum of her ears.

As she entered the library, into which she had been shown, Edna had an opportunity of looking unobserved at this critical ogre, of whom she stood in such profound awe.

Douglas Manning was forty years old, tall and well built. He stood looking up at a pair of bronze griffins that crouched on the top of the rosewood bookcase, and the gaslight falling full on his face, showed his stern, massive features—vast, serene, changeless.

"Good evening, Mr. Manning. I am very glad to meet you; for I fear my letters have been very inadequately expressed my gratitude for your kindness."

Her voice trembled slightly, and she put out her hand. He turned, bowed, offered her a chair, and as they seated themselves, he examined her face as he would have searched the title-page of some new book for an insight into its contents.

"When did you reach New York, Miss Earl?"

"Six weeks ago."

"Was not aware that you were in the city, until I received your note two days since. How long do you intend to remain?"

"Probably the rest of my life. If I find it possible to support myself comfortably."

"Is Mrs. Andrews an old friend?"

"No sir; she was a stranger to me when I entered her house as governess for her children."

"Miss Earl, you are much younger than I had supposed. Your writings led me to imagine that you were at least thirty, whereas I find you almost a child. Will your duties as governess conflict with your literary labors?"

"No sir. I shall continue to write."

"You appear to have acted upon my suggestion, to abandon the idea of a book, and confine your attention to short sketches. The next number of the magazine will contain the contribution you sent me two days since; and while I do not accept all your views, I think it by far the best thing I have yet seen from your pen. It will, of course, provoke controversy, but for that result, I presume you are prepared. Miss Earl, you are a stranger in New York, and if I can serve you in any way, I shall be glad to do so."

"Thank you, Mr. Manning. I need some books which are not to be purchased, and can not find in this house if you can spare them temporarily from your library, you will confer a great favor on me."

"Certainly. Have you a list of those which you require?"

"No, sir, but—"

"Here is a pencil and a piece of paper; write down the titles, and I will have them sent to you in the morning."

She turned to the table to prepare the list, and all the while Mr. Manning's keen eyes scanned her countenance, dress, and figure. A half-smile once more stirred his grave lips when she gave him the paper, over which he glanced indifferently.

"Miss Earl, I fear you will regret your determination to make literature a profession; for your letters informed me that you are poor; and doubtless you remember the witticism concerning the 'republic of letters' which contained not a sovereign. Your friend, Mr. Murray, appreciated the obstacles you are destined to encounter, and I am afraid you will not find life in New York as agreeable as it was under his roof."

"When did you hear from him?"

"I received a letter this morning."

"And you called to see me because he requested you to do so?"

"I had determined to come before his letter arrived."

He noticed the incredulous smile that flitted across her face, and, after a moment's pause, he continued:

"I think you can command better wages for your work in New York than anywhere else on this continent. You have begun well; permit me to say to you be careful, do not write too rapidly, and do not despise adverse criticism. If agreeable to you, I will call early next week and accompany you to the public libraries, which contain much that may interest you. I will send you a note as soon as I ascertain when I can command the requisite leisure; and should you need my services, I hope you will not hesitate to claim them. Good evening, Miss Earl."

He bowed himself out of the library, and Edna went back to her own room, thinking of the brief interview, and confessing her disappointment in the conversation of this most dreadful of critics.

"He is polished as an icicle, and quite as cold. He may be very accurate and astute and profound, but certainly he is not half so brilliant as—"

She did not complete the parallel, but compressed her lips, took up her pen, and began to write.

On the following morning Mrs. Andrews came into the schoolroom, and, after kissing her children, turned blandly to the governess. "Miss Earl, I believe Mr. Manning called upon you last evening. Where did you know him?"

"I never saw him until yesterday, but we have corresponded for some time."

"Indeed! you are quite honored. He is considered very fastidious."

"He is certainly hypercritical, yet I have found him kind and gentlemanly, even courteous. Our correspondence is entirely attributable to the fact that I write for his magazine."

Mrs. Andrews sat for a moment, the picture of wild-eyed amazement.

"Is it possible! I had no idea you were an author. Why did you not tell me before?"

"What have you written?"

Edna mentioned the titles of her published articles, and the lady of the house exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Earl, you will be famous some day! If I had your genius, I should never think of plodding through life as a governess."

"But, my dear madam, I must make my bread, and am compelled to teach while I write."

"I do not see what time you have for writing. I notice you never leave the children till they are asleep. Are you writing anything at present?"

"I finished an article several days ago which will be published in the next number of the magazine. Of course, I have no leisure during the day, but I work until late at night."

"Miss Earl, if you have no objections to acquainting me with your history, I should like very much to know something of your early life and education."

While Edna gave a brief account of her childhood, Felix nestled his hand into hers, and laid his head on her knee, listening eagerly to every word.

When she concluded, Mrs. Andrews mused a moment, and then said:

"Henceforth, Miss Earl, you will occupy a different position in my house; and I shall take pleasure in introducing you to such of my friends as will appreciate your talent. I hope you will not confine yourself exclusively to my children, but come down sometimes in the evening and sit with me; and, moreover, I prefer that you should dine with us instead of with these nursery folks, who are not quite capable of appreciating you."

"How do you know that, mamma? I can tell you one thing, I appreciated her before I found out that she was likely to be 'famous'! Before I knew that Mr. Manning condescended to notice her. We nursery folks judge for ourselves, we don't wait to find out what other people think, and I shan't give up Miss Earl. She is my governess, and I wish you would just let her alone!"

There was a touch of scorn in the boy's impatient tone, and his mother laughed constrainedly.

"Really, Felix! Miss Earl should consider herself exceedingly fortunate, as she is the first of all your teachers with whom you have not quarreled most shamefully, even fought and scratched."

"And because she is sweet, and good and pretty, and I love her, you must interfere and take her off to entertain your company. She came here to take care of Hattie and me, and not go downstairs to see visitors. She can't go, mamma! I want her myself. You have all the world to talk to, and I have only her. Don't meddle, mamma."

"You are very selfish and ill-tempered, my poor little boy, and I am heartily ashamed of you."

"If I am it is because—"

"Hush, Felix!"

Edna laid her hand on the pale, curling lips of the cripple, and luckily at this instant Mrs. Andrews was summoned from the room.

Scarcely waiting till the door closed after her, the boy exclaimed passionately:

"Felix! don't call me Felix! That means happy, lucky! and she had no right to give me such a name. I am infelix! nobody loves me! nobody cares for me, except to pity me, and I would rather be strangled than pitied! I wish I was dead and at rest in Greenwood! I wish somebody would knock my brains out with my crutch! and save me from hobbling through life. Even my mother is ashamed of my deformity! She ought to have treated me as the Spartans did their dwarfs! She ought to have thrown me into the East River before I was a day old! I wish I was dead! Oh! I do!"

"Felix, it is very wicked to—"

"I tell you I won't be called Felix. Whenever I hear the name it makes me feel as if I did one day when my crutches slipped on the ice, and I fell on the pavement before the door, and some newsboys stood and laughed at me. Infelix Andrews! I want that written on my tombstone when I am buried."

Edna put her arm around the boy's shoulder, and drew his head down on her lap, saying tenderly:

"Your mother did not mean that she was ashamed of her son, but only grieved and mortified by his ungovernable temper, which made him disrespectful to her. I know that she is very proud of your fine intellect, and your ambition to become a thorough scholar, and—"

"Oh! yes, and of my handsome body! and my pretty feet!"

"My dear little boy, it is sinful for you to speak in that way, and God will punish you if you do not struggle against such feelings."

"But how? I can be punished any more than I have been already. To be a lame dwarf is the worst that can happen."

"Suppose you were poor and friendless—an orphan with no one to care for you? Suppose you had no dear, good, little sister like Hattie to love you? Now, Felix, I know that the very fact that you are not as strong and well-grown as most boys of your age, only makes your mother and all of us love you more tenderly; and it is very ungrateful in you to talk so bitterly when we are trying to make you happy and good and useful. Look at little Lila, shut up in silence, unable to baby laugh, and yet see how merry and good-natured she is! How much more afflicted she is than you are! Suppose she was always fretting and complaining, looking miserable and sour, and out of humor, do you think you would love her half as well as you do now?"

He made no reply, but his thin hands covered his sorrow face.

Hattie came close to him, sat down on the carpet, and put her head on his knee. Her Uncle Grey had given her a pretty ring the day before, and now she silently and softly took it from her own finger, and slipped it on her brother's.

"Felix, you and Hattie were so delighted with that little poem which I read to you, that I have tried to set it to music for you. The tune does not suit it exactly, but we can use it until I find a better one."

She went to the piano and sang that pretty nursery ballad, "JOUJOU, THE ANGEL OF THE PLAYTHINGS," and Felix partly forgot his woes and grievances.

"Now, I want you both to learn to sing it, and I will teach Hattie the accompaniment. On Felix's birthday, which is not very distant, you can surprise your father and mother by singing it for them. In gratitude to the author I think every little child should sing it and call it 'Eugenie's Angel Song.' Hattie, it is eleven o'clock, and time for you to practice your music-lesson."

The little girl climbed upon the piano-stool and began to count aloud, and after a while Edna bent down and put her hand on Felix's shoulder.

"You grieved your mother this morning and spoke very disrespectfully to her. I know you regret it and you ought to tell her so and ask her to forgive you. You would feel happier all day if you would only acknowledge your fault. I hear your mother in her own room; will you not go and kiss her?"

He averted his head and muttered: "I don't want to kiss her."

"But you ought to be a dutiful son, and you are not. If you should ever be so unfortunate as to lose her, and stand as I do, motherless, in the world, you will regret the pain you gave her this morning. Oh! if I had the privilege of kissing my mother, I could bear almost any sorrow patiently. Felix, sometimes I think it requires more nobility of soul to ask pardon for our faults than to resist the temptation to commit them."

She turned away and busied herself in correcting his Latin exercise, and for some time the boy sat sullen and silent.

At length he sighed heavily, and, taking his crutches, came up to the table where she sat.

"Suppose you tell my mother I am sorry I was disrespectful."

"Felix, are you really sorry?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, go and tell her so, and she will love you a thousand times more than ever before. The confession should come from your own lips."

He stood irresolute and sighed again: "I will go if you will go with me."

She rose and they went to Mrs. Andrews' room. "Mrs. Andrews, your son wishes to say something which I think you will be glad to hear."

"Indeed! Well, Felix, what is it?"

"Mamma—I believe—I know I was very cross—and disrespectful to you—and Oh, mamma! I hope you will forgive me!"

He dropped his crutches and stretched out his arms, and Mrs. Andrews caught the boy to her bosom.

"My precious child! my darling! Of course I forgive you gladly. My dear son, if you only knew how well I love you, you would not grieve me so often by your passionate temper. My darling!"

She stooped to kiss him, and when she turned to look for the girlish form of the governess, it was no longer visible; mother and son were alone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A KNOWLEDGE GREATER THAN GRIEF CAN DIM.

During the first few months after her removal to New York, Edna received frequent letters from Mrs. Murray and Mr. Hammond; but as winter advanced they wrote more rarely and hurriedly, and finally, many weeks elapsed without bringing any tidings from Le Bocage. St. Elmo's name was never mentioned, and while the girl's heart ached, she crushed it more ruthlessly day by day, and in retaliation imposed additional and unremitting toil upon her brain.

Mr. Manning had called twice to escort her to the libraries and art galleries, and occasionally he sent her new books, and English and French periodicals; but his chill, imperturbable calmness oppressed and embarrassed Edna, and formed a barrier to all friendly warmth in their intercourse. He so completely overawed her that in his august presence she was unable to do herself justice, and felt that she was not gaining ground in his good opinion. She was conscious of a vague disquiet, a painful restlessness, when in his company and under his cold, changeless eyes.

One morning in January, as she sat listening to Felix's recitations, Mrs. Andrews came into the schoolroom with an open note in one hand, and an exquisite bouquet in the other.

"Miss Earl, here is an invitation for you to accompany Mr. Manning to the opera, tonight; and here, too, is a bouquet from the same considerate gentleman. As he does me the honor to request my company also, I came to confer with you before sending a reply. Of course, you will go."

"Yes, Mrs. Andrews, if you will go with me."

Edna bent over her flowers, and recognizing many favorites that recalled the hot-house at Le Bocage, her eyes filled with tears, and she hastily put her lips to the snowy cups of an oxalis. How often she had seen such fragile petals nestling in the buttonhole of Mr. Murray's coat.

"I shall write and invite him to come early and take tea with us. Now, Miss Earl, pardon my candor, I should like to know what you intend to wear? You will have to face everybody's battery of eyes and lognettes; for out, first, who you are, and secondly, how you are dressed. Now I think I understand rather better than you do what it should be, and I hope you will allow me to dictate on this occasion."

Here are my keys, Mrs. Andrews; select what you consider appropriate for tonight."

"On condition that you permit me to supply any deficiencies which may discover? Come to my room at six o'clock and let Victorine dress your hair."

Edna turned to her pupils and their books, but all day the flowers in the vase on the table prattled of days gone by; of purple sunsets streaming through golden starred acacia boughs; of dewy, delicious summer mornings, for ever and ever past, when she had watched Tamerlane and his gloomy rider go down the shadowy avenue of elms.

When she sat that night in Mr. Manning's box at the Academy of Music, the editor raised his opera-glass, swept the crowded house, scanning the lovely, beaming faces wreathed with smiles, and then his grave, countenance came back and dwelt on the lining of her opera-coat threw a delicate stain of color over her exquisitely moulded cheeks. Her long lashes drooped as she looked down at the bouquet between her fingers, and listening, she sighed involuntarily.

"Miss Earl, is this your first night at the opera?"

"No, sir; I was here once before with Mr. Andrews and his children."

"I judge from your writings that you are particularly fond of music."

"Yes, sir; I think few persons love it better than I do."

"What style do you prefer?"

"Sacred music—oratorios rather than operas."

Presently Mrs. Andrews said eagerly:

"Look, Miss Earl! In the box directly opposite, is the celebrated Sir Roger Percival, the English nobleman about whom all Gotham is running mad. If he has not more sense than most men of his age, his head will be completely turned by the flattery heaped upon him. However, he really is very agreeable; I have met him several times. He has been a bow for me; and one I presume for you, Mr. Manning."

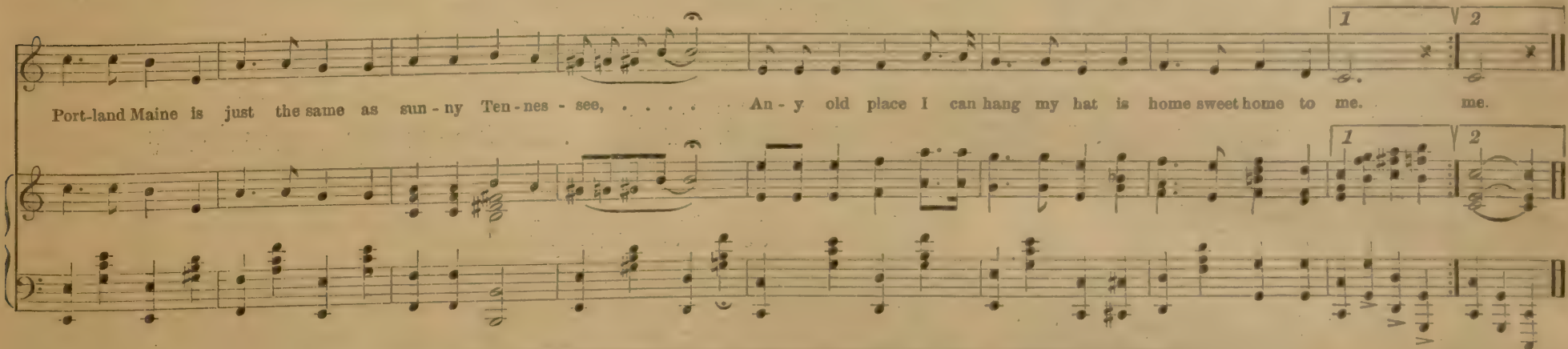
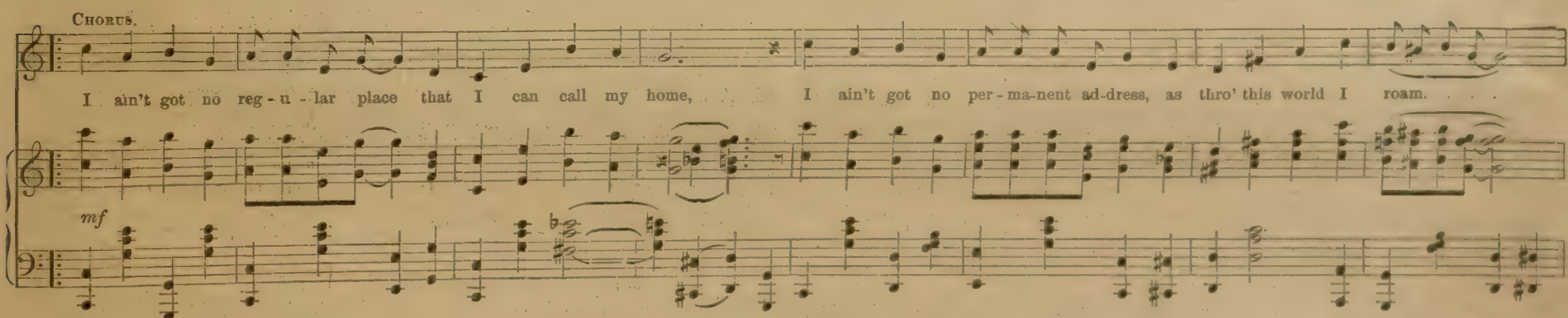
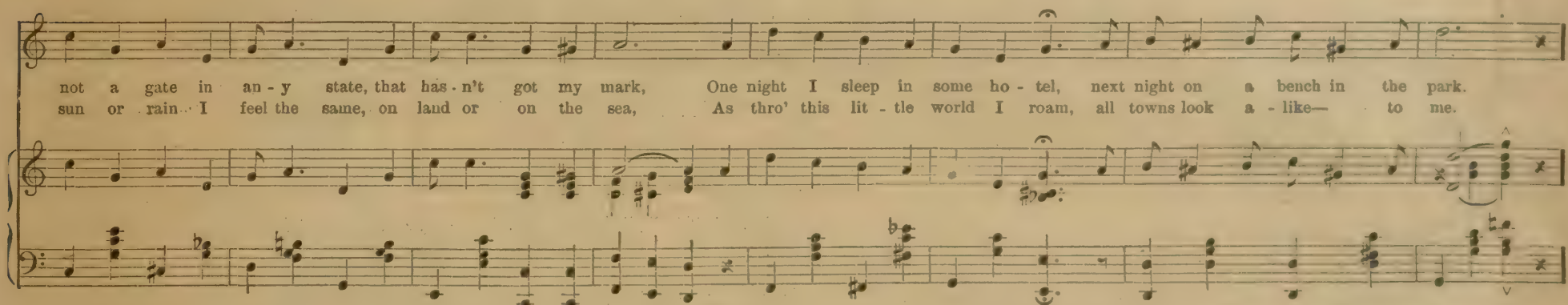
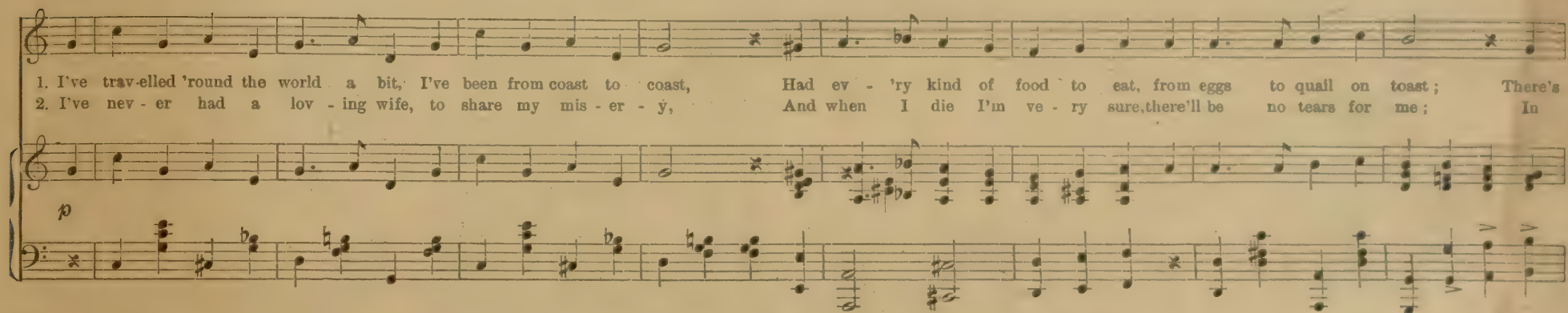
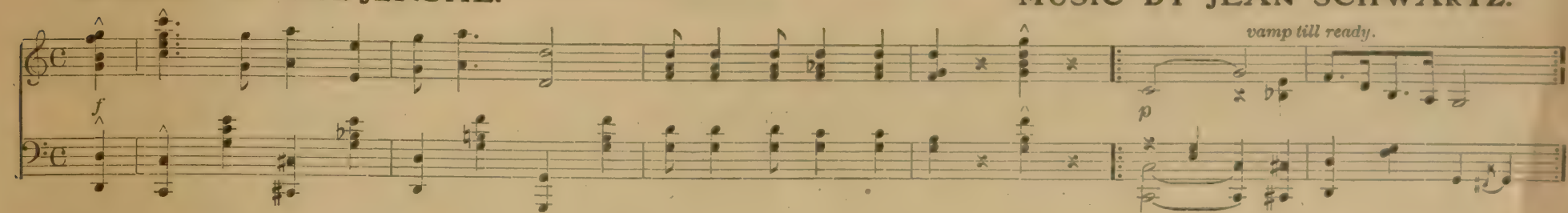
"Yes, I knew him abroad. His brain is strong enough to bear all the adulation New Yorkers offer him."

Edna looked into the opposite box, and saw a tall, elegantly-dressed man, with huge whiskers and a glittering opera-glass; and then as the curtain rose on the first act of

"Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home Sweet Home to Me."

WORDS BY WM. JEROME.

MUSIC BY JEAN SCHWARTZ.



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"Ernani," she turned to the stage, and gave her entire attention to the music.
At the close of the second act Mrs. Andrews said:
"Pray who is that handsome man down yonder in the parquette, fanning himself with a libretto! I do not think his eyes have moved from this box for the last ten minutes. He is a stranger to me."
She turned her fan in the direction of the person indicated, and Mr. Manning looked down and answered:
"He is unknown to me."
Edna's eyes involuntarily wandered over the sea of heads, and the editor saw her start and lean forward, and noticed the sudden joy that flashed into her face, as she met the earnest upward gaze of Gordon Leigh.
"An acquaintance of yours, Miss Earl?"
"Yes, sir; an old friend from the South."
The door of the box opened, and Sir Roger Percival came in and seated himself near Mrs. Andrews, who seemed utterly to forget the presence of the governess.
Mr. Manning sat close to Edna, and taking a couple of letters from his pocket he laid them on her lap, saying:
"These letters were directed to my care by persons who are ignorant of your name and address. If you will not consider me unpardonably curious, I should like to know the nature of their contents."
She broke the seals and read the most

flattering commendations of her magazine sketches, but the signatures were unknown to her.
A sudden wave of crimson surged into her face as she silently put the letters into Mr. Manning's hand, and watched his grave, fixed, undemonstrative features, while he read, re-folded, and returned them to her.
"Miss Earl, I have received several documents of a similar character asking for your address. Do you still desire to write incognito, or do you wish your name given to your admirers?"
"That is a matter which I am willing to leave to your superior judgment."
"Pardon me, but I much prefer that you determine it for yourself."
"Then you may give my name to those who are sufficiently interested in me to write and make the inquiry."
Mr. Manning smiled slightly, and lowered his voice as he said:
"Sir Roger Percival came here tonight to be introduced to you. He has expressed much curiosity to see the author of the last article which you contributed to the magazine; and I told him that you would be in my box this evening. Shall I present him now?"
Mr. Manning was rising, but Edna put her hand on his arm, and answered hurriedly:
"No, no! He is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Andrews, and, moreover, I believe I do not particularly desire to be presented to

him."
"Here comes your friend; I will vacate this seat in his favor."
He rose, bowed to Gordon Leigh, and gave him the chair which he had occupied.
"Edna! how I have longed to see you once more!"
Gordon's hand seized hers, and his handsome face was eloquent with feelings which he felt no inclination to conceal.
"The sight of your countenance is an unexpected pleasure in New York. Mr. Leigh, when did you arrive?"
"This afternoon. Mr. Hammond gave me your address, and I called to see you, but was told that you were here."
"How are they all at home?"
"Do you mean at Le Bocage or the Parsonage?"
"I mean how are all my friends?"
"Mrs. Murray is very well. Miss Estelle, ditto. Mr. Hammond has been sick, but was better and able to preach before I left. I brought a letter for you from him, but unfortunately left it in the pocket of my traveling coat. Edna, you have changed very much since I saw you last."
"In what respect, Mr. Leigh?"
The crash of the orchestra filled the house, and people turned once more to the stage. Standing with his arms folded, Mr. Manning saw the earnest look on Gordon's face as, with his arm resting on the back of Edna's

chair, he talked in a low, eager tone; and a pitying smile partly curved his mouth as he noticed the expression of pain on the girl's face, and heard her say coldly:
"No, Mr. Leigh; what I told you then I repeat now. Time has made no change."
The opera ended, the curtain fell, and an enthusiastic audience called out the popular prima donna.
While bouquets were showered upon her, Mr. Manning stooped and put his hand on Edna's:
"Shall I throw your tribute for you?"
She hastily caught the bouquet from his fingers, and replied:
"Oh! no, thank you! I am so selfish, I cannot spare it."
"I shall call at ten o'clock tomorrow to deliver your letter," said Gordon, as he stood hat in hand.
"I shall be glad to see you, Mr. Leigh."
He shook hands with her and with Mr. Manning, to whom she had introduced him, and left the box.
Sir Roger Percival gave his arm to Mrs. Andrews, and the editor drew Edna's cloak over her shoulders, took her hand and led her down the steps.
As her little gloved fingers rested in his, the feeling of awe and restraint melted away, and looking into his face she said:
"Mr. Manning, I do not think you will ever

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Hats, and How to Make Them

By Comfort's Home Milliner

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the third article on Hat Making. We invite you to read the first installment appearing in COMFORT's November number. Any questions you desire answered relating to this department should be addressed to Comfort's Home Milliner, Augusta, Maine.



TRIMMED WITH RIBBON ROSES. FIG. 1.

used on any shape desired, but the one illustrated is the same style as that in Comfort's Special Hat Offer in Nov. COMFORT, one frame of which may be obtained, together with enough wire to make two more frames, for a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

The frame is first covered smoothly with thin covering muslin. Then the brim is covered with rows of petal edge, the crown with loose folds of the same or heavier material and the wings are put on at the left side, pointing toward the back, with a rosette of the petal edge to cover the wire end of wing. For instance: If one wishes for a fairly dressy hat, use light blue chiffon or ribbon for the petal edge and for the folds around crown and for the wings, and use black velvet for a perfectly smooth crown.

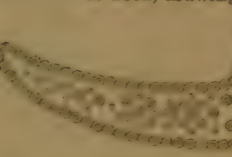
Light blue needs a touch of black to give it character. Or, make the petal edge of black chiffon, ribbon or velvet ribbon, and make a large rosette (the size of top of crown) of the same material and color, for crown, and then use folds of silk or ribbon of gold around crown, making the wings or butterfly of black gauze with gold spangles. A any desired combination may be used, according to the use to which the hat is to be put. A hat of this style may be worn summer or winter, and is a convenient hat to have on hand, as it is dressy enough for any occasion, and yet, being small, is not too dressy for street or church wear.

To make petal edge, use inch-wide ribbon, and run silk the same color in points, the whole length of the ribbon (see Fig. 3), and when all is used draw up the silk and you will have a double scallop (see Fig. 4), the top of which only is allowed to show when being used. If made of chiffon, silk, or any thin material, cut the strips two inches wide and baste raw edges together, using the folded edge for top of scallop. In using silk in this way, cut on the bias, but chiffon, or thin material of any kind, may be used on the straight. After the edge is drawn up, start at the back of the hat and sew to top edge of outside of brim, allowing the scallop to stand a little above top of brim. Continue around brim, row after row, until it is entirely covered. Put one or two rows on inside of brim, at top. Cover the crown (with plain material, or a large rosette made of the petal edge), and then lay folds around the crown, loosely, to come up to top of crown at one edge of fold, and to the last row of petal edge on inside of brim, on the other side of fold. Fasten the edges of the fold firmly but loosely, and then lay the extra fullness in creases down in the hollow between crown and brim, and tack to keep in place. This fold should be one half yard wide if made of thin material, and one third yard wide if made of velvet—cut on the bias and the edges catch-stitched before putting onto frame.

To make a rosette, cut a perfect circle of buckram (or cardboard), of the size desired, and sew the petal edge on it, commencing at the outer edge and letting the scallop stand out beyond edge; work toward center and finish neatly when center is reached. A small buckle, or button, or spangle looks well, right in the center. If a large rosette is used for top of crown, use a knot or folds of the material that goes around crown, on the left side where wing is put on. If a plain top is preferred, for crown, make one or two rosettes four inches across and lay flat on outside of brim to cover wire end of wings. Let the wings stand up or lay flat, pointing toward the back, as may suit your individual style; if you are short, stand the wings up; if tall, lay them flat; use as many as you wish, but not more than three is desirable.

Gauze wings and butterflies are made of chiffon, or tulle, or veiling—almost anything that is thin and delicate. The ends of worn-out veils are often perfectly fresh and may be used. Beads and spangles are put on as desired. They may be made of any color.

To make a wing, take a piece of ordinary hat wire, white if a light-colored covering is to be used, and black if a black or dark wing is to be made. Bend the wire into the shape of a wing, as long as desired; eight or nine inches is none too long. Then cover smoothly with gauze or whatever material is to be used, drawing closely over edge and



GAUZE WING.

sewing close to wire. Cut all edges off as closely as possible, so the back side will look neat. Then sew beads or spangles close together around edge, close to wire so the wire will be covered, on both sides of wing. Sew spangles or beads all over surface of wing, in circles or groups, or in any attractive way that occurs to you. The pieces of bead trimming may be ripped up and the beads saved. If you have no beads or spangles, embroider solid

dots in bright-colored silks, or paint with water-colors. Many odd and beautiful things can be made in this way by an ingenious person, with almost nothing for material.

Butterflies are made in the same way; simply shape the wire as best you can to simulate a butterfly, twisting several strands together for the body; wind the body with some of the material, but do not put spangles on it; put on rows of small beads, across, to look like stripes, or leave plain. Make the butterfly four inches long, with a spread of about four inches at the top of wings; make some small ones, two or three inches across. Bend wire (before covering), so they will look as if flying, and not perfectly flat. When covered and ready to use, fasten a wire to center of body and wind with the material; this is to allow the butterfly to stand above hat and sway. A group of three small butterflies, attached to three wires wound together, makes a very attractive ornament for the hair, for dress occasions, if made of same color as gown, or of white.

With care and good taste, one may make a really beautiful hat in the way described, at almost nothing for cost, but it takes time, patience, and considerable thought. A group of three small black gauze butterflies, with gold spangles, makes a very effective finish for a black velvet hat, perched at just the right angle, and allowed to stand up above the rest of the trimming. Black jet and bead trimming come in handy for these wings and butterflies, used on either black or white gauze.

Ribbon roses are made of any color, regardless of nature, just as we are now using so many artificial roses in impossible blue, green and brown shades. To make a rose, take a double piece of hat wire, six inches long; at the doubled end cover with a fold of satin ribbon; this is the center of flower. Use six-inch ribbon doubled, if possible; if not, use ribbon three or four inches wide single. If you do not wish to cut the ribbon, gather one edge and draw up as needed—start at center and fasten end of ribbon to end already put on wire. Draw ribbon around this center free enough to ruffle; then draw ribbon down and fasten, leaving a large scallop, which resembles a rose petal, when several rows have been made; let the ribbon run out fuller as you get toward the outer leaves of flower. It is easier to make a natural looking rose by cutting the ribbon into certain lengths, say six inches, and laying each length into plaits (on one edge), and turning the top of both ends down, thus forming a fairly good-looking rose leaf. When as many leaves as are necessary to make a good full rose have been formed, attach each to the stem and shape as nearly as possible like a natural rose. It is difficult to describe just how to do it, but it can easily be acquired when trying, always keeping in mind the appearance of a rose.

If possible, wind stem with something green—gauze ribbon, or paper. Sprays of green leaves can be bought for a small sum, if you don't happen to have any old sprays in the house, and after two or three roses and buds are made and the stems wired naturally to a long stem, to form a spray, put three or four groups of rose leaves in the spray, between the roses. If you are trimming a hat similar to the one in our initial, do not fasten the roses together, for you can trim the hat better by putting in each rose and bud separately, among the folds of silk or velvet of which the hat is made. This particular model is brown felt, with folds of three shades of brown velvet, and roses made of shaded brown ribbon, with brownish green leaves.

Ribbon roses wear much longer than the ordinary artificial roses, and while they are in style it is well to take advantage of any benefit of this kind.

Our next article will take up the sewing of straw and the making of flower and foliage hats.



Washing clothes in wash boards.

The world's watched for the man to cut wash day in two. He lives—taken more than half—left only minutes—cut so much wash day's all over, changed—there's new way cleaning clothes—different from anything known—new principles, ideas, methods, NEW EVERYTHING. Wonderful, but true, family washing cleaned with no more work than getting a simple meal, less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding, packing, pressing, no injury—no drudgery—that's past. Good-by wash boards, washing machines, laundries—throw them away—the EASY WAY is here to bless humanity. Women have prayed for death of wash day—for clean clothes without rubbing—ruining health, looks—when they could wash, get dinner, see friends, indulge in recreation without fatigue—when woman thought no more of washing clothes than to get a simple meal. That glorious day has come. The world's full wash boards, so-called washing machines, yet wash day same as ever—still, long, dreary day—no easier, no shorter, no better. Use wash board or washing machine, it's drudgery—long hours, hard work—backache—a day no woman forgets. Invention that killed wash day named EASY WAY—name tells whole story—easy on clothes—easy used—kept clean—handled—easy on women—makes washing easy—easy to buy and sell. Not called a machine—powers inside concealed—caution the way it gets dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—increases more it gets—goes after all the dirt in all the clothes at same time—little but mighty—silent, but powerful—uses no spirits, yet works in darkness. OPERATED ON STOVE—move knob occasionally—that's all—scarcely anything to do but wait between batches—child can do it. All iron and steel—always ready—sets away on shelf. Entirely unlike old methods. Verily, wash day is dead—EASY WAY settled that—woman's joy, satisfaction, their God-send. Less than an hour cleans washing which before took all day—cleans all clothes, finest laces, curtains, etc., in about one-tenth time without rubbing, squeezing, packing, pressing—without chemicals to injure goods. Saves 52 days drudgery yearly—makes woman's hardest work easiest household duty—saves clothes, labor, fuel, health, looks. Surprises all—sounds strange, is strange, but listen, it's no experiment, going on daily. You can do it.



Washing clothes in wash boards.

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LADIES, YOUR PRAYERS ANSWERED—THERE'S NO MORE WASH DAY! GLORY HALLELUJAH! IT'S DEAD! LAID AWAY! WIPED OUT FOREVER.

The world's watched for the man to cut wash day in two. He lives—taken more than half—left only minutes—cut so much wash day's all over, changed—there's new way cleaning clothes—different from anything known—new principles, ideas, methods, NEW EVERYTHING. Wonderful, but true, family washing cleaned with no more work than getting a simple meal, less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding, packing, pressing, no injury—no drudgery—that's past. Good-by wash boards, washing machines, laundries—throw them away—the EASY WAY is here to bless humanity. Women have prayed for death of wash day—for clean clothes without rubbing—ruining health, looks—when they could wash, get dinner, see friends, indulge in recreation without fatigue—when woman thought no more of washing clothes than to get a simple meal. That glorious day has come. The world's full wash boards, so-called washing machines, yet wash day same as ever—still, long, dreary day—no easier, no shorter, no better. Use wash board or washing machine, it's drudgery—long hours, hard work—backache—a day no woman forgets. Invention that killed wash day named EASY WAY—name tells whole story—easy on clothes—easy used—kept clean—handled—easy on women—makes washing easy—easy to buy and sell. Not called a machine—powers inside concealed—caution the way it gets dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—increases more it gets—goes after all the dirt in all the clothes at same time—little but mighty—silent, but powerful—uses no spirits, yet works in darkness. OPERATED ON STOVE—move knob occasionally—that's all—scarcely anything to do but wait between batches—child can do it. All iron and steel—always ready—sets away on shelf. Entirely unlike old methods. Verily, wash day is dead—EASY WAY settled that—woman's joy, satisfaction, their God-send. Less than an hour cleans washing which before took all day—cleans all clothes, finest laces, curtains, etc., in about one-tenth time without rubbing, squeezing, packing, pressing—without chemicals to injure goods. Saves 52 days drudgery yearly—makes woman's hardest work easiest household duty—saves clothes, labor, fuel, health, looks. Surprises all—sounds strange, is strange, but listen, it's no experiment, going on daily. You can do it.

MRS. FRITTER, Norwood, writes:—"With EASY WAY I clean a week's washing in less than an hour without rubbing." W. BROWN, OHIO, writes: "Wash day now wash hour—EASY WAY does the work with perfect success." J. H. BARRETT, Ark., after ordering 38 Easy Ways, says: "I don't understand why it does the work, but it does. You have the grandest invention I ever heard of. People are skeptical; have to be shown." J. W. MYERS, Ga., says: "Find check to cover one dozen 'Easy Ways.' Easy Way greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash day. Saves me turning old washer for hours. I am ready to have old washer accompany all others to the Dump. Sells itself." I. BECK, GA., writes: "Enclose order. Find 'Easy Way' as represented. Worked 4 days and have 15 orders." J. T. PEAY, N. C., says:—"Been out 2 days—sold 1 dozen, for which enclose order. Everybody is carried away that sees it work." CHAS. BOWLES, O., writes: "Where tried have given general satisfaction." J. McGEHE, TENN., writes: "One young lady cleaned days' washing by old method in one hour with Easy Way. Another in 45 minutes. Everything as clean as it could be." D. W. McMILLAN, MO., writes: "Ship 12 Easy Ways. My wife had two weeks' washing. Done it all in 2 hours and 12 minutes. Also done two weeks' washing for neighbor in 3 hours and one-half. Can hardly believe my eyes; how easy it does the work. Washing for my neighbors sold 4 out of 5." ANNA MORGAN, ILL., writes: "I washed a woolen bed blanket in Easy Way today in just 3 minutes, perfectly clean and ready for the rinse." E. CRAMER, TEX., writes: "Received Easy Way. Gave it a thorough trial. After ten minutes clothes perfectly clean. Satisfactory in every respect."

Blessing the Inventor.

BEST EVER HAPPENED FOR AGENTS, SALESMEN,

MANAGERS—MEN OR WOMEN—at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents. "EASY WAY" new. Nothing like it. Demand world-wide—agents reaping harvest of dollars. When operated people stop, look, listen, crowd, push, squeeze, miss engagements, get excited—watch it as though a miracle occurred. 12 see—10 buy. Write today for special Agents Plan. World unsupplied. Act quick.

Send postal card anyhow for full description, valuable information, testimonials, famous copyright "Woman's Farewell." All free. Harrison Mfg. Co., 147 Harrison Building, Cincinnati, O.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

know half how much I thank you for all your kindness to an unknown authoring. I have enjoyed the music very much indeed. How is Lila tonight?"

A slight tremor crossed his lips; the petrified hawthorn was quivering into life.

"She is quite well, thank you. Pray, what do you know about her? I was not aware that I had ever mentioned her name in your presence."

"My pupil, Felix, is her most devoted knight, and I see her almost every afternoon when I go with the children to Central Park." They reached the carriage where the Eng-

lishman stood talking to Mrs. Andrews, and when Mr. Manning had handed Edna in, he turned and said something to Sir Roger, who laughed lightly and walked away.

During the drive Mrs. Andrews talked volubly of the foreigner's ease and elegance and fastidious musical taste, and Mr. Manning listened courteously and bowed coldly in reply. When they reached home she invited him to dinner on the following Thursday, to meet Sir Roger Percival.

As the editor bade them good night, he said to Edna:

"Go to sleep at once; do not sit up to work tonight."

At the appointed hour on the following morning Mr. Leigh called, and after some desultory remarks he asked, rather abruptly:

"Has St. Elmo Murray written to you about his last whim?"

"I do not correspond with Mr. Murray."

"Everybody wonders what droll freak will next seize him. Read, the blacksmith, died several months ago, and, to the astonishment of our people, Mr. Murray has taken his orphan, Huldah, to Le Bocage; has adopted her I believe; at all events, is educating her."

Edna's face grew radiant. "Oh! I am glad to hear it! Poor little Huldah needed a friend, and she could not possibly have fallen into kinder hands than Mr. Murray's."

"There certainly exists some diversity of opinion on that subject. He is rather too grim a guardian, I fancy, for one so young as Huldah Reed."

"Is Mr. Hammond teaching Huldah?"

"Oh! no. Herein consists the wonder. Murray himself hears her lessons, as Estelle told my sister. Apropos! rumor announces the approaching marriage of the cousins. My sister informed me that it would take place early in the spring."

"Do you allude to Mr. Murray and Miss Harding?"

"I do. They will go to Europe immediately after their marriage."

Gordon looked searchingly at his companion, but saw only a faint, incredulous smile cross her calm face.

"My sister is Estelle's confidante, so you see I speak advisedly. I know that her trousseau has been ordered from Paris."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



This Offer BEATS ALL OTHERS

YOU CAN EARN this magnificent full size and gold lined dinner set so easily—so very easily—that there is really no work to it at all. You do not have to canvass and tire yourself out for this splendid premium as you do for other inferior premiums. All we need is a friendly word, a recommendation from you.

AND the dinner set is so beautiful that the picture does not begin to show the beauty of this superior china. Each dish is full size and decorated with the prettiest arbutus blossom flowers in all their natural colors, and every dish is gold lined. An ornament for the most refined home. Even if you become very rich and have the finest kind of house furnishings you will always be proud to entertain your friends with this dinner set. Just think! This chinaware won the gold medal at the St. Louis World's Fair. Among all the many exhibits of both foreign and American potteries this was the only chinaware that won the gold medal. We guarantee that you will find the gold medal trade mark on the bottom of every dish.

I am giving away \$75,000 in premiums during the next few months—just to advertise our business. You can have your share, for I need your help and we are going to pay you well.

YOU can get this splendid dinner set without paying us one cent. We want to introduce our new style of art pictures and we want you to show these pictures to your friends. By a special process we

can produce these pictures so they exactly resemble famous paintings costing many thousands of dollars. They are lithographed in many colors and you will be surprised when you see them; they are so artistic and pleasing and the whole room looks brighter when one of these pictures is on the wall.

HERE are the pictures. We illustrate here with one of the fourteen pictures that you are to introduce. The reproduction can give but a faint idea of the beauty of these pictures with their many colors and artistic designs. They are pictures fit for the most refined home.



If, as we suggest, you will hang a few of the pictures in your parlor and show them to your visitors, the full size dinner set and hand decorated motto plate will be yours in a few hours time. Here's a letter received today:

She Earned the Dinner Set in a Few Hours.
DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find the money, \$3.50, and the fourteen names. I received the pictures the 17th and went out the next day and got all—for which you agreed to send me the full size dinner set and the extra premium.
Yours,
GOLDIE GURBER.

The pictures cover a wide variety of subjects—to suit every taste, people, animals, fruit, etc. So that one or the other of the pictures will appeal to every kind of taste. We send you only 14 pictures because we know how easy it is to find one of your friends who will accept the pictures on this premium offer. Such a small lot of pictures is just the right amount before you know it. There will be less than fourteen people to speak to, for some will take two or three pictures. Explain to your friends that this is an introductory offer made simply to advertise my business in your neighborhood, and that is why we want to be extra liberal.

Remember, just as soon as you have disposed of 14 pictures, send me the money, \$3.50, and the 14 pictures, and we will send you the magnificent gold lined dinner set free, and besides, if you write at once, the gold medal, gold rimmed motto plate is free, ABSOLUTELY FREE to all our agents. Better get the 14 pictures (prepaid) at once; so sign the coupon now.

An Extra Gift

FREE to All Our Agents

This motto plate is **FREE** to our agents. It is positively **FREE** Free means free. But you should write at once if you want to get the motto plate **free** besides earning the dinner set.

To those agents who write us at once—right now—we give the motto plate entirely free in addition to dinner set.

These motto plates were among the famous exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair and received a Gold Medal. Each plate has the gold medal stamped on the bottom. You can use it as a fancy plate for your table. Every plate is 8½ inches in diameter, has a heavy gold rim over ¼ of an inch and another narrower gold rim inside, decorated with beautiful floral designs and the words of the motto worked in a tasty tint.

FREE
MOTTO
PLATE

FREE
SIZE
8½
INCHES



FREE
A
GIFT

FREE
TO
ALL
AGENTS

For a limited time we are willing to introduce these pictures on a special arrangement, only 25¢ being collected with each picture, and we want you as our agent to help us.

You need not send us any money. Send your name and address and we will send you prepaid fourteen (14) of the pictures complete. Remember, we send all the pictures prepaid.

Hang up a few of the pictures in your parlor and invite your friends to come and see the beautiful colored pictures just as here described. All you need to do is to give the 14 pictures, on our special plan, to your visitors at only 25c each (or 2 for 50c). On our plan it will take no effort on your part to quickly dispose of only 14 pictures—everybody will be so glad to get them. Only 14 pictures to distribute among 14 friends or 2 pictures to each of 7 friends! 14 times 25 cents is \$3.50. Send us the \$3.50 and we will send you at once the beautiful gold medal dinner set for the favor you have shown us. A full size gold medal set of china for a few minutes of your time!

Sign Your Name and Address—That's All

We do not want any of your money—just your help and friendly recommendation in introducing our pictures as per above offer. You need not bother with a letter. Write your name and address plainly on coupon and mail in an envelope. We'll then send you all the pictures at once prepaid. Remember—the motto plate free besides the dinner set if you write at once.

M. S. ROBERTS, Manager
50 Wabash Avenue. Department 1121. Chicago, Illinois.

M. S. ROBERTS, Mgr., 50 Wabash Ave. Dept. 1121, Chicago, Ill.
Send me your pictures prepaid as per above offer and I will earn the dinner set as promised by you. No Money enclosed.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

S. M. Pledger, West, Texas, dislocated his back, helpless for several years; house has burned down, has wife and three children and no income. Think of that poor wife, and open your hearts. Drusilla Brown, Ranger, Dent County, Mo., helpless. I recommend her to your love and pity. Bennett Banfossan (22), Cove, Ohio. This poor young man has heart and kidney trouble. He is a terrible sufferer. Has smothering spells for hours, and is too poor to get a physician or drugs. A lady has begged me to make his condition known to you. I heartily commend him to your love and pity. Mack W. Johnson of Spencer, Henry County, Va., sends you his love and thanks for your kindness to him. My appeal brought him fifty-seven letters, some money, postals, a tie, penwiper, etc., and you made him as happy as a lark. God bless you for that. Keep him in mind. J. W. Back, Overlook Farm, Easton, Pa., bedridden and helpless, desires cheery letters and postals. Writes beautifully, and wishes all to know his cure for bed sores, which he claims to be unexcelled. Take the white of an egg and beat in lard until it forms a salve. Keep beating, don't be discouraged, and it will eventually form a salve. Place salve in clean, white muslin or gauze, and apply to sore. Change twice a day. Wonderful results are claimed for it. All wounds should be cleansed first, and sterilized by washing with an antiseptic wash, such as carbolic solution. Fresh infection and blood poison may result therwise. This information comes from Uncle Charlie. A. H. Page, Milo, Maine (blind), wants your letters and cheer. , Lampshire B. Pitts (28), Freeport, E. F. D. , 2, Ohio, wants cheery letters. Anchor W. Sorenson, Gustave, E. D., poor cripple, wants cheer. Mrs. Mattie Teeler, Mountain Grove, Mo., poor and helpless, writes admirably, wants cheer, letters and healing, don't forget her. Edith Fishbeigh, 59th St., Wyandotte, Mich., poor, helpless

For Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays you should have one or more paperet Liberty Bells in **White** and **Blue** or plain **Red**, with loop for hanging and **Red** or **Blue** fastening. Hung under a hanging lamp, or in any other place, these decorations are usually placed, they will add cheer and brilliancy to the room, particularly in the sick room as they are made of rich colored paperet ingeniously formed and the pretty bell eighteen inches in circumference, and being nearly as high, as shown in our illustration, and being nearly as high, as shown in our illustration, for months. We have a special size of these Bells made to fold compactly for sending away by mail, so that all may have one just as the people do who live in the larger cities where one sees them hanging in nearly every home.

Send us only six cents for part cost of packing and postage and we will send you one Bell with our large premium catalogue, just to interest you in our immense line of useful premiums all free. Address

COMFORT, Box E, Augusta, Maine.

Conducted by Harold C. Hazleton

double bellows, ebonized case and nickel-plated valves and trimmings. You will be delighted with it and with our goods. Write to-day. Address

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No. 472, 1 BOSTON, MASS.

SKIN Trouble cured. Beautiful complexion. Send \$1.50 for treatment. F. Danies & Co., Lindenhurst, N. Y.

\$5 daily selling for us on credit. Sample 10c. **MIAMI CO., Winthrop, Mass.**

Know Thyself Send date of birth and 25c for full life reading. P. O. Box 39, Washington, D. C.

Free CATALOG Millinery, Furs, Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel. Chicago Mail Order Co., Chicago, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED ALIVE, WITH HEAD GUARANTEED. ANTERO, DOCKLEY FREE. DR. J. H. FIELD & CO., 125 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. SCOTT, CHICAGO, ILL.

50 Your name printed on 50 CARDS for No Two Alike Postpaid. DAME CO., 694 C. Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CANCER Cured at home. No pain, knife, plaster or ointment. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED Sell \$1 bottle Sarsaparilla for 35c; best seller; 200 per cent profit. Write today for terms. F. R. GREENE, 25 Lake St., CHICAGO.

\$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO MEN to work on piecework \$3.00 per doz. All materials furnished. No canvassing, steady work. Stamped envelope. BEST MFG CO., Champaign Bldg., Chicago.

\$80 A MONTH and expenses advanced to men and women to travel, introduce our goods and distribute samples. Northwestern Company, Dept. S-338 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

MAGIC NEEDLES & RODS for treasure seekers. Guaranteed the best made. A very interesting book free for 3 cent stamp. Gem Novelty Co., Palmyra, Pa.

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WANTED Lady to advertise our goods locally. Seasonal, we will pay \$12.00 per week, \$1.00 a day for expenses. **Saunders Co., Dept. A. 46 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.**

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IF SICK Send a LOCK OF YOUR HAIR Name, Age, Sex, and 2 stamps, and I will send you a diagnosis of your disease FREE and tell what will cure you. Address DR. C. W. ROBERTS, Dept. F, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

Outfit Free to Agents Best selling Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sellers, big profits. Deal direct with a large manufacturer. Send stamp for full particulars. **FREEPORT MFG. CO.,** 251 & 252 Jay St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Dept. 60.

16 COMIC POST CARDS FREE Funniest colored cards ever printed, all new, no two alike, and every one a corker. Full set of 16 cards sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of pretty and comic post cards FREE from all over the world. **DR. K. CARD CO.,** Dept. 1, 125 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

BE AN ACTOR OR ACTRESS Best paying profession in the world. Engagements secured when qualified. Write for Free Booklet on elocution and dramatic art by correspondence. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION,** 941 Chicago Opera House Building, CHICAGO.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING An American Movement Watch with beautifully engraved Solid Gold Plated Case equal in appearance to a \$25 year Solid Gold Filled Watch. Fully warranted to keep correct time. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Ring set with a new Clever Diamond sparkling with the very brilliancy of a \$50 diamond, are given absolutely FREE to anyone for selling 25 pieces of our business jewelry as the week. Order 50 pieces and when sold send us the \$1, and we post. They send you both the watch and ring, and a chain, ladies or gents. **EMIE MFG. CO.,** Dept. 22, CHICAGO.

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS.

MR. M. YANT, CRETE, NEB. Says of Our Mild Method of Curing Cancer: "You have performed one of the most miraculous cures in my case ever heard of."

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No use of applying burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Thousands of persons successfully treated. This wonderful Mild Method is also a never-failing cure for tumors, catarrh, ugly ulcers, piles, fistula, and all other skin and blood diseases. Write today for free illustrated book.

DR. BYE, 701 Bye Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SEWING MACHINE GIRLS! We will give you a Reliance Sewing Machine, a perfect beauty, made of iron and nickel-plated steel and handsomely ornamented. With it you can make clothes for your dolls and help mamma with her sewing. It is perfectly safe and easy to run. Ladies can use this machine for their own use, and obtain good satisfaction, and every little girl will be more than pleased with it. We give it free for selling only two dozen pieces of our Sewell Art Jewelry at 10 cents each. Send us your name and address at once and we will send you the jewelry postpaid and the sewing machine. **FRANK SUPPLY CO.,** Dept. 973, Boston, Mass.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all of you, my dears, and may you have many, many more, each one happier than the one that came before. Of course, when the new year comes you make all kinds of good resolutions and—and—break them. But don't let the breakage prevent your making them. It is good for you to try to do better even if you don't always succeed. If you didn't think you needed improvement, goodness knows, what you would be like after a little while. Therefore make your resolutions, and let one of them be, that you will try to make the new year as happy for others as for yourself. Now, for the first word of 1907.

Brunette, Orange, Cal., is the first one whose letter I open, and she wants to know if it is proper to make arrangements over the telephone. We are not so formal now as we used to be, I think, and while once upon a time, a girl might decline an invitation from a young man over the telephone, she doesn't do so now. At least, not among her friends. For formal affairs the telephone is not the thing, but for all ordinary occasions it is the same as if the person were asking in personal presence.

American Beauty, Jefferson, Ky.—When a young man has the gambling and drinking habits, it is not safe to trust him further than a friendly way. Help him to break away from his bad habits, encourage him all you can to be better, but don't marry him to save him, for the risk is too great. (2) Don't ask the young man his intentions. If he will not tell you his own accord, he'll despise you for asking him. (3) It is very cheap and vulgar.

Blue-eyed Daisy, Key West, Fla.—No kissing until you are engaged. (2) You cannot love two men at the same time. If you tell them you do, you are not telling the truth. Unless you are engaged you can correspond with one young man while accepting the attention from another.

Wild Rose, Long Beach, Cal.—Better write to him, and tell him why you neglected him. Don't be looking forward to being married before the young man has mentioned the subject to you.

Blue Bell, Bay Minette, Ala.—The course of true love never did run smooth. You will have to put up with all your small troubles, and wait until you marry to have the great ones.

Henrietta's Niece, Busch, Ga.—A girl of fourteen should not be writing letters to unknown gentlemen of twenty. Under the circumstances you mention, which seem to be all right, you might do so with your parents' consent. The fact, however, that he wants to know more about you than he will tell you about himself looks suspicious.

Texas Beauties, De Leon, Texas.—Don't go with a boy like that. When he is older maybe he will know better. (2) An invitation to a wedding coming at the last hour, and by telephone, might well be declined.

Evergreen, Chicago, Ill.—Love is not to be won. It must come of itself or not at all. (2) Girls of seventeen often go to dances with young men. It is proper enough if the girl is out of school, and in good company. (3) Come home with the escort who takes you, unless he permits otherwise.

Little Girl, Morgantown, W. Va.—You may visit the man's home on the invitation of his sisters.

Snowflake, Cooleyton, Neb.—Of course, when a young man asks you if you are going to an entertainment, tell him you are not because you have no way of going. Then he ought to take you. If he doesn't want to get into trouble he shouldn't ask questions. (2) Ask him to call again if you want him to. Most young men feel a hesitancy in asking if they may call again. It is the lady's duty, as hostess, to ask callers to call again.

Briar Rose, Wauka, Wis.—It is rather cheap for a young man to ask to take a girl home from a show to which she has paid for a ticket. I wouldn't let him take me home, if I were you. (2) You can't eat your cake and have it. Either you must tell him directly you do not want his attention, or you must accept them. There are lots of men like that that girls tolerate because they don't want to hurt their feelings. (3) Halloween jokes are allowable if not carried too far.

Subscriber, Chanute, Kans.—Thank anyone for any courtesy extended. Don't say: "I thank you for the ride," but let him know it nicely and gracefully. (2) The lady may say when it is time to go, and she may open the door, or wait for him to do it, as she pleases.

Rosebud, Moscow, Idaho.—If you take your mother's advice you will probably never marry. But you had better try it yourself. It is the only way to find out if it is represented by the man who wants to marry you. If he is all right, and young for his age, his forty is not too many for you. But a younger man might be easier to get along with. Anyway you would have longer to get used to him. Twenty years is too wide apart ordinarily, but some of the happiest marriages have even greater difference in years than that.

Troubled Vesta, Weston, Pa.—Tell him you have reconsidered and do not want him for a beau. That's the only way. (2) Let him go. Isn't he letting you go? (3) Don't be in a hurry. By the time you are twenty, you will have beaux a-plenty.

Nellie, Bloomington, Ill.—The young man asks the head of the family for the daughter, which is the father if he is living.

Faith, Actus, Ark.—It is nice to give a birthday or Christmas present and the present to give is something that he can use, and wants. (2) In a voting contest at an entertainment, for the handsomest young lady, your escort should certainly vote as often for you as he has money to buy the tickets.

Annie Laurie, Adair, I. T.—Wear your dresses to your shoe-tops, and blues will be most becoming, though you can wear any color if not too pronounced.

Myrtle, Parker Landing, Pa.—Don't worry about the young man not coming back. You ought to be glad if he never comes back. Forget him. (2) If you don't know how to "get going" with the young man you love, I'm sure I can't tell you. (3) See answer above to "Briar Rose."

Lily Belle, Konte, Ind.—There is nothing for you to do but wait four or five years until your heart can settle. Whichever man you marry now you will wish you had taken the other, and your married life will be trouble from beginning to end.

Blue Eyes, Hazelhurst, Ga.—Yes. (2) It is enough for the man to tip his hat, though if the lady speaks he should speak also. (3) Ask your escort to come in if the hour is not late.

Lady, Salt Lake City, Utah.—You are thirty-one and he is seventeen. Well, really, now, do you think you ought to marry him? Why not adopt him as your son? My land sakes, what are you thinking about?

Alveta, Ashland, Pa.—He was no gentleman or he would not have acted so. (2) There is no rule for sending comic post cards. Anyone can send

first. (3) Treat the man with the same indifference that he treats you.

Deserted, Richmond, Va.—I can't advise any girl how to forget a lover who has deserted her. She cannot forget him, but she can harden her heart and think only of him as a traitor and one she should not hold in the same esteem she holds any honest and good man. If he should sue for pardon and you should grant it, how do you know that he will not desert you again?

Now, dears, your questions are answered in the spirit of the New Year and I hope they will do you as much good as the New Year will, and I am sure I wish that you would get more good out of it than any other year you have lived. So by, by, now, till we meet again. **COUSIN MARION.**

The Great Chicago Mystery or, The Man with Many Aliases

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

"Hang-eye" smiled, and nodded, and they all understood that he was wearing a wig to conceal his shaven head. Before he had gone to pay his debt to the state, "Hang-eye" had been noted for his long, black, dark hair, which always fell over his greasy velvet coat collar.

The crooks all gathered about "Hang-eye" asking for particulars of his escape, and he gave them a sensational account of guards bribed, doors mysteriously left unbarred, and an entrance strangely unguarded, which, had it been true, would have very seriously reflected upon the integrity and honor of those in charge of the great penal institution at Joliet. However, as it was all "faked" no reflection could be cast upon those who at the very minute the gang at the twenty-second street dive were welcoming back "Hang-eye" John, were guarding the criminal who when free bore that name, who was now only 821.

"When did you get out?" was asked in the Twenty-second street saloon by more than one.

"Day before yesterday," was the prompt response, and the crooks were delighted, and did not think it strange that no account had appeared in the papers, for they knew that the officials would exhaust every means before confessing to such a lack of proper care on their part. However, the cell occupied by 821 was occupied; his head was not adorned with a wig, and there was no chance of his escaping until he had worked his way through the ten years' sentence given him, for the real "Hang-eye" was still safely in Joliet, and the man in the dive was Crit Truman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read the next chapter, "A Woman's Love," and watch the coils as they slowly tighten around the guilty, bringing them to speedy punishment. If not a subscriber send 15 cents and read this story to the end.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

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SEPARATOR FREE FOR A TWO MONTHS' TRIAL

19 **WE WILL GLADLY SEND YOU A CREAM SEPARATOR** you can use it sixty days, and if you are not sure you have received the best separator in the world, the trial won't cost you one cent. Write for our new Cream Separator Catalogue and learn of THIS GREAT OFFER. **\$19.75** 1907 model Dundee Cream Separator, the equal of any machine sold by anyone else up to \$40.00. Our Improved Economy Cream Separator, slightly higher in price than our Dundee, is guaranteed the best separator made, regardless of name or price, and is sold at a small part of the price others ask for high grade separators; and we guarantee our Economy to have greater capacity, to skim closer, skim colder milk, run easier, and not get out of order, wear longer than any other machine in the market. We guarantee it for 20 years, take care of it for you from the day you receive it, and will always furnish you any needed repair or part in the years to come, promptly and on a few days' notice.

PRICES NOW GREATLY REDUCED. OUR CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS are more liberal, more wonderful than ever before, greatly improved models, prices lower than last season. If you have more than one cow, write us a letter or a postal and say, "Send me your new Cream Separator Catalogue and all your new offers," and our great 1907 cream separator proposition will go to you by return mail, free and postpaid. We have two big cream separator factories and can sell you a machine on a two months' free trial, on manufacturing cost basis, less than dealers and agents pay (all these profits you save), at a lower price than you ever thought possible. If you buy from us you get our free Profit Sharing Certificates and can exchange them for your choice of any number of most desirable articles, which we give our customers free. Write for catalogue today. Address **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO**

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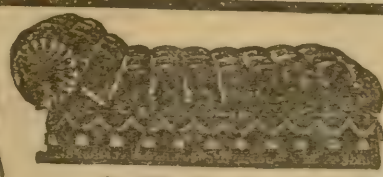
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For 13 YEARS OUR PREMIUMS ALWAYS BEST. COMPARE with OTHERS



No. 32½—Brass Trimmed Iron Bed
Three coats best white enamel, large brass knobs, height 55 in., width 4½ ft. For selling 2 doz. (Our books show 4 other beautiful designs.)

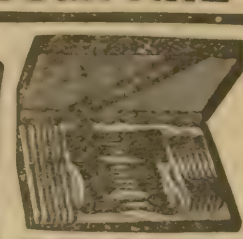


No. 27½—Couch
Turkish couch, gondola pattern, 76 in. long, upholstered in beautiful velour. Genuine steel construction. For selling 3½ doz. (5 other beautiful designs in our catalog.)



No. 7623—Parlor Suite

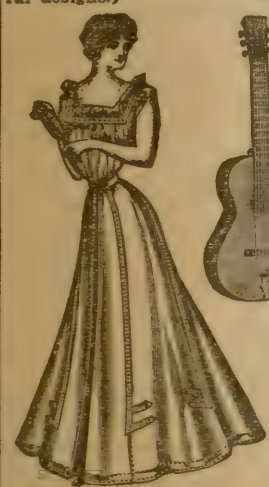
Elegant 3-piece set, divan, arm chair and reception chair. Steel construction, velour upholstered, frame of rich mahogany burl, all pieces full size and strongly built. For selling 5 doz. (Also bargain in 5-piece set, as well as odd and fancy parlor pieces.)



No. 697—Rogers' Silver Set
25 full size pieces, hand engraved, attractive pattern; 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 1 sugar, 1 butter, in leatherette case, satin lined. For selling 3 doz.



No. 715—Tea Set
55 full size pieces, beautifully decorated in best floral design, blue or green. Genuine Arcadia ware, in newest shapes. For selling 2 doz. (We have a complete line of dinner sets, toilet sets, glassware, etc.)



No. 1012—Ladies' Skirt
Walking length, good quality black Meridan suiting, beautifully trimmed, stylish, well made and serviceable. For selling 1½ doz. (See our line of tailor made suits, dress skirts, fall and winter waists.)



No. 2047—Guitar
Standard size, mahogany finish, inlaid soundboard, highly polished, excellent tone. For selling 2 doz. (All of our Guitars, Mandolins, Violins, etc., are made by the well known house of The Rudolph Wuritzer Co.)



No. 72—Chiffonier
Entirely constructed of solid oak, finished golden, highly polished, 55 in. high, 33 in. wide, 18 in. deep, five brass trimmed drawers. 28x14. For selling 3 doz. (Other patterns with mirrors.)

No. 3150 Kitchen Cabinet

Finished in light, natural colored maple, top of base 23x42, kneading board 17x33, 1 drawer and 2 bins. Solid bolted legs. Top 38 in. long, 30 in. high; 1 large and 4 small drawers. For selling 3½ doz.



No. 73—Clock
Oak case, finely carved, height 22 in., 6 in. dial. Correct timekeeper, eight-day movement, 5 1/2 inches hour and 1/2 hour. For selling 1½ doz. (We give a very fine cuckoo clock for selling only 4 doz.)



No. 803—Morris Rocker
An improvement over the old Morris Chair. Solid oak, finely finished, height 41 in., width 30 in., seat 22 in. square. Upholstering best velour. For selling 3 doz.



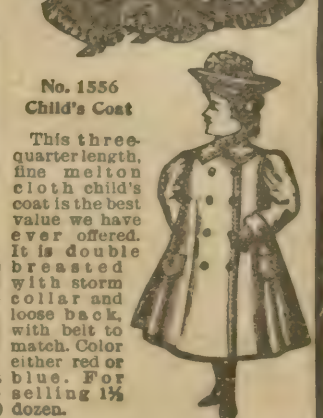
No. 60—Reed Rocker
Full size, extra quality, strongly built, fine finish, roomy and comfortable. For selling 2 doz. (Three other styles in our Catalog.)



No. 8215—Parlor Lamp
Hand decorated bowl and globe to match bright colors, floral design, 16 in. high, complete. For selling 1½ doz.

No. 8659 Lace Curtains

New style, two made into one, to be used as illustrated. Genuine Nottingham, loose back, overlapped, corded with belt to edges, 60 in. wide, 24 match. Color red or blue. For selling 1 doz. (Great blue. For variety of lace curtains and bed sets.)



No. 1556 Child's Coat

This three-quarter length, fine melton cloth child's coat is the best value we have ever offered. It is double breasted with storm collar and loose back, lined 1 doz. (Great blue. For variety of lace curtains and bed sets.)

IT IS EASY TO EARN THESE Beautiful Premiums

Why not earn a beautiful and useful premium easily, by selling what the people want and will buy again. You will be greatly surprised to find how pleasant the work is. It doesn't pay to sell trash. Sell "Mother's Salve," the greatest cure known for Catarrh, Croup and Colds. The world never saw its equal for healing Cuts, Burns, Sores, Chaps, Piles, etc. Every jar is guaranteed; our first customers are our best ones. Ask your neighbors; nearly everyone knows of our Mother's Salve. Mrs. J. J. Ward, of Freeport, Fla., writes: "I am thankful to know that there is one honest firm selling honest goods through the mail. I have been selling your valuable remedies for five years, and have received many valuable premiums, all of them better than you claimed." Our new Illustrated Catalogue of reliable goods shows nearly one thousand premiums besides those shown here, any of which we offer free to ladies and girls for selling only a few jars of "Mother's Salve" at 25 cents a jar. We give many valuable premiums for selling only 1/2 dozen. Compare our premiums with other premiums in this paper and you will see our offers are the best ever made by a reliable firm. Remember, no money required in advance. Your credit is good with us. Just say you will try; send your name and address and we will mail six 25 cent jars with large premium list and full instructions. If you cannot sell them you may return—no harm done. Write now—don't delay. Established 13 years. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MOTHER'S REMEDIES CO., 1106 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

pathway, with but few roses. When the dark clouds hover around us, remember behind the cloud the sun is still shining, and though some of us are blessed with but little of this world's goods, while others have their thousands, and are not satisfied, let us try to be contented, and not murmur, for a contented mind is a continual feast.

J. A. D. I would be glad to receive a personal letter from you. I have often thought of writing to you, and sometime in the future you may hear from me.

Ada Hudgens. I, for one, made scrapbooks, and they never get old to me, I read them over and over. Ministering to others, brings happiness to us.

Mrs. K. S. Heath. I will be on the lookout for you, as I am one of the shut-ins. I know your little daughter has many cute sayings for I have a little dear of my own.

Mrs. T. J. Kinsella. Visit the page again soon. Elmer Davis. After reading your letter I pronounce you a good cook, you certainly know more about cooking than the average run of men, but I happened to have luck in getting a husband who understands cooking pretty well.

I want to thank all the kind friends who so generously responded to my request in behalf of the little crippled girl, Gladys Miller, Leach, Tenn. She received several kind letters, and many nice presents, all of which were a great comfort to her in her hours of suffering. But she only had the pleasure of receiving them, for on July 10, she went to live with the angels. Her mother has thanked some, personally, but it was impossible for her to write each one a letter. So I hope all who did not receive a letter from her will accept this as a letter of thanks. Mrs. Miller requested me to thank the dear friend who sent the little pin with the word Darling on it, as Gladys thought so much of it, but in some way the address of the friend had become misplaced. Your shut-in friend,

Mrs. A. T. Cable, Essex, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Since my letter in July issue I have received forty letters and still they come. I thank all the kind friends, and I am answering them each as fast as I can.

If you want a certain pattern of a flower leaf or vine to work—how many have ever tried this plan? Place the object on the window pane, over it your cloth and then trace the pattern with a pencil.

Many thanks to the sister who sent in the catarrh remedy. I am trying it.

Mrs. CHARLES TURNER, Torrill, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: For a long time I have been a silent admirer of Comfort, and especially of the Sisters' Corner, for it is a comfort indeed. And the effort that is being made to cheer the dear shut-ins, is a noble one, and I think all who have a share in this grand work will receive a blessing for it. For is it not a work that will please our dear Saviour? How deeply and truly, we that have experienced affliction, and sympathize with all sufferers. For nearly five years I have suffered from a spinal and nervous trouble, and for several months last year was shut-in from outside beauties. But I tried to think that "all things work together for good," and put my trust in the Friend we always turn to in trouble, and am now gradually improving.

My home is in the Kansas wheat belt, and as I have not noticed a letter from any sister from this part of the country, I want to ask for a letter party on the ninth anniversary of my marriage, March 12th. I would be glad to have a letter from some sister in each state.

Mrs. O. TANNER, Mullinville, R. F. D., 1, Kans.

DEAR READERS: I wish to express my most heartfelt thanks to the dear editor for printing my request and to all the dear sisters who responded. I received about forty letters and still more are coming with every mail; it would be so hard for me to write each personally so I again ask the editor to give me a little room. With a God bless you for our Band, I remain,

Mrs. HENRY LESSEY, 6003 Fleet Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I am a partial shut-in and have a daughter fourteen years old that is in very poor health. We are entirely alone in the world. I have been a widow for over seven years, and as long as I had my health got along fairly well, but for three years have been unable to do only a little light work.

We haven't a relative, and sometimes feel very lonely, so thought I would invite all the sisters to write us; if you did we wouldn't be lonesome for a while, would we? Hoping to be remembered by a few at least, I remain your shut-in sister,

Mrs. A. E. THOMPSON, Box 59, Oxford, R. F. D., 1, Me.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been confined to my bed for two long years with spinal trouble, and can't straighten my limbs out, but thank God I can use my hands a little. I get very tired lying in one position. I should be pleased to receive cheery letters and anything which would interest and help pass the weary hours.

EDITH FISHLIGHT, 159 4th St., Wyandotte, Mich.

Miss Martha Dupree, Clanton, Alabama, a bright cheerful cripple girl, who has been an invalid since childhood, tries to help earn her own living. She is very worthy and would greatly appreciate anything. Materials for fancy work she could utilize. Please remember her as you can, and receive our thanks in advance.

A FRIEND.

DEAR FRIENDS: My dear grandmother, Mrs. Lottie McMorris, Cloud Chief, Okla., who has been an invalid for many years, would be very glad to get letters, quilt pieces or any little remembrance. She does not know of this letter so it will be a surprise.

OLLIE HULL.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT: I am a shut-in, have not walked a step for ten years. My right hand is in bad shape, deformed by rheumatism, but still I do a little fancy work now and then, as well as write. I would like the readers to send me a few silk pieces for crazy-work. Trusting you will not forget me, I remain,

Mrs. LIZZIE MOULTON, New Lisbon, Wis.

DEAR COMFORT READERS: I am a sufferer from heart trouble and am so nervous I do not have much pleasure in life, so I would ask all readers of Comfort to send me reading matter and quilt pieces, also letters. I will answer all I can.

Mrs. AUGUST W. PETERMAN, Fredericksburg, Tex.

Will the kind readers of Comfort give a dear shut-in friend of mine a letter party, Feb. 27, 1907. Her address is Mrs. Gracie Bradley, Schron Lake, New York. She lives in a very lonely place, and would appreciate any little remembrance such as velvet and wool pieces, postals, snap shots, or any little souvenir.

A SUNSHINE FRIEND.

DEAR SISTERS: Will you kindly remember my little five-year-old son on the third of March. Anything which will amuse or interest him. I will try to answer all letters containing a stamp. Address Johnnie E. Warren, Sims, Montgomery Co., Ark.

MAHALA WARREN.

DEAR SISTERS: I would like to join your circle. I am almost helpless from an attack of rheumatism. I can not go to see my friends as many of you can. I am confined to my chair, and alone the most of the time. I would appreciate any reading matter that would comfort me. If any of the sisters will write me, I will answer all if possible, if they inclose a stamp.

Mrs. JULIA BYERS, Zionville, R. F. D., 1, N. C.

Will all you who can kindly remember my father, Mr. William E. Parker, Whitford, Chester Co., Pa., with postals.

Mrs. L. T. Wilson, Box 1, Apollo, R. F. D., 2, Pa., has been a rheumatic shut-in for ten years, and would be very grateful for reading matter.

Mrs. M. J. Elliott, Antelopegap, Mills Co., Tex., a rheumatic sufferer for the past fourteen years, requests any useful tokens of remembrance, letters, and especially good literature.

Mrs. JULIA M. J.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Grant's Tomb, Central Park Views, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comprising Coney Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of every kind of scenes in and around this great metropolitan city. We give a list of some of the other different cities in this country and Canada. Post Cards of which we have in great numbers: Albany, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; includes all prominent Niagara views; Philadelphia, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; Montreal, Canada; Boston, Mass.; New Orleans, La.; Troy, N. Y.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Detroit, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Washington, D. C.; Chicago; Milwaukee, Wis.; Omaha, Neb.; Baltimore, Md.; Paul, Minn.; Augusta, Maine.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Bella Klinger, Locust Gap, Pa.; Olive G. Kirlin, Box 94, South Seville, N. J.; Miss Annie Hepe, 26 York St., York, Pa.; Miss Annie Bergen, 19 Spring Street, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Councilman, Castle Creek, N. Y.; Miss Delvia Mindel, Fairmont, R. F. D., 6, W. Va.; G. E. Partridge, 412 Boone St., Orlando, Fla.; Geo. W. Brands, Montrose, R. F. D., 2, Pa.; Bienda Bergstone, Box 179, Sherrard, Ill.; Mrs. James K. Dorsey, Dorsey, Ill.; Miss Laura Hartman, 1105 S. Wash. Ave., Scranton, Pa.; Priscilla V. Olson, 654 Woodward Ave., New Haven, Conn.; Miss Ruth Simmons, Friendship, Maine; Lydia Heald, North Buckfield, Maine; Mrs. Homer Carman, Swanton, Vt.; Alida W. Kelsey, Box 817, Guilford, Conn.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Save My Mother's Picture from the Sale

I've been thinking of the day that has long since passed away, When my mother through sickness drooped and died.

And the still and silent room when they laid her in the tomb;

I remember then how bitterly I cried, I but a boy was then, my age was scarcely ten, And with sorrow I had grown thin and pale;

When the home had to be sold, I cried with grief untold, Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

CHORUS.

My mother's face, that dear old face Her loss I ever shall bewail; Don't break an orphan's heart, With that don't make me part.

Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

The auction-day came 'round, with mirth the room did sound, The things I loved so well soon passed away, The chair in which she sat, and in which she liked to chat.

CHORUS.

My mother's face, that dear old face Her loss I ever shall bewail; Don't break an orphan's heart, With that don't make me part.

Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

CHORUS.

My mother's face, that dear old face Her loss I ever shall bewail; Don't break an orphan's heart, With that don't make me part.

Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

CHORUS.

They all went into strangers' hands that day, The table where I played, the cot in which I lay, All passed away like chaff before the gale, But when the end came near, I cried with piteous fear,

Oh, save my mother's picture from the sale!

CHORUS.

The picture 'round was passed, and questions they were asked, A price was bid for it just here and there; The tears streamed down my face, I could scarce keep in the place,

When I saw the picture pass without a care. But an angel of a girl, with mass of golden curls, But was struck to see my face so sad and pale, Outbid them all, you see, and presented it to me, And saved my mother's picture from the sale.

CHORUS.

The Pardon Came Too Late

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land at sunrise was to die; In a prison-cell he sat alone, from his heart there came a sigh;

Deserted from the ranks, they said—the reason none could say; They only knew the orders were that he should die next day;

And as the hours glided by, a messenger on wings did fly To save this boy from such a fate—a pardon, but it came too late.

CHORUS.

The volley was fired at sunrise, just at the break of day; And while the echoes lingered, a soul had passed away

Into the arms of his Maker, and there to hear his fate; A tear, a sigh, a sad "good by"—the pardon came too late.

And 'round the camp-fire burning bright the story then was told; How his mother on a dying bed called for her son so bold;

He hastened to obey her wish, was captured on the way; She never saw her boy so fair—he died at break of day;

And when the truth at last was known, his innocence at once was shown, To save from such an unjust fate, a pardon sent—but 'twas too late.

CHORUS.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

Edna's fingers closed spasmodically over each other, but she laughed as she answered: "How then dare you betray her confidence? Mr. Leigh, how long will you remain in New York?"

"I shall leave tomorrow, unless I have reason to hope that a longer visit will give you pleasure. I came here solely to see you."

He attempted to unclasp her fingers, but she shook off his hand and said quickly: "I know what you are about to say, and I would rather not hear what would only distress us both. While I value you as a friend, and am rejoiced to see you again, I should regret to learn that you had prolonged your stay even one hour on my account."

"You are ungrateful, Edna! And I begin to realize that you are utterly heartless."

"If I am, at least I have never trifled with or deceived you, Mr. Leigh."

"You have no heart, or you certainly could not so coldly reject an affection which any other woman would proudly accept. A few years hence, when your insane ambition is fully satiated, and your beauty fades, and your writings pall upon public taste, and your smooth-tongued flatterers forsake your shrine to bow before that of some new and more popular idol, then, Edna, you will rue your folly."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Mrs. Miller Makes a Fortune

Says She Will Now Give Away \$10,000
Worth of Medicine to Women.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that would readily cure female diseases and piles. After curing herself and many of her friends she was besieged by so many women needing the treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing marvelous cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's Specific, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell you a sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely free.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 3162, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous Specific; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.

Cancer Cured No Knife, No Pain

The need of the knife and its attendant horrors in the treatment of cancer is gone, for I have cured cancer again and again without danger, painful operation or inconvenience, and in two or three months the patients were well. I do not use a knife or any burning fluids, or caustic salves or ointments. The method is my own. It gives instant relief to the terrible burning pain of the cancer. In the past years it has cured many sufferers who stood face to face with death, and not one cancer cured by this method has returned. I can give you the names of people in almost every state, whom I have treated in the past year; write them and see what they say. The treatment is given successfully by mail in your own home, and I am glad to give any sufferer full information and proofs of many wonderful cures. Ask for the proofs. Address DR. RUPERT WELLS, 2191 Radol Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to
Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely
Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

A Perfect Bust FREE

Do you feel yourself deficient as to a plump, well-rounded figure? Is your bust measurement all that you desire? Are there hollow places above and below your collar bone? Whatever you may lack in the way of perfect form, our Nature will supply for you if you use the VESTRO method. A request will bring to you free of cost a sealed package in plain wrapper giving you full information how you can, in the privacy of your own room, increase your bust measure 4 inches in a short time and develop and perfect every part of your form. They also send free, new beauty book, showing photos with testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today, enclosing stamp.

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Reproduces the cylinder records used on the most expensive machines.



The latest design motor, governor, springs and bearings. Wind the motor spring and move the start lever, and the governor regulates the speed. Absolutely the most valuable talking machine ever offered. We give it free for sending only 40 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents a package. BLUINE sells very easily. Send us your name and address. We trust you and send your talking machine and Columbia record the same day that you return our \$4.00 received from the sale. We guarantee satisfaction. BLUINE MFG. CO., 664, Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Brown, Eyes, Eagle Lake, Fla.—While there are no rules of etiquette governing a girl's conduct in a love affair, we think this one has been very impolite to you and is what we would call a "firt," as you inquire. We think a you do, that you had better drop her. If we may be permitted to add somewhat to this, we should say, drop her hard.

Twin Sister, English, S. C.—Yes, it is quite proper for the gentleman to put his arm around the lady when he is going to kiss her. As they are engaged the entire proceeding is quite correct.

D. R. L., Worthville, Pa.—There is no difference between the summer and the winter style of tipping the hat to gentlemen. The most graceful way of doing it is the proper way. (2) Ask your local druggist or barber.

M. F., Woodfield, O.—The lady should regard your wishes in the matter as you are engaged to be married to her, and are to all intents and purposes, her husband. Ordinarily, brothers-in-law with perfect propriety may kiss their sisters-in-law in purely brotherly fashion, their wives not objecting, but when a sister-in-law's fiancé does not want her to kiss her brother-in-law she should not do so. If she insists upon doing it, the engagement should be broken, for she is not the kind of a woman a man should have for a wife. If the brother-in-law encourages the lady it is time for his wife to be saying something.

Perplexed Lassie, Lancaster, O.—Unless you are hopelessly in love with the man who is younger than you, now is the best time to break off the possibility of it. Marriages between men and women, where the women are older, very often are very happy, but there must be great love. Women age more rapidly than men and only the very strongest love on a man's part, will keep him loyal to the woman who is old while he is still young. It is all right to let the young fellow remain as a very good friend, but don't marry him unless you simply cannot live without him.

P. S. A., Mainport, Ind.—As you are of age and he is all right, we think you would be doing yourself only justice to choose him against your parents' wishes. You can't tell whether he is true or not. That is one of the risks all women have to run. But most men we are glad to say, are loyal husbands. Some are not, of course, but they are not the ones to judge by. Six years' difference in ages is about the proper thing.

White Rose, Marlans, Fla.—Ask the young man for the ring. He has very bad manners if he will not give it to you without asking. (2) Have a talk with the man whose friendship has been broken by the other and if he wants it to remain broken, let him go. He can't be worth having if he will lose you so easily. (3) Girls should not receive the attention of men until they are out of school, no matter what their age. It is proper to accept the man's photograph if you are corresponding with him.

W. G. H., Gowanda, N. Y.—Marry the man you love best. What kind of a wife could you be to one man while you loved another whom you could have married? Your parents may think you ought to marry the man with money, but you should not marry to please them when it wrecks your happiness. Better die an old maid.

A. E. G., Ringwood, Ill.—Ask the lady if you may call on her, if she does not ask you. This is quite permissible. Indeed, some ladies wait till they are asked before inviting gentlemen to call, which they should not do, if they want callers to come to see them. It is not necessary to say so in so many words, that you want to be her best young man, but you can show her by numerous attentions that you want to be. She will learn it soon enough, and will let you know whether she wants you in that capacity or not. And don't be foolish as so many men are—when, or if she shows you that she doesn't want you, then that instant, get away and stay away. When you call talk about the local events that you both know about, or anything that is of common interest. There is no rule for that. Of all things be your own natural self, and talk to her at first as if she were your sister. Don't put on frills and try to be what you are not.

Anxious, Waterbury, Conn.—Some young ladies permit gentlemen to kiss them to whom they are not engaged. Kissing is an old custom among the young people of all parts of this country. But we think it is a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Promiscuous kissing is vulgar and unladylike, and if you permit one man to kiss you, why not another? And if two, why not all? If all the men may kiss you, be sure none will want to. Can you imagine anything less to be desired than that? Save your kisses for the man you expect to be your husband. That is the sweetest, cleanest, best and safest rule of conduct.

M. B., Hubbard, Texas.—Having declined his invitation, and reconsidered it, there is nothing for you to do, but to say nothing, or to send him word that you have changed your mind and will accept. Most men would be glad to get a message of that kind.

M. R., Allentown, Pa.—Wait a little and he will tell you. If he does not, you may conclude that you were mistaken in his feelings. Etiquette of the ordinary sort does not apply in this case and there is no way by which you can go other than as we tell you. You may have a preference for him, but only let him see them when he has shown you that he prefers you to anyone else.

The Shadow of a Cross

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

cannot—surely you will not dash it aside in the hope of some diviner drink to fill it when you and I are crumbled into dust! Think, dearest, life is so fleeting. Only a few short years and the lonely winter of old age will be upon us. Come to my arms, sweet—and find your heaven—here!

As the musical voice ceased she stood before him white, shaken with the internal struggle which was consuming her, then in a gasp, these words broke from her:

"I dare not! I dare not!"
He took a step nearer.
"You mean that you will not?"
She glanced up at him, a look of unfaltering resolution in her eyes.

"Yes—if you will it so."
With the last slow-spoken words which fell from her lips the spirit of helplessness returned

upon him—he felt the futility of further struggle.

"Then I must let you go," he said, sadly, "but first—this—to feed my heart upon."
He took her into his arms with fierce passion and once, twice, three times crushed her lips with a kiss.

In the moment that followed she gave him one look, a look so filled with anguished tenderness its sweetness and its sadness haunted him all his days, then she tore herself from his arms and ran from the spot, scarcely knowing whither she went for the tears that welled into her eyes half blinded her.

He watched her go and he felt as if all his little world had crumbled into ruins. All his life long he had worshiped at the shrine of Nature. Her trees, her flowers, her sunshine, her smiles, her singing birds and her humming bees—all these had been as his playmates from early boyhood, but now they had lost their power to comfort, to console.

A little while before he felt himself strong to conquer, strong in the power of his young manhood, now he felt crushed to the dust by the weight of his sorrow. He sank down on the soft earth. In that hour he knew the need of some higher power, some power that was of Nature, yet which was apart from her and as far above her as the stars are above the earth.

Was it—could it have been a prayer which was wafted from his lips? Only the God of Nature and his own heart may know, but even the birds singing in the branches above might have pitied him as he knelt there in the morning sunlight, while the tears, that were no shame to his manhood, coursed down his cheeks, and his pride battled with that anguish which kills the soul although the body yet lives.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Mrs. Warfield: The Parting." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

A Happy Bald-Headed Man.

H. Dayton, a chemist, living at 304 S. Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., accidentally discovered a mixture that made his hair grow. He tried it on his bald-headed friends with the same result. He is so proud of it that he has had the recipe printed by the thousand and is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.

SEWERS: Gingham Aprons. Make highest wages. H. Dayton, a chemist, living at 304 S. Magnolia Ave., St. Louis, Mo., accidentally discovered a mixture that made his hair grow. He tried it on his bald-headed friends with the same result. He is so proud of it that he has had the recipe printed by the thousand and is sending it to all who write and enclose stamp.

We Will Pay Men \$85 Per Month to travel, collect names, advertise and give away samples. Expenses advanced. Write today. W. R. Rider Company, Chicago.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A MODERN MIDAS" graphically describes a millionaire's sharp practices. Fascinating Book. By mail, fine cloth binding, \$1.00. Address T. W. NEVIN, Keystone Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

GOLD TEETH: THE LATEST FAD. Fill your own teeth. That fits any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fills them all. Over two million used. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 50 cents. C. Y. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

ASTHMA CURED BEFORE YOU PAY. I will send by express to any sufferer a bottle of LANE'S ASTHMA CURE. If it cures send me \$1; if it does not, don't. CURE BY EXPRESS. D. J. LANE, Dept. C., St. Marys, Kas.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD. FREE. Send two-cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death as indicated by astrology. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the world's greatest Astrologer. Patrons astonished and satisfied with my true predictions. Prof. A. H. ASTRO, Box 3693, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING. We positively give each a Solid Gold Laid STEEL WEDDING band movement Watch, highly engraved and fully warranted diamond set, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring set with a Diamond Clasp. Sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a \$500 diamond, for selling 50 pieces of handsome jewelry at \$1 each. Order 50 pieces and when sent us \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring. See photo, Ladies or Gent style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 30, Chicago.

SEND NO MONEY. We give 100 premiums for selling our NEW Style Easy-to-Thread Best Quality GOLD EYE NEEDLES. We give FREE with every two packages a Silver Aluminum Thimble. Send us your name and address, letter or postal, ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send at once postpaid with BIG PREMIUM LIST. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to in the premium list. Order today and get extra present FREE. CROWN MFG. CO., Aspinwall, Pa. Box 467.

FREE. We will give \$25 in cash to the person sending in the largest list of words, \$10 to the second largest, \$5 to the third, \$1 to the next five and 50 cents each to the next ten. There are no conditions to the contest for these prizes. If there should be tie between two or more persons for any of these prizes the prize will be equally divided between them. It is certain that you will win a little effort, and besides you will get several copies absolutely free of the best story paper published. Send your list of words at once. Address, WORD CONTEST EDITOR, 809 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

RARE CHINA FOR YOUR HOME.

Wonderful Opportunity Given to Any One to
Secure a Gold-Medal Dinner Set without
Paying a Cent.

An Opportunity is Offered the Readers of this Paper to Take Advantage of the Exceptional Offer and Prepare Their Dining Rooms for the Most Select Visitors.

Readers, do you want a beautiful dinner set for your dining room, one that will make you Proud of your home when anyone comes to dinner?

I can point out the way for you to secure one of the finest sets to be found any place, absolutely free. All you will have to do is to give away among your friends a very



few beautiful pictures, one of which you see here and which they will be glad to get. The value of the set, that, considering their values as treasures of art, their cost is almost nothing.

Elsewhere in this paper you will find a full statement of the entire plan, but the offer is so good that I want to say something about it here, so as to bring the very best chances to the notice of readers whenever possible.

This Gold Medal Dinner Set is one of the prettiest and most delicate services anybody ever laid his eyes on. It bears proof of its worth, for on each plate is stamped the fac-simile of the Gold Medal which was awarded to this particular kind of China at the St. Louis World's Fair. This is a very high honor for it means that out of the hundreds of different kinds of China from home and from foreign countries this brand was the one chosen as the Very Best.

The dinner set of which I speak is gold lined, and traced beautifully with arbutus blossoms, vines and leaves, all in their natural beauty. They are so real that one can almost imagine he smells the odor of the blossoms.

Mr. M. S. Roberts, 50 Wabash Av., Chicago is the one making this offer. In addition to the view of the set, however, he offers absolutely free a fine "Motto Plate," gold lined and traced with exquisite art. This plate is 8 1/2 inches in diameter and bears an appropriate motto which makes it a perfect beauty.

You will receive the plate extra besides the dishes for distributing a few of the most beautiful fac-simile oil paintings you ever saw. And please don't think you will have to do any canvassing for YOU WILL NOT.

The full details of the offer will be found on Page 19. Don't neglect to read every word on that page or you may be sorry when it is too late.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmares, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON. Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

ROTARY PRESS FREE

This Rotary Press prints right from the roll of paper, like the big newspaper presses, or the sheets can be fed by hand. It is a wonderful, practical, little press, suited to printing programs, circulars, letter heads, envelopes, dodgers, price lists, etc., etc. It will print eight full lines of type on a sheet four inches wide. We give you the Press with complete outfit, including a cabinet containing type tray, font of type, bottle of ink, bottle of bronze, tweezers, blank visiting cards, etc. When printing big jobs from a roll you simply turn the crank and the press automatically feeds itself, prints and delivers the finished job. We will give this complete Press and outfit to anyone who will sell only 24 of our beautiful assorted articles of jewelry at 10 cents each. Just send us your name, we trust you with jewelry. When sold send money (\$2.40) and we will ship Press and outfit complete from factory same day money is received. Send us your name today. This fine premium will please you. F. E. BIRD MFG. CO., Dept. 3, 291 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

\$50 GOLD FREE

Can You Make 12 Words? Now here is a puzzle that is a prize-winner. You do not have to sit up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R does not appear four times, so in all your words you must not use R more than four times. If you use R twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once, as the person winning the prize may not have more than that many words.

THE OFFER. We will give \$25 in cash to the person sending in the largest list of words, \$10 to the second largest, \$5 to the third, \$1 to the next five and 50 cents each to the next ten. There are no conditions to the contest for these prizes. If there should be tie between two or more persons for any of these prizes the prize will be equally divided between them. It is certain that you will win a little effort, and besides you will get several copies absolutely free of the best story paper published. Send your list of words at once. Address, WORD CONTEST EDITOR, 809 RIDGE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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U A A D E G A C
E Z O C A O E N
S W O P H Y D O
N D T D E X T I B
A E R A N S W R
A G R L A H E Y

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

She rose and answered quietly: "The future may contain only disappointments for me, but however lonely, however sad my lot may prove, I think I shall never fall so low as to regret not having married a man whom I find it impossible to love. The sooner this interview ends the longer our friendship will last. My time is not now my own, and as my duties claim me in the school-room, I must bid you good by."

"Edna, if you send me away from you now, you shall never look upon my face again in this world!"

Mournfully her tearful eyes sought his, but her voice was low and steady as she put out both hands, and said solemnly:

"Farewell, dear friend. God grant that when next we see each other's faces they may be overshadowed by the shining, white plumes of our angel wings, in that city of God, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. 'Never again in this world,' ah! such words are dreary and funereal as the dull fall of clouds on a coffin-lid; but so be it. Thank God! time brings us all to one inevitable tryst before the great white throne."

He took the hands, then drew them to his lips and left her.

With a slow, weary step she turned and went up to her room and read Mr. Hammond's letter. It was full of affection and wise counsel, but contained no allusion to Mr. Murray.

As she refolded it she saw a slip of paper which had fallen unnoticed on the carpet, and picking it up she read these words:

"It grieves me to have to tell you that, after all, I fear St. Elmo will marry Estelle Harding. He does not love her, still, and I influence him to redeem himself; his future looks hopeless indeed. Edna, my child! what have you done! Oh! what have you done!"

Her heart gave a sudden, wild bound, then a spasm seemed to seize it, and presently the fluttering ceased, her pulses stopped, and a chill darkness fell upon her.

Her head sank heavily on her chest, and when she recovered her memory she felt an intolerable sensation of suffocation and a sharp pain that seemed to stab the heart, whose throbs were slow and feeble.

She raised the window and leaned out panting for breath, and the freezing wind powdered her face with fine snowflakes, and sprinkled its fairy flower-crystals over her hair.

Physical pain blanched Edna's lips, and she pressed her hand repeatedly to her heart, wondering what caused those keen pangs. At last, when the bodily suffering passed away, and she sat down exhausted, her mind reverted to the sentence in Mr. Hammond's letter.

She knew the words were not lightly written, and that his reproachful appeal had broken from the depths of his aching heart, and was intended to rouse her to some action. "I can do nothing, say nothing! Must sit still and wait patiently—prayerfully. Today, if I could put my hand and touch Mr. Murray, and bind him to me for ever, I would not. No, no! Not a finger must I lift even between him and Estelle! But he will not marry her! I know—I feel that he will not. Though I never look upon his face again, he belongs to me! He is mine, and no other woman can take him from me."

A strange, mysterious, shadowy smile settled on her pallid features.

Her lashes drooped, her head fell back against the top of the chair, and she lost all her woe until Felix's voice roused her, and she saw the frightened boy standing at her side, shaking her hand and calling piteously upon her.

"Oh! I thought you were dead! You looked so white and felt so cold. Are you sick? Shall I go for mamma?"

For a moment she looked in his face with a perplexed, bewildered expression, then made an effort to rise.

"I suppose that I must have fainted, for I

had a terrible pain here," and—"She laid her hand over her heart."

"Felix, let us go downstairs. I think if your mother would give me some wine, it might strengthen me."

Notwithstanding the snow, Mrs. Andrews had gone out; but Felix had the wine brought to the schoolroom, and after a little while the blood showed itself shyly in Edna's white lips, and she took the boy's Latin book and heard him recite his lesson.

The day appeared wearily long, but she omitted none of the appointed tasks, and it was nearly nine o'clock before Felix fell asleep that night. Softly unclasping his thin fingers which clung to her hand, she went up to her own room, feeling the full force of these mournful words:

"It goes on in the soul. No one is aware of what I feel; no one suffers from it. I only pour out my heart before God—and here. Oh! today what efforts I make to shake off this profitless sadness—this sadness without tears—arid, bruising the heart like a hammer!"

There was no recurrence of the physical agony; and after two days the feeling of prostration passed away, and only the memory of the attack remained.

The idea of lionizing her children's governor, and introducing her to self-styled "fashionable society," had taken possession of Mrs. Andrews' mind, and she was quite as much delighted with her patronizing scheme as a child would have been with a new hobby-horse. On Thursday she informed Edna that she desired her presence at dinner, and urged her request with such genuine earnestness that no alternative remained but acquiescence, and reluctantly the governess prepared to meet a formidable party of strangers.

When Mrs. Andrews presented Sir Roger Percival, he bowed rather haughtily, and with a distant politeness, which assured Edna that he was cognizant of her refusal to make his acquaintance at the opera.

During the early part of dinner he divided his gay words between his hostess and a pretty Miss Morton, who was evidently laying siege to his heart and carefully flattering his vanity; but whenever Edna, his vis-a-vis, looked toward him, she invariably found his fine brown eyes scrutinizing her face.

Mr. Manning, who sat next to Edna, engaged her in an animated discussion concerning the value of a small volume containing two essays by Buckle, which he had sent her a few days previous.

Something which she said to the editor with reference to Buckle's extravagant estimate of Mill, brought a smile to the Englishman's lip, and bowing slightly, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Earl, if I interrupt you a moment to express my surprise at hearing Mill denounced by an American. His books on Representative Government and Liberty are so essentially democratic that I expected only gratitude and eulogy from his readers on this side of the Atlantic."

Despite her effort to control it, embarrassment unstrung her nerves, and threw a quiver into her voice, as she answered:

"I do not presume, sir, to 'denounce' a man whom Buckle ranks above all other living writers and statesmen, but, in anticipating the inevitable result of the adoption of some of Mill's proposed social reforms, I could not avoid recalling that wise dictum of Frederick the Great concerning philosophers, who declared: 'If I wanted to ruin one of my provinces, I would make over its government to the philosophers.' I confess my study of Mill's philosophy assures me that, if society should be turned over to the government of his theory of Liberty and Suffrage, it would go to ruin more rapidly than Frederick's province. Under his teachings the women of England might soon marshal their amazonian legions, and storm not only Parnassus but the ballot-box, and, in the end, the form. That this should occur in a country where a woman nominally rules, and certainly reigns, is not so surprising, but I dread the contagion of such an example upon America."

"His influence is powerful, from the fact

that he never takes up his pen without using it to break some social prejudice; and his strokes are tremendous as those of the hammer of Thor. But surely, Miss Earl, you Americans cannot with either good taste, grace, or consistency, upbraid England on the score of woman's rights' movements?"

"At least, sir, our statesmen are not yet attacked by this most loathsome of political leprosy. Only a few crazy fanatics have fallen victims to it, and if lunatic asylums were not frequently cheated of their dues, these would not be left at large, but shut up together in high-walled enclosures, where, like Sydney Smith's 'graminivorous metaphysicians,' or Reaumur's spiders, they could only injure one another and destroy their own webs. The noble apology which Edmund Burke once offered for his countrymen, always recurs to my mind when I hear these 'women's conventions' alluded to: 'Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shade of the British oak, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, there are many in number, or that, after all, they are other than the little, shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.' I think, sir, that the noble and true women of this continent earnestly believe that the day which invests them with the elective franchise would be the blackest in the annals of humanity, would ring the death-knell of modern civilization, of national prosperity, social morality, and domestic happiness; and would consign the race to a night of degradation and horror infinitely more appalling than a return to primeval barbarism."

"Even my brief sojourn in America has taught me the demoralizing tendency of the doctrine of equality of races and of sexes, and you must admit, Miss Earl, that your countrywomen are growing dangerously learned," answered Sir Roger, smiling.

"I am afraid, sir, that it is rather the quality than the quantity of their learning that makes them troublesome. One of your own noble seers has most gracefully declared: 'a woman may always help her husband (or race), by what she knows, however little; but what she half-knows or misknows, she will only tease him.'"

Sir Roger bowed.

At that instant little Hattie crept softly to the back of Edna's chair, and whispered:

"Bro' Felix says, won't you please come back soon, and finish that story where you left off reading last night?"

"Very glad to possess so good an excuse, the governess rose at once; but Mrs. Andrews said:

"Wait, Miss Earl. What do you want, Hattie?"

"Bro' Felix wants Miss Earl, and sent me to beg her to come."

"Go back and tell him he is in a hopeless minority, and that in this country the majority rule. There are fifteen here who want to talk to Miss Earl, and he can't have her in the schoolroom just now," said Gray Chilton, slyly pelting his niece with almonds.

"But Felix is really sick today, and if Mrs. Andrews will excuse me, I prefer to go."

She looked imploringly at the lady of the house, who said nothing; and Sir Roger beckoned Hattie to him, and exclaimed:

"Pray, may I inquire, Mrs. Andrews, why your children do not make their appearance? I am sure you need not fear a repetition of the sarcastic rebuke of that wit who, when dining at a house where the children were noisy and unruly, lifted his glass, bowed to the troublesome little ones, and drank to the memory of King Herod. I am very certain 'the murder of the innocents' would never be recalled here, unless—forgive me, Miss Earl!—from the sparkle in your eyes, I believe you anticipate me. Do you really know what I am about to say?"

"I think, sir, I can guess."

"Let me see whether you are a clairvoyant!"

On one occasion when a sign for a children's school was needed, and the lady teacher applied to Lamb to suggest a design, he

FOUND DEAD IN BED!

Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! Was it murder? Yes and no. No, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side, and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, wouldn't listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say, "only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I think. It will go away of itself." But delay cost his life. Was not this self-murder?

This case is only one; sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! Six in every ten have it. Many don't know it, they think it's something else and doctor the stomach, kidneys, female organs, etc., and get no better; and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. Now Heart Disease is just as curable as any other disease; we have proved this fully by curing over a hundred and thirty thousand cases! Many of these were the most chronic, serious, complicated kind, in which all other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment cured them quickly and to stay cured! In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment cures is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, steadies and revitalizes the nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening, controlling and curing the heart. We can cure YOU! no matter how bad off, and to prove it we will send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size treatment of Dr. Fuller's Heart and Nerve Cure, and his illustrated book with which you will know your own case as well as any doctor. Both are free.

Understand this is not a "sample" or "trial," but a regular full size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind, nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. If you have one of the symptoms, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmares, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-blade, your heart and nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, but send now for the full free treatment and get well. Address The Heart Cure Co., 76 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

meekly advised that of 'The Murder of the Innocents.' Thank you, sir. However, I am not surprised that you entertain such flattering opinions of a profession which in England boasts 'Squealers' as its national type and representative."

The young man laughed good-humoredly, and answered:

"For the honor of my worthy pedagogical countrymen, permit me to assure you that (CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

THESE ARTICLES FREE TO OUR CUSTOMERS

If you have ever sent an order to Sears, Roebuck & Co. you may be entitled to receive from them, FREE OF ANY COST TO YOU OF ANY KIND, one or more of the valuable articles illustrated hereon, this by reason of our LATEST REVISED AND MOST LIBERAL PROFIT SHARING PLAN, FAR MORE LIBERAL THAN EVER BEFORE, READ OUR LIBERAL OFFER, OUR NEW REVISED \$25.00 PROFIT SHARING PLAN

IF YOU HAVE SENT US ORDERS and have received from us Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to as much as \$25.00, you can now receive from us free in exchange for your \$25.00 in Profit Sharing Certificates, your choice of any of the articles illustrated hereon, or your choice of many others, as shown in our NEW FREE Profit Sharing Book and learn about our latest plan.

PEOPLE WHO BUY GOODS FROM SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. where, but they get a Profit Sharing Certificate for the full amount of each purchase, and now for the first time they can exchange their Profit Sharing Certificates when they have accumulated to only \$25.00 for their choice of an almost endless variety of very valuable goods. In this way you save two-fold.

This rich, big, gold-finished metal stand or parlor table, with a handsome, rich, onyxized top, a beautiful stand, 30 inches high, top 15x15 inches, is one of the richest gold-finished metal onyxized top stands made, will be sent free to any customer of ours in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to \$25.00.

This handsome fur piece, a fine brown Belgium coat fur, is made in the very latest style, and has two tabs, one overlapping the other, trimmed with silk ornaments in front and chenille trimmings at bottom of tabs, lined throughout with satin to match, an up to date, stylish neckpiece and is given free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

This big, rich, beautiful banquet lamp will be furnished free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to \$25.00. The latest style for this season, beautifully decorated in floral decoration; has a very large base and globe, rich, heavy metal stand, extra high, 20 inches high, and, indeed, is a valuable lamp and goes free for \$25.00 in Profit Sharing Certificates.

This handsome, big, beautifully decorated and decorated cobbler seat rocking chair, an extra large, handsome, strong chair, suitable for any home, is now given free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

This handsome new style ladies' machine-finish or raincoat will be furnished free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00. This is a very handsome garment, made from an extra quality of Quaker gray Berkeley cloth. The inside of the coat is a light weight brown cloth, it is beautifully finished throughout; a handsome, stylish garment. Comes in size 32 to 44 bust measure, length 54 to 58 inches, is really an exceptional value and we give it free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

This big, handsome, latest style men's waterproof machine-finish or raincoat, a coat that can be worn either as a raincoat or overcoat, a really high grade and valuable article of wearing apparel, will be sent to any customer in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00. This coat is made in the very latest style, made from a good quality tan covert waterproof lining, fancy plaid waterproof lining, made in the latest, double-breasted style, with velvet collar and three outside pockets, a handsome, large, sturdy and durable coat, and if you will send us Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00, state your size, height and weight, number of inches around body at breast, we will be pleased to send you the coat free.

This complete and handsome violin, outfit, a real Stradivarius, various models of violins, complete with bow, and with all given for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00. Fully described in our Free Profit Sharing Book.

make a big saving in cost on the goods you buy and you have returned to you a liberal portion of all the money you spend in the value we now give to those who have purchased as much as \$25.00 worth of goods from us.

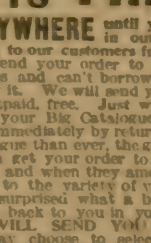
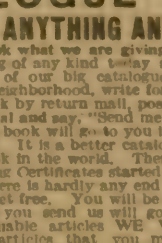
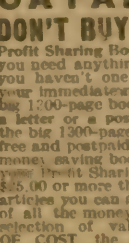
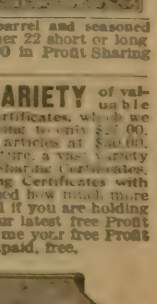
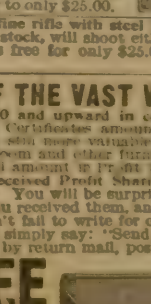
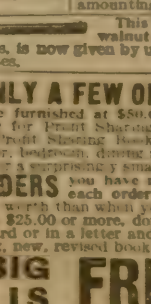
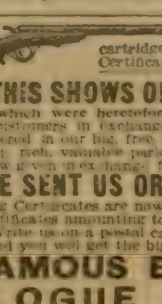
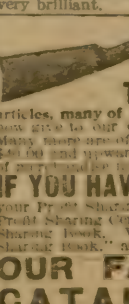
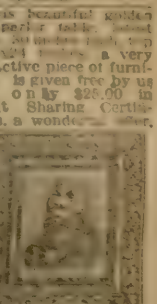
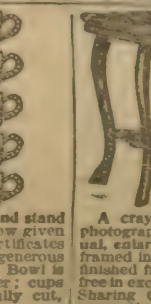
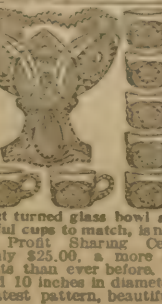
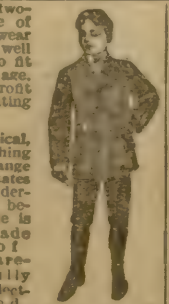
MANY ARTICLES that formerly required \$100.00 in certificates to secure are now given for only \$25.00, many that more recently required from \$50.00 to \$100.00 in certificates to secure, are now given for only \$25.00 in certificates. A great many more valuable articles are now being given, wonderfully valuable articles, including pianos, bugles, sewing machines, rich and valuable furniture, watches and other goods, are now given free to our customers for a surprisingly small amount in Profit Sharing Certificates. It's all explained in our free Profit Sharing Book. Possibly you already have as much as \$25.00 in Profit Sharing Certificates; if so, send us your choice of these articles you want, and it will be sent to you free at once; or, better still, if you have \$25.00 or more in our Profit Sharing Certificates write for our free Profit Sharing Book.

This handsome boy's wool two-piece knee pants suit made of strictly all wool, high grade, well resisting goods, thoroughly well made throughout, in sizes to fit boys from 8 to 14 years of age, is given free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

This big, handsome, practical, substantial, full sized washing machine given free in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to \$25.00. Wonderfully more liberal than ever before. This washing machine is made of carefully selected lumber, has heavy rust-proof and painted iron, finished outside and in, all iron parts are laminated, inside dimensions are 18x25x12 inches, the machine weighs complete 45 pounds, is one of the strongest, simplest, most durable and practical washing machines on the market, and will be sent free to any customer of ours at any time in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

This handsome, extra large, high grade, beautifully decorated, bronze finish metal mantel clock, a clock standing 18 inches high, 15 inches wide, an exceptional time keeper, a really valuable article given in exchange for Profit Sharing Certificates amounting to only \$25.00.

Sewing Machines, Furniture, Buggies, Harness, Organs, Pianos, Fine Curtains, Rugs, Silverware, Watches, Dinner Sets, etc., are now given FREE by us for a SURPRISINGLY SMALL AMOUNT in Profit Sharing Certificates, all explained in the FREE PROFIT SHARING CATALOGUE.



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The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced
WE CAN CURE YOU.



Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering, and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and nostrils, he was shown in his picture (as given) his palate was entirely destroyed together with portions of his throat. Father fortunately discovered the great remedy that cured him. This was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same discovery has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth we will give their sworn statement if you will write. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

HAVE YOU CANCER, Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Gout, Catarrh, Salt-Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form?

We positively guarantee our great treatment, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded. It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or cauterizer. And if you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DRS. MIXER, 769 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.



Gold Watch FREE

An American Movement Watch, Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to solid gold watch. Guaranteed 25 years. Also a solid gold plated ring set with a sparkling clear Gem, are given Free to Boys & Girls or anyone who will send us 25 Silver Aluminum Buttons as 10 each, a paper Gold-Eye Needle Free with each Tinplate. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us \$2.50, and we will positively send you a Gold Watch and Ring, Ladies' or Gents' Chain also. Address **HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 180, CHICAGO, ILL.**

I CURE GOITRE

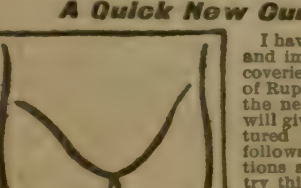
I Have Found a Remedy That You Should Try.
YOU MAY TEST IT FREE.



Mrs. I. E. Brent of Bardwell, Ky., writes: "I am happy to tell you that my goitre is entirely cured and that I am in better health every day than for years. You have a wonderful treatment. Doctor, and I am recommending it to all my afflicted friends." I have cured scores of goitres after all other treatment had failed to give even relief, and am so sure I can cure any case no matter how long standing that I will send a full \$2.50 treatment free as a test to any sufferer. Many have been cured by this test treatment alone. Why not try it yourself? It may cure you. It is free. Address Dr. W. Thompson, 222 N. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.

FREE to the RUPTURED

A Quick New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, FREE.

Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to:

DR. W. S. RICE, 242 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

Age _____ Time Ruptured _____

Name _____

Address _____

Does rupture pain? _____ Do you wear a Truss? _____

DON'T STAY FAT.

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured.

No Charge to try the NEW

KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-day.

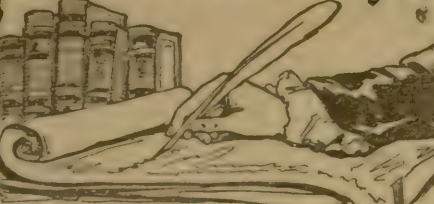
Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce weight, and in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment will be



This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

sent, free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter how the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habits. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to the Dr. Bromley Co., Dept. 808, 108 Fulton St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of endorsement from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let them hear from you promptly.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending fifteen (15) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressed to "The Editor, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Matilda, Ohio.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if the property you mention did not come to the man you mention by descent, devise, or deed of gift from any ancestor, and if upon his death his widow survives him, and he leaves no children, and no will, the whole property, both real and personal, will go to the widow. If, in the case you mention, the widow should not survive the husband, we are of the opinion that her children by a former marriage would not come in for any part of his estate, unless he made a will providing for them, but that his property would go to his own brothers and sisters, or their representatives. If the property was devised to the wife, and upon her death her husband survived her, it would go to the children of the wife by the former marriage, subject to the husband's power of a one third interest in the real estate for her life. It may be necessary for this man to make a will, if he wishes to make the disposition of his property which your letter intimates.

G. W. S.—We are of the opinion that, under the laws of the State from which you write, peddlers of merchandise not manufactured within the State must pay a license fee, and that there is a penalty for peddling without a license.

Mrs. M. C. M.—We think that, under the laws of the State from which you write, the property acquired by you in the manner you describe is your sole and separate property, and that your husband has no title to the same, except that he had the right to manage it during the time the marriage existed. We do not think the bank has any right to pay out money on the check upon which your signature, as payee, was forged, unless they can substantiate by proof that your signature was placed on it by someone having the proper authority.

O. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that A. or B. could both, or either of them, bring action against each other for slander, but, in case the defendant in such an action should set up in his answer that he was justified in making the statements he did, it would be necessary for the one bringing the action to fully prove that he was entirely innocent of the acts of which he was accused of committing, before he would be entitled to recover any damages. Either of them would be very foolish to bring such an action without being fully prepared to prove their own innocence. Under the laws of the State from which you write, we are of the opinion that the husband of a woman who is limited to one year from the time that the right of action accrues.

H. W. J.—We do not think that the act of B. in giving and for a new country road, releases A. from the covenants of his deed to B., unless the deed is so worded as in some way to cover such a contingency.

Mrs. S. B. H.—Under the laws of the State from which you write, and from the statements made by you to us, we are of the opinion that, if the child you mention predeceased the man you mention, and the man dies leaving no will, his widow would only be entitled to her widow's share, and would not receive the share which would have come to the child if it had survived its father. (2) An adopted child would be treated as the child of the child, provided it was legally adopted by a decree of a court having competent jurisdiction. In many instances, so-called adopted children are not legally adopted.

B. A. T.—If your ancestor's title to the land you mention is a good title and he died without disposing of the land, the title would still remain in his descendants unless the same has been disposed of by them by deed, will or otherwise, unless some other person has established title by adverse possession or tax sales. Under the laws of the State from which you write all actions for the recovery of property from persons holding under adverse possession, or any other claim of title, are limited to twenty-one years, except in cases of persons under legal disability, but all such are barred in thirty years. We fear from the tenor of your letter that you are probably barred by this limitation.

B. H. O.—We think A. should remove the tree and replace the fence, but that he should first procure permission from B. in order to escape liability for trespass upon B.'s land in doing so.

Mrs. E. J. A.—Address Bureau of Free Lands, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. W.—If the property you mention was the Community property of your father and mother, we are of the opinion that you inherit your father's share, but that your half-brother would share equally with you in your mother's portion of it. An action for partition of the property, we think, would be the proper action for you to bring in order to have it divided. Perhaps you can come to some agreement with your half-brother as to your respective shares in the property; in case you do this you should have some lawyer draw the deeds for you.

L. D.—We do not think the man you purchased the land from can execute any paper which would give you a good title to the land you purchased without his wife's signature. The right, in the State from which you write, of the wife to dower in her husband's real estate is one which the husband can in no way dispose of, and in case he died before his wife she will receive her dower in the property you purchased from him unless she releases the same to you. Perhaps you might be able to purchase this release from her, or in case she should die before her husband the right of dower will die with her, but that would necessitate the trying up of your property until that time, as you could not convey good title in case you desired to sell or mortgage the property.

Miss E. M. W. S.—We think you could purchase the property you mention, and take title in your own name. We do not think your father's creditors could bother you, unless they can prove the money you used for the purchase belonged to him. You could not sell or mortgage the property until you become of full age without going through an elaborate proceeding for that purpose.

E. T. W.—As a general proposition we are of the opinion, that a city government has power to do the things you enumerate. Possibly an examination of the charter of the city you mention and a study of the local conditions might reveal the fact that the city council has exceeded its authority. Your statement to us would not alone justify our thinking that they have.

SASH, DOOR, AND MILLWORK BARGAINS

Write Gordon Van Tine & Co. for Catalog and Buy Guaranteed Building Material at 50% Saving—Quality and Safe Delivery Guaranteed.

Gordon Van Tine & Co., of Davenport, Iowa, are the largest manufacturers in the world of sash, doors, millwork and building material. Their catalog tells all about their own timber lands, their own sawmills, their factories, their enormous capacity, their guarantees of quality and safe delivery, and shows why they save 50% over dealers' prices, no matter where you live. They sell by mail order only, and guarantee safe delivery and quality. To get the benefit of this saving, whether you are a contractor, carpenter or individual user, or whether you want a \$5 or a \$10,000 order; whether you are going to build a handsome home or put storm windows in the old home—first write for the catalog to Gordon Van Tine & Co., Station X, Davenport, Iowa. See their advertisement, 80c door, on another page.

FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon to Specialist Sproule. You will receive a careful diagnosis of your case, without its costing you a cent.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will bring valuable information. Address Catarrh Specialist SPROULE (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), 233 Trade Building Boston.

NAME _____

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Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 233 Trade Building, Boston, please send me, entirely free of charge, your advice in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 233 Trade Building, Boston, please send me, entirely free of charge, your advice in regard to the cure of Catarrh.

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Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer!

Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Let me explain my new scientific treatment—perfected by myself—used only by myself. Thousands of persons, many of them living right near you, testify it has cured them absolutely—completely—permanently.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclean disease—more than a brief ailment. It's the advance guard of Consumption. Neglected Catarrh too often becomes Consumption. It has opened the door of death for thousands. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly send you a careful diagnosis of your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW TO CURE CATARRH

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my twenty-one years of experience—my vast knowledge of Catarrh and the way to cure it.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisement in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. M. T. Saybrook, Ill.—Try the Western and Daheim, Chicago, Ill., \$1 a year, weekly. There are a great many German papers published in this country and you should inquire of a newdealer in your town as to what one he thinks you would like. The Gegenwart, Chicago, is a German religious monthly, price \$1.50 a year. Write for a sample copy.

H. C. M., Dennison, O.—We keep no addresses and cannot give those you ask for. We can print your address and ask them to write to you, if you wish.

Vera, Busch, Okla.—Write to the editor, with your story or drawing, merely what you are inclosing to him. Write your address on each article sent in. Always inclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

W. H. C., Powell Station, Tenn.—We don't know where typewriter ink can be bought nor how to make it. We do not believe it is for sale. If you want to make experiments you might get ink enough for them by applying direct to any of the leading typewriter manufacturers. Write to them and see what they tell you. Incidentally we may say that we have never yet seen a reconstructed typewriter ribbon that was any good. We should be glad to hear from you if you succeed in producing one. Write to a typewriter manufacturer who does not use ribbon. You will have a better chance there, we think.

W. A. B., Calvert Station, Ky.—You can get such pasteboard from any paper manufacturer, and you can get prices by writing to any of them in Cincinnati or Louisville. We suggest these two cities because they are near enough to make express charges the lowest. Try Chatfield & Woods, Cincinnati.

W. G. B., Bethel, Mo.—The Pennman's Art Journal, monthly, \$1 a year, New York City.

W. B. Gilbreth, Dawson, Ala., would like to know where he can get the book, "Brother Against Brother." Can any COMFORT reader inform him?

H. C. S., Douglassville, Pa.—Unless you know more than your great-grandfather's name, the task of finding where he lived in Virginia will be hopeless. Probably if you wrote to the Secretary of State, Richmond, Va., giving him all the information you have, he might be able to start you on the way to something definite.

M. S., Linden, Ala.—You will have to show your patent before you can do anything towards selling it. Write to some stove manufacturer in Birmingham, or in St. Louis, or elsewhere, stating what you have and offering it to them. If it is a good thing they will buy it.

D. H. H., Sycamore, O.—Write to McKisson & Robbins, New York City. You could probably do better in Cincinnati.

R. A. P., Rockwood, Conn.—There is no cure. You ought to leave him, but as you may get his pension, you might as well hold on a little longer. Consult an attorney. We think there is no doubt about getting the pension. He is the first man we have ever heard of who was too lazy to apply for a pension.

O. C., Armstrong, Ia.—Ninety-first street and Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., is his home address. But you are simply wasting your postage writing.

Peggy, Longton, Kans.—We think not. But write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich. Inclose postage.

V. S. C., Merrill, Wis.—They do not exist, to our knowledge, therefore we cannot give them to you.

Mrs. H. S., Stanley, Wis.—All the lace curtains we know of have the paper and cloth torn off, so we don't know the answer to your question.

Miss K. McG., Westminster, Cal.—You can get such instruction that will be worth anything to you only by attending a school where it is taught. You cannot teach yourself, and you cannot acquire it successfully without a teacher.

O. W. C., Collison, Ill.—You can become a secret service agent for the government, by showing that you have the ability to do the business the government wants done, and then having sufficient political pull to get the job.

H. S., St. Joe, Ark.—There may be hospitals in the West which train nurses free, but we believe there is none in the East. Write to Superintendent City Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. Unless you have special qualifications to be a nurse, you should not undertake it, because it is very difficult work.

Mrs. A. K., Peoria, Ill.—Write to Wehman Bros., 126 Park Row, New York City. If they cannot supply them, they can tell you who can.

E. O. H., Waterview, Ky.—Bogert & Durbin, 116 Nassau St.; Perrin & Co., 106 East 23rd St.; D. Prosky, 853 Broadway, all of New York City.

M. A. W., Cross Fork, Pa.—Before doing anything else, you should let some competent judge of music hear your daughter sing and play. Then if the judgment is favorable, send her to some music school in the city nearest to you. If she has real ability, with application, she will succeed. But do not depend on your own judgment unless you are a competent musician. Hundreds of girls are wasting time and money trying to become musicians and singers.

M. M., Prescott, Iowa.—Good pictures for advertising are in demand. Try the American Lithographing Co., New York City; Morgan Lithographing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio; Free Press Co., Detroit, Mich. or any of the Chicago companies.

R. R., Shirley, Iowa.—You can learn it with any jeweler who wants an apprentice. You will have to go out looking for a job as a beginner and work your way up. If there is an easier or better plan, we don't know it.

V. F. C., Hattiesburg, Miss.—Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, is the present address, and if you will write to them they may be able to give you information of the book they published years ago. The chances are that you will only find it, if at all, in some second-hand shop.

S. J. J., Wesley, Ill.—Better have it published first in a newspaper or magazine. Such books as you mention do not publish original poems.

C. D. A., Vedro, O.—We are afraid we cannot be of assistance. Only a lawyer in that line of work can do anything. Better not waste money you have, trying to get that which you have not.

Brunette, Orange, Cal.—Your mother is right. You are too young to attempt nursing, even if you have the qualifications. The work is very difficult and wearing, and calls for unusual strength of mind, body and nerves. What your friends may think of your ability counts for nothing unless it coincides with the opinion of physicians. If they say you have the necessary qualifications you may undertake the work.

MAN'S FAREWELL TO LOW WAGES

Good-By Forever to Hard Work—Little Pay—Hard Times—Job Hunting! You Can Own and Boss this Money-Making Business! Get Money as this Man Did! Change From Wage Earner to Wage Payer—From Serving Others to Commanding Others



As it Would be Told at Home.

You may well rejoice, my wife, over our good fortune in getting for almost nothing a business which made money the very first day and has grown better all along until now after a few weeks the daily profits run from \$8.00 to \$12.00. You have just counted today's receipts and seem surprised that they amount to \$15.00 plus some cents, but I have good reason to expect even larger returns as time goes on. Of that \$15.00 you must take out about \$3.00 for cost of material and the \$12.00 remaining is profit. So business gets better as it gets older. I need have no worry about the future, because there remains many dollars' worth of unfinished work upon which I can calculate as in the past about 75c profit on the dollar and more orders coming in all the time. My trouble has not been the want of orders, but facilities to fill orders as fast as many customers would like, and to make matters better have engaged a boy to help in the shop, including an extra solicitor.

It has kept me hustling this far to take care of family customers whose orders range from \$2.00 to \$10.00, but increased facilities will enable me to get business in even larger quantities from hotels, restaurants and public institutions, manufacturers and retail stores, there being scarcely any person in business or out who does not at all times have urgent need for my services. I never thought it possible to

START A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS

like this with only a few dollars, for almost every business worth having requires several thousand dollars to begin with, and I was not in that class, in fact, we can both recall with sad regret the days of no work, no wages—debts piling up—nearly everyone and everything combined to keep me down. Then my siege of sickness—no work—laid up—laid off—almost laid away—nothing coming in—expenses going on—doctor bills and what not. Trouble, trouble, trouble, but that's the common hardship of every man who sells his time to others—hard work—long hours—little pay—enriching those who boss, but never himself. Verily, my good wife, we know from experience

that it's mighty inconvenient to be poor and now after years of hard labor here and there and almost everywhere—from factory hand to office clerk—teaching school or selling goods—town and city trades—now and then the farm—we find ourselves in prosperous circumstances, owning a pleasant business which promises to pay from

\$1800 TO \$2500 ANNUALLY.

Goodness knows, we might still be slaving for a bare existence if this opportunity hadn't come as a God-send, but we know too well the need of money to get foolish or spoiled by sudden prosperity. I am happy to think that our days of self-denial and privations are over, that you and the children can have many things in the future which you craved but alas! didn't have the money to buy. You can dress better, visit more, work less, buy new things for the house and give the children a better education. What a blessing it is to have money coming in all the time, and how different the people treat a successful man.

It's really wonderful how people took to my business from the very start, just seemed that everyone had something for me to do—eager to have it done—a cordial welcome everywhere and people came from miles around—

GOODS WERE GOING OUT— MONEY COMING IN—

almost a dollar cleared every time a dollar taken in. You remember my starting here at home—set off one room which was soon filled with a great assortment of merchandise—some gold, some silver—big and little heaps—how things glistened when the sun came through—then the change to larger quarters owing to increased business with profits growing. It did my heart good to receive such generous encouragement from the people everywhere, for I can't forget my ups and downs—hard knocks—never a boost until this thing happened.

The people certainly looked kindly upon home industry, and because my business was conducted there in their very midst a feeling of confidence was immediately established. My work has always been well done and I do not fear to meet the same customer twice even ten years from now. I have never been the kind to deceive anyone and would not care to bring that disgrace upon my children even though success was the reward.

Yes, people do wonder at my sudden rise in the world, but there is nothing remarkable in my performance, simply a case of supplying something which the people did not have but wanted awful bad—never had before, it's a regular business in some large cities, but just as well suited to town and country places as my own success proved. My success has not been due to influence, business training, special schooling or technical knowledge, but to human endeavor, faithful work and earnest purpose. Had I failed to make good in this opportunity when everything was favorable to success it

would have been an everlasting cause for self criticism. It would be an act of ingratitude on my part if I did not give

PRAISE TO THE MANUFACTURERS

who not only suggested the opportunity but furnished at slight cost everything needed to start the business, including special teaching, valuable instructions and trade secrets and did this so well that my ignorance of the business itself was no drawback at all. Quite a few people from other sections have already written them on my recommendation, for they

WILL START OTHERS

in all parts of the world, either men or women, in this business at home or traveling, all or spare time, but do not encourage business relations with drones or idlers. I am only one of thousands whom they have started in their twenty years of business experience, and I can't imagine a business which offers equal money-making opportunities to people of limited means—something easy to do, easy to get, easy to maintain, offering almost the only chance for people in moderate circumstances to better their position in life.

Though you, my wife, regard my success as remarkable in comparison with the old days it seems to be quite the regular order of things with their customers, as for example, one man claims \$301.27 in two weeks, another \$88.16 the first three days and hundreds of similar reports have come to my notice, which makes me feel that there is nothing of personal quality in my own success. You won't forget how skeptical I was at first, but these fears were dispelled, as we both know now, for I have found the business even better than their claim as a money-making chance which anyone without leaving home and without previous experience can manage successfully.

I shall continue advising people out of employment or working hard for a little money to send their name on a card to

**GRAY & CO., 830 MIAMI BUILDING,
CINCINNATI, OHIO,**

and receive FREE as I did their proposition, valuable information, testimonials and samples. They don't offer any impossible inducements, such as \$50.00 a day without work, but simply claim that those willing to hustle have every reason to expect from

\$30.00 TO \$40.00 WEEKLY

to begin with and more than that as their business grows. I feel sure and believe that you, my wife, also believe that no one will ever regret the day they started with Gray & Co., for they are the largest concern of their kind in the world and are backed by \$100,000.00 capital. It's well that you should know these things as I do so as to answer inquiries intelligently when visiting friends outside my territory.

KIDNEY

Diseases Cured by My New System. Examination, Opinion and Book Free. DR. J. P. SHAPER, Kidney Specialist, 51 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.



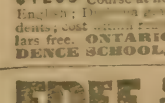
\$1 SOLID GOLD 12c. PATENT SIGNET RING. Engraved with name and date. Initial engraved. Made in U.S.A. 14K GOLD. SHAPES NOVELTY CO., Dept. 1, 100 Broadway, New York.



Print Your Own Cards Circulars, books, newspaper. Press \$5. Large size \$18. Money order, maker. All ready, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.



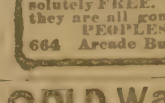
VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. \$1200 a year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; business method; position guaranteed; particulars free. **ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 10, London, Canada.**



FREE 5000 RIFLES SEND NO MONEY Just send us your name and address so that we may tell you how to get this fine, steel, blue barrel, 22 calibre hunting rifle absolutely FREE. Be sure and write at once before they are all gone. Address: **PEOPLES POPULAR MONTHLY, 664 Arcade Building, Des Moines, Ia.**



GOLD Watch AND RING FREE We give a Stem-Wind, Solid-Gold Watch, guaranteed, engraved on both sides; also a 22-Karat Solid Gold Ring, set with a brilliant-cut diamond, for every order of 25 or more copies of our new book, "The People's Popular Monthly," sent to us at once. Address and we will send you both! When sent we will also send you a gold chain, Ladies' Bracelet, and a pair of Gold Earrings. **THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, 664 ARCADE BUILDING, DES MOINES, IOWA.**



Brooks' Sure Cure FOR RUPTURE Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Bands and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymph. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. **SENT ON TRIAL CATALOGUE FREE. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Box 29, MARSHALL, MISS.**

Souvenir Post Cards

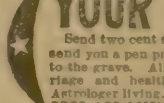
Send 10 cents for full value in handsome cards and catalog of American and Foreign Views, Comic, Leather, Birthday, etc., and Post Card Albums at lowest prices. Our Valentine Cards are the finest. **NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 727 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**



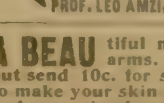
BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS. For each card with name and date. Catalogue of all the latest and best cards. Send 10 cents for full value in handsome cards and catalog of American and Foreign Views, Comic, Leather, Birthday, etc., and Post Card Albums at lowest prices. Our Valentine Cards are the finest. **NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 727 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.**



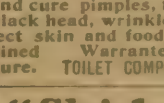
J. Z. PIKE, Box 58, So. Norwalk, Conn.



(YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE) Send two cent stamp with birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from the cradle to the grave. All matters of business, love, marriage and health, plainly told by the greatest Astrologer living. Patrons satisfied and satisfied. **PROF. LEO AMZI, Dept. 31, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**



A BEAU tiful neck, face and skin. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for scaled package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. **Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston Mass.**



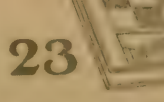
"Skidoo" Game. 23



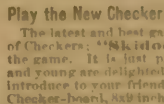
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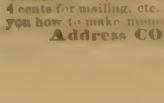
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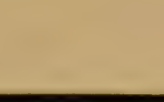
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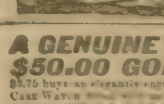
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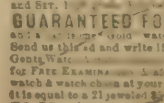
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PILES

Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial Box Mailed FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Botsford, Box 978, Augusta, Me.



BED-WETTING CURED It is not a habit but a disease. Cured by Dr. E. M. Botsford. **Box 978, Augusta, Me.**



A GENUINE 21 JEWELLED \$50.00 GOLD WATCH. 23



GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS 23



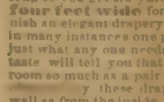
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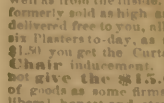
A Pair of Lace Curtains. 23



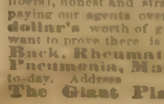
Lace Curtains Free. 23



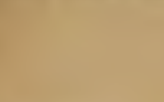
The Giant Plaster Co., Box C, Augusta, Maine. 23



Play the New Checker Game, Checker-Board and Man Free. 23



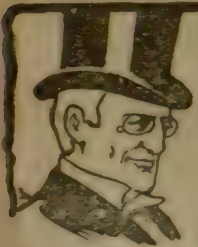
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. 23



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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

F. D., Aledo, Ill.—Possibly the trouble with your heart arises from indigestion. Many persons have what they think is organic trouble with the heart, when it is from indigestion. From your symptoms, which you give very meagerly, we cannot tell, and advise you to consult a physician who can make an examination, and do not wait, but see one at once.

Subscriber, Willmar, Minn.—You have what are commonly known as "blackheads," the result of impeded circulation of the blood. To remove them cleanse the face twice a week with cleansing cream, by applying with the fingers, and wipe off with a soft towel. Then steam the face for ten minutes. Partly dry the face and press the blackheads out with a watchkey. Massage the face with a rotary motion, working from the nose outward and upward. Do this for fifteen minutes. Then cleanse the face with the cream, and in the morning wash with hot and cold water, ending with the cold. We give you a formula for the toilet water and cream. Cleansing cream: Orange flower water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; white wax, two and half ounces. Melt the wax in a double boiler, and add the other ingredients. In addition to this local treatment, eat simple food, no grease, no coffee, and eat very little sweets. Take plenty of exercise in the sunshine.

Mrs. H., Henley, Cal.—Under the circumstances we do not see our way clear to giving you any advice beyond what you have received already from physicians who have examined the case. If they can give little or no relief it is hardly possible that we should. We think, however, that if you will continue your watchfulness, and give the child as little liquid as possible, that he will outgrow it in a year or two. You might encourage him to sleep some in the daytime, so his sleep will not be so heavy at night, and he will know when the trouble makes itself felt.

Subscriber, Alden, Iowa.—Better let chloroform alone except as prescribed by a physician. As a liniment you can apply it as you please, but you must exercise care, for it will blister. Any druggist can prepare a chloroform liniment for you. A better cure for your toothache is a dentist. Have you ever tried that?

A. J. B., Noble, Okla.—Cold hands and cold feet do not necessarily indicate organic troubles, though they may be symptoms if such exist. A great many persons suffer from cold hands and feet, who are otherwise in good physical condition. What do your physicians tell you?

Josephine, Denver, Colo.—The remedy is very generally recommended, but we know of no special cases of benefit. We have never heard of any ill effects from it; from which we may infer that while it may do no good, it does no harm. The time required varies. We do not know the address, but suppose that a letter sent to him simply "Chicago, Ill.," would reach him.

Distressed, Richmond, Va.—There are dozens of remedies which are said to prevent the hair turning gray, and yet, there are thousands of young persons with gray hair. In our opinion, gray hair and bald hair, are about alike, and when they begin to appear, they come right on despite all opposition. Why not let the gray hair take its course? It is often much more becoming to young persons than any other color, and you are no older though your hair is gray.

Subscriber, Dalton, Ky.—An old-fashioned remedy for night-sweats is compounded as follows: Dissolve fifteen grains sulphate of quinine in half an ounce essence of tansy, one fourth ounce alcohol, one fourth ounce water, and thirty drops muriatic acid. Take a teaspoonful two or three times a day. In connection with this cold sage tea is recommended to be taken freely. At the same time remove the cause of them.

A. V. M., Brownsville, Tenn.—Your question can only be answered by experts who have examined the body for the effects of poison. The action is different in different conditions and persons. Any druggist can answer your questions as to arsenic and strychnine and let you see the two poisons and judge for yourself.

V. M., Slabtown, La.—Moles are not to be tampered with by inexperienced persons. Sometimes a specialist can handle them properly, but unless you want to make a bad matter worse, you had better let them alone.

Mrs. C. H., Olmitz, Kans.—Women are ordinarily not troubled by losing their hair as men are, and yours may be prevented from falling out, though we cannot guarantee that it will remain. A remedy for falling hair is given herewith: Tincture of nux vomica, one ounce; spirits of rosemary, two ounces; alcohol, two ounces. Apply once a day.

E. E. K., Nasbie, Va.—Fresh air is the antidote for chloroform. Drugs are not used, except in some cases strychnine or digitalis may be used to increase heart action. Death will follow if the application is continued too long. It will have no appreciable effect when not held close over the nose. Go into a drug store and read up on the subject in the Pharmacopoeia.

STOMACH TROUBLE.

If your stomach is ailing, if your food distresses you and fails to feed you, you ought to try Vite-Ore. Sent on thirty days' trial. See offer on last page.

Catarrah Advice Free

The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer announced in our issue of this month—the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice, absolutely free of charge on the cure of Catarrah; from one of the great specialists and great public benefactors of this country—Health Specialist Sproule.

We advise our readers to turn at once to this offer on page 28 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it and send today for that valuable medical advice. Remember, this advice is free. Address Health Specialist Sproule at his office, Trade Building, Boston.

1,000 POINTERS FOR STOCK RAISERS.

We have just received from Sears, Roebuck & Co. a copy of a book entitled "1,000 POINTERS FOR STOCK RAISERS," published by the Sears, Roebuck & Co. Company, and distributed by Sears, Roebuck & Co. It consists of 545 pages, and from cover to cover is filled with valuable information for the farmer and stock raiser. It treats exhaustively all the feeding problems. Every disease known to live stock is covered, giving cause, symptoms and treatment. There are numerous plans and specifications, together with itemized bills of materials, for poultry houses, farm residences, barns and dipping vats. There is a chapter devoted to irrigation, explaining fully how the farmer may lay out and construct his own irrigating ditches; also a full chapter on good country roads that is worthy of more than passing notice, and the final chapter in the book entitled "The Truth About Stock Foods," will prove an eye opener to the up-to-date stockman. Suffice it to say that the value of such a book cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and it has evidently cost a world of time, research and money to get the book out. Sent to all farmers and stock raisers who will write Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, and tell them how many head of stock they own. You will be agreeably surprised at the book.

SICK OF TOBACCO

NEW REMEDY SENT FREE

Oh! what a pleasure to see your man or boy turn, with a wry face from tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, or snuff, disgusted and sickened by the very odor!

Here are a few of myriads I have helped. I believe all will verify me, if stamped envelope is sent: J. D. Dear, DeRidder, La.; E. M. Delap, Sunnyside, S. Dak.; J. E. McAllister, Brynside, W. Va.; Miss C. Windon, Penn Yan, N. Y. (father); Mrs. W. W. Blazer, Walland, Tenn. (snuff); Robt. P. Baker, Rockford, Wash.

My husband was a tobacco "fiend." This wonderful NEW REMEDY cured him, restored his broken health, and I am determined that the whole world shall know of this great blessing for women, who cure their loved ones; the POWDERS being odorless and tasteless, may be

GIVEN SECRETLY in tea, coffee and food.

MEN CURE THEMSELVES easily and gradually, by taking the remedy in TABLER FORM three or four times a day. They like this remedy because they don't have to quit. IT MAKES THEM QUIET.

The Free Treatment has cured hundreds, although merely sent to show how harmless it is, how it may be used, etc. If you need more, it will cost less than tobacco, and thus you will save money and health and lose no pleasure. Send NOW: state if secret remedy is wanted; send two stamps and you will hear from me, in plain envelope, promptly.

MRS. K. A. DOWNING, 332 Victory Bldg., Dayton, O.

FORTUNE TOLD FREE Send a 2 cent stamp, name, address, and birthdate for fortune worth having. The greatest of all, I tell more than all others and it comes true. Please try me and see.

SALVO, DEPT. 18, STATION A, BOSTON.

TWO GOLD RINGS FREE

Sell 10 packs of Smith's Hair Grower and Handout Cure at 10c each. The great Hair Remedy. We trust you; when sold send money and we'll send 2 rings or choice from our premium list. Agents wanted. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 99, Woodstock, N.C.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (sealed), Standard Car. Club, 109 Avery Ave., Chicago.

MARRY Photos and addresses of rich and handsome people who want to marry, sent free, sealed. Write to day. THE PILOT, Dept. 19, 163 N. Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH - BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE TO ALL. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for particulars. Select Club, Dept. 15, Tekonsha, Mich.

FREE STEM-WIND COLD WATCH AND RING FREE

An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold Plated case, stem wind and set, warranted to keep correct time, similar in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch warranted for 25 years; also a Gold-Filled Ring, set with a Sparkling Gem, are given free to anyone for selling only 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Send your name and address for Jewelry. When sold send us the \$2.40, and we send the Watch and Ring.

FRIEND SUPPLY CO., Dept. 73, Boston, Mass.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS.



Opal.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in a Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club of only 7 subscribers at 15 cents each.



Emerald.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WE WILL PAY THE FREIGHT.

\$250.00 CASH!

How Many Pieces of China appear in the above illustration? Every person who correctly counts the number and sends in the answer, can get the complete Dinner Set, FULL SIZE for FAMILY USE—ABSOLUTELY FREE. We will pay the freight. NOT ONE CENT of your money is required, just a little of your time. Name your Freight Office and give your full Post Office Address.

C. H. R. CO., Dept. B. J., 182 E. 127th St. New York

This sum will be distributed in prizes. Do you want a share of it? Then answer QUICKLY. Open to all, young or old of either sex. COSTS NOTHING TO COMPETE.

"ST. ELMO" ONE THOUSAND BOOKS EXHAUSTED "ST. ELMO"

Two thousand five hundred more promised. Do you want to get one of this last lot FREE?

The Author of "St. Elmo"
Life and Works of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Books Which, Though Written a Number of Years Ago, Still Have Thousands of Readers—Her First Novel Written When She Was But Fifteen Years of Age—Great Success of "St. Elmo"—Her Hospitable Home at Mobile.

The illustration gives but a faint idea of the cover to the wonderful book, "St. Elmo." This book has heretofore sold for not less than \$1.50 to \$2.00 per volume, but to make it possible for any of COMFORT's subscribers to own this complete story without the outlay of even a penny, and by only doing a very slight service, we secured a trial thousand books, bound up in an artistic and serviceable manner, that we decided to offer as Premiums free to club raisers who would secure only seven yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each. These went off like hot cakes, and we have secured two thousand five hundred more, which will soon be all taken. Get your copy before too late. Only from the fact that we paid so large a price for the rights to publish this great story exclusively in COMFORT, could we now be able to offer it free in book form to the comparatively limited number of subscribers who care to now send in these small club lists to secure the book without cost. We would like to have it go into every COMFORT subscriber's home, it is such a high moral tale, but only those among you who feel to take advantage of this extremely favorable opportunity now—at once—just as soon as you can get out and secure your club, can expect to get this 565-page great prize book, for they certainly cannot last long.



Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Why, do you know what a simple little thing it means to secure only seven subscribers to a great, big, 32-page Monthly like COMFORT, at only 15 cents per year? Why, COMFORT is filled clean full of choice articles and stories, any one of which is worth more than the yearly price of the paper to you or any other subscriber! If you cannot get all new subscribers, get part renewals. All those now interested in reading "St. Elmo," and the other new and old continued stories and departments, will certainly desire to renew. If their subscription is not quite run out, why, it will expire in a

There has never been such a popular demand among our Million Subscribers for a Book that was running in COMFORT as a serial as there has been for the famous story of "St. Elmo." Although the Book had always sold at from \$1.50 to \$6.00 each, owing to an immense call for this story in Book form, we were enabled to arrange for the publication of a popular edition of one thousand volumes of ST. ELMO at a price where we could afford to give it as a Premium for a club of only Seven Subscribers to COMFORT. The demand from our subscribers has been so great, that this edition was soon exhausted and we have prevailed upon the publishers to now let us have an edition of TWO THOUSAND AND FIVE HUNDRED MORE COPIES OF "ST. ELMO" of the same style and binding, at the same rate. We know there are many people among our readers who were not fortunate enough to commence reading this great story with the first installments, and are thus anxious to read it entire. There are also many COMFORT readers who say they have not had time to get the required number of subscribers, on account of being very busy with other matters, but can now get up the club if they can earn the Book. We will be able to furnish from this limited supply as long as they last, so we urge you all to hurry up now and get the required number of subscribers and send them along to secure a copy of this great work.

EVERY COMFORT SUBSCRIBER SHOULD OWN A COPY OF THIS GREAT BOOK OF "ST. ELMO." You will never have such a fine chance to possess so good a book without paying out any money yourself. If your friends are already paid-in-advance subscribers, tell them to have their subscriptions extended for a year from the time they are now paid for, so to get their names enrolled in your club. They will never get such another bargain. Why, only think of getting a nice, big, 32-page paper like "COMFORT" for only 15 cents per year. The price must be advanced soon to 25 cents per year, and then their great chance has passed, for they can't take "COMFORT" so cheap again.

very few months, and we extend it for a full year from the time of its present run. To those who are not regular subscribers, you can easily set forth the good points in COMFORT, and make them see that it is greatly to their benefit to subscribe now while the low rate of 15 cents per year is in force.

In speaking of Augusta Evans Wilson, some time ago the Baltimore American said:

A half century has passed since "Inez," the initial effort of Augusta Evans, was written, a period representing two generations of readers. Since then, too, new schools of fiction have remodeled public taste, and yet the author, with the Scriptural-limit still ahead of her, lives to see the unabated popularity of her story, and what she values more, to be assured of their continued usefulness. She has never been a prolific writer, her books numbering only seven, and, although frequently applied to for such contributions, she has never written a magazine or newspaper article. Over two million copies of her books have been sold, however. Mrs. Wilson is a martyr to annually recurring attacks of hay fever, and since her husband's death, some years ago, her health has been so shattered as to necessitate the abandonment of all literary work. At that time, too, yielding to the advice of physicians and friends, she left her beautiful suburban home, where, amid waving grainfields, groves of magnolia and live oak, pastures of fine cattle, and flocks of milk-white poultry, twenty-three years of ideally happy married life were passed, and purchased a house on Government street, in the city of Mobile. This house, built in the Colonial style, with massive pillars supporting broad upper and lower verandas, and located near that of her sister and her husband's grandchildren, is shared by her only unmarried brother, Mr. Howard Evans, and is pointed out to all strangers visiting Mobile. To it Mrs. Wilson has added two hothouses, where in the companionship of a wealth of exotics (cared for exclusively by herself), her mornings are spent. While she has withdrawn from society, she is at home one day in every week to her friends, when strangers, too, are warmly welcomed. Many of these bring from distant points cheering accounts of the good her books are still accomplishing, and no visitor of distinction ever leaves Mobile without having paid his respects to the noted author.

Although not a member of any club, she is fully abreast the times, taking a keen interest in the issues of the day, and laughingly denouncing her opinions in regard to them as "fossil," and "antiquated de siècle."

Together with the better class of the women of her section generally, she is opposed to female suffrage, "desiring no rights that have not always been the dowry of Southern womanhood"; and is, in short, a refined, cultured, unaggressive, womanly woman, not in revolt against manhood, or against any law, human or divine.

Inez and Beulah

Mrs. Wilson was born in Columbus, Ga., May 8, 1835, and, being a delicate child, was educated at home by her mother, who made her her companion, reading with her, and thus developing the precocity of which her early initiation into authorship was a result. When ten years old her parents moved to San Antonio, Texas, which soon afterwards became the headquarters of the troops sent

to assist General Taylor. Their glittering uniforms, the stirring martial music, and exciting events incident to war, combined with the exquisite scenery about the place, strongly impressed her, and furnished the theme for "Inez; A Tale of the Alamo." The story, written when she was fifteen, and presented to her father as a Christmas gift, was brought out by the Harpers in 1855. The returns from it were not encouraging, however, and when "Beulah" was completed, four years later, Miss Evans went to New York that she might negotiate personally with the publishers in regard to it. She told Mr. Derby, to whom she applied, that the sale of her first book had been limited, and that the one under consideration had been refused by Appleton, and, pleased with her frankness, he decided to submit the manuscript to the members of his family. Their approval of it was unanimous, and Derby & Jackson at once arranged for its publication. From its appearance dates a literary career of extraordinary financial success. It ran through edition after edition in rapid succession, and among the first orders received, after its popularity was assured, was one for 1,000 copies from the firm which had rejected it.

Her Experience with Macaria

During the Civil War, Mr. Derby heard occasionally from Miss Evans through the lines, and in 1863 she sent him by a blockade runner, "Macaria," printed upon coarse brown paper, and published by West & Johnson, of Richmond, Virginia. It was "entered according to the Confederate States of America," and dedicated to "the brave soldiers of the Southern Army." Much of it was written in pencil at night, while the author watched in a hospital beside the cots of sick soldiers, and she says of it:

"My heart throbbed in every one of its pages, coarse and yellow though they were."

It is considered a faithful representation of life at the South during the Confederacy, and was immensely popular in the army. In one of the battles around Chancellorsville a bound copy of it saved the life of a soldier, who, called suddenly into action while reading it, thrust it into his breast pocket. When the engagement was over, a bullet which unawares would have entered his heart, was embedded in its leaves. When it reached Mr. Derby's hands, he arranged with Lippincott, of Philadelphia, for its publication, and it was advertised as in press when it was discovered that a New York firm had an edition almost ready to be put upon the market. No provision had been made for copyright, "rebels not being entitled to such emoluments," and Mr. Lippincott was at once apprised of the situation. Hastening to the spot, he protested against the injustice of such a transaction, the result being that, upon his generously agreeing to withdraw his edition, the New York publisher promised to pay to Derby & Jackson a royalty in trust for the author on all copies sold.

In the summer of 1865, Mr. Derby was sitting in his office one morning, when a lady was announced. She was closely veiled, but he recognized the voice as that of Augusta Evans. She was accompanied by her brother, who had been wounded, and, assuring her that she would find an excellent nurse in his wife, the good publisher insisted that she should go at once to his house. He also ventured

to hint that a change in the fashions since they had last met made some additions to her wardrobe advisable, and when informed that she had lost everything by the war, told her of the large sum subject to her order from the sale of "Macaria."

The Success of "St. Elmo"

Miss Evans' next venture was "St. Elmo," the clever travesty "St. Elmo," which it elicited, in which the author endeavors to account for the singular conjunction of culture and rusticity in the bare-footed heroine on the supposition that she had "swallowed a dictionary," rather accumulating its success. Its sale was tremendous, and hamlets, hotels, steamboats and country seats were named in its honor. It contains a description of the Taj Mahal at Agra, in India, and a traveler visiting the spot, writes that he discovered a Parsee boy in the shadow of the tomb, reading the London edition of one of Mrs. Wilson's books.

The great sale of "St. Elmo," had made the author so famous that when she presented "Vashti," she received a check for \$15,000, while the story was still in manuscript, so anxious were the publishers to secure the right to print it. Probably Mrs. Wilson has received hundreds of thousands of dollars, in royalties from the sale of her books, "St. Elmo" being the largest seller. As Mrs. Wilson is a very philanthropic lady, she has done a great deal of good with her money, helping many needy persons in their struggles.

Although the G. W. Dillingham Company, the present publishers of "St. Elmo," put a price of two thousand dollars on the serial rights to run "St. Elmo," in "COMFORT," we feel that our readers will appreciate the opportunity of reading one of the best, most interesting and instructive stories ever written, while COMFORT can be secured for only 15 cents for a whole year. We thus invite our old readers to all renew or extend their subscriptions now this month, also to tell your friends about this great story of "St. Elmo."



Above Shows the Cover Design of "St. Elmo."

So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO," in book form to preserve, or for the library, that we bought a large quantity to give away as premiums, of an excellent edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive half-tone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home.

For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich EASTERN AGENCY 64, Bridgeport, Ct.

SKUNK Highest price for skunk and other furs. Send stamp to M. J. Jewett, Radwood, N. Y., Dept. H.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE Send date of birth and two cent stamp. ZORRAY, Box 581, Bridgeport, Conn.

\$100 A MONTH AND TRAVELING EXPENSES paid men to place Pepton Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. EXPENSES ADVANCED. A. X. Dorel Co., Parsons, Kansas.

Good Pay WANTED MEN everywhere—to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs, etc. NATIONAL ADV. BUREAU, 214 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago.

GALL STONES OR LIVER DISEASE. Write me about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address R. COVEY, 388 E. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED Men to travel, deliver samples and advertise our goods locally; salary \$91 per month; expenses advanced. Beezley Co., Dept. 2, Monon Block, Chicago.

SEND YOUR SONG POEMS TO ME I will write the music and present to Big N.Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs; my experience will aid you. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down in My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for Free Booklet EDWARD MADDEN, 26 Madden Bldg., New York

99 NEW SONGS for 10c Write all the best blues, ballads, waltzes around again Willie, So Long Mary, Wedding at the Church, Not because your Hair is Curly, Everybody Works but Father, Why Don't You Try, Cheyenne, Grand Old Flag, Yankee Doodle Boy, Can't You See I'm Lonely, What you go to do when the Rent Comes Round, Holding Hands, Ours Your Heart, In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Blue Bell, In Dear Old Georgia, and 22 others—just as good, also a list of 500 other songs. \$1 Due Bill and a Gold-Price Ticket. All the above sent post paid for ten cts. DRAKE MUSIC CO., Dept. 119, 639 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING An American movement watch with Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to keep correct time, set in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 yrs. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Diamond Ring, sparkling with the very brilliant of a \$25 diamond, set in absolutely Free to Boys & Girls or any one for selling 20 pieces of our hand-some jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us \$1, and we will send you both the watch and the ring, also a chain. BOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 2, CHICAGO, ILL.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

the aforesaid "Squeers" is simply one of Dickens' inimitable caricatures.

"Nevertheless I have somewhere seen the statement that when 'Nicholas Nickleby' first made its appearance, only six irate school-masters went immediately to London to thrash the author; each believing that he recognized his own features in the amiable portrait of 'Squeers'."

She bowed and turned from the table, but Mrs. Andrews exclaimed:

"Before you go, repeat that passage from Rogers; then we will excuse you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he gives, all this fascinatingly told, will interest our readers, and be continued with marked strength in the February number of COMFORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced.

Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished.

Read our offer below.

"ST. ELMO" IN BOOK FORM

So many have expressed a wish to possess a copy of the famous story "ST. ELMO," in book form to preserve, or for the library, that we secured a trial thousand copies to give away as premiums, of an excellent 565-page, 37-chapter edition, printed on extra quality book paper from new, clear type, bound in cloth, with a very attractive half-tone cover portrait of both St. Elmo and Edna, with embossed title. This is a suitable presentation or library edition worthy of any home. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each, we will send you a copy of this beautiful book at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

RHEUMATISM CURED. Vito-Ore has been successful in curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism, many old and chronic. Sent on thirty days' trial. Read offer on last page.

RUPTURE CURED WHILE YOU WORK. No elastic or spring around body or under leg. No pressure on back, groin or bladder. Two U.S. patents. Agents wanted. Buckle's "How Rupture is cured" FREE. G. H. Cox, Box 553, Westport, Maine.

ITELL Your Fortune (send you) Life Reading, also "What's Your Future Husband or Wife, with True Last Charm and Wedding Ring. All for 10 CTS. and your birthdate. LOOK BOX 100, DEPT. 2, PALATKA, ILL.

AGENTS CREDIT. Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big Profits. Expr. Fd. Terms free. Herbene Agency Co., Box 254, Station L, New York.

\$80 in C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

\$150 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES to men introducing our King-Specialties. SALARY CONTRACT and Free Samples furnished good men. DE KING MFG. CO., Dept. 14, Chicago.

CORN and Bunion Remover. Antiseptic, safe, sure. No pain, no blood. Lasts years. Why suffer? Sent prepaid, 25 cents. Sanitary S. Co., 47 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

\$25 to \$30 Made Weekly Distributing Circulars. Steady. New plan. No canvassing. Merchants Out Door Adv. Co., Chicago.

Distributors wanted for Circulars and Samples. Tack signs. Nothing to sell. Universal Advertising Co., 350 Drexel Bank Bldg., Chicago.

Your Fortune FREE. Send birth date with 2c stamp for Horoscope of business, health, marriage, by the great Astrologer PROF. ADNAH ZURLO, Noroton Heights, Ct.

SONG-POEMS and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize. Popular Music Publishing Co., 162 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago.

HUSTLERS everywhere to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc.; no canvassing; good pay. We give bank references. SUN ADVERTISING BUREAU, Inc., 793 Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO and Cigars, locally or traveling. Salary or commission; full time or side line. Good pay and promotion. Address MORRIS TOBACCO WORKS, Box M66, Danville, Va.

WANTED 10 men in each state to travel, distribute samples of our goods and tack advertising signs. Salary \$80 per month, \$3 per day for expenses. SAUNDERS CO., Dept. 2, Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO., 124 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

Visiting Cards Name on 25 neat cards 10c. 18 Fun Cards 15c. Matteson, 302 Sta. L, Brooklyn, N.Y.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. F. GEM CO., 117 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$10 Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED Travelers' Checks. A. SCOTT, COHES, N. Y.

Ladies: Make Sanitary Belts, \$1.20 dozen. Stamped envelopes; loose particulars. Sanitary Co., Dept. J30, Chicago.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE Send 2c stamp and birthdate. Prof. Bamess, Dept. A, Stratford, Conn.

WE PAY \$36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with right to introduce poultry compound. Two months' experience. IMPERIAL BPO. CO., DEPT. 25, PARSONS, KANS.

WANTED AGENTS in each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 10 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

BED-WETTING CURE. SAMPLE FREE. Dr. E. W. Tenkle, Box 61 Edwardsburg, Mich.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 25, Phila., Pa.

GREENBACKS \$100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 10c Send a bunch of 10 Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own roll and show your friends what a wad you carry. Big bunch of \$100 for 10c; \$300 for 50c. S. DRAKE, Dept. 209, 639 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

ASTHMA Instant relief & positive cure. Sample mailed free. "Physician" Box 85, Augusta, Maine.

X-RAY WONDER Everybody wants this great curiosity. 10c With it you can apparently see the bones through your flesh, the end is a pencil, or through your clothes; makes everything seem transparent. Lots of Fun. Postpaid 10c. 5 for 50c. FREE with each order the Price Pict & Kladler Some marvelous stories. C. Armstrong, Box 5, Oak, Chicago.

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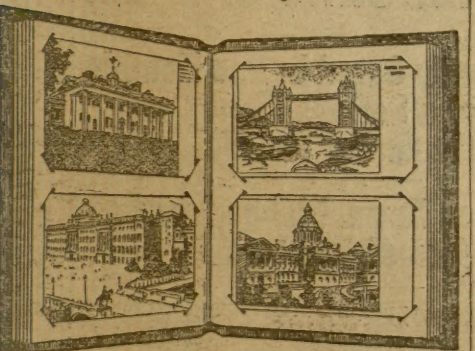
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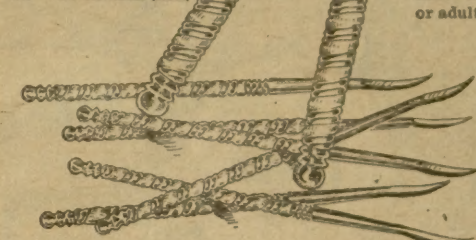
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COMFORT

KEEP YOUR WALLET CLOSED



JUST SAY THE WORD

Don't spend a cent, just ask us to send it. Don't send any money for it—not a penny. Send for it today, then watch its action for 30 days. Be prompt in sending for it, in trying it—be slow in judging it, in paying for it. Wait until you know, until you see, until you are sure. We give you thirty days to try it, to use it, to test it, to make sure, to see for yourself, whether it is not just the thing for you, the remedy for which you have long sought.

Don't Send a Penny

have nothing to lose, not a penny. How can you refuse such a fair, plain spoken, liberal offer. Over a million people have already accepted it.

until you are sure—keep your wallet closed until you know. If you are not sure, you do not pay at any time—not a cent, for there is nothing to pay for. You pay for the benefit—not the medicine. You pay for results—not the treatment. If it does not help you the matter is ended. You have nothing to return, as you use all we send you. Your final judgment, Yes or No, closes the deal. We take all the risk, you

If You Don't Feel Right

If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. Read our 30-day trial offer and judge for yourself. Then send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments.

Was Permanently Cured

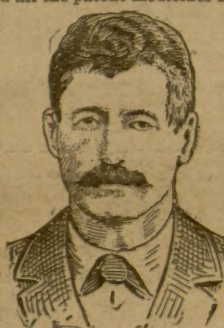
Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

SENATE, Mo.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875, and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or die and I sent for the trial package. I used it according to directions and sent for three more packages. Before I finished the second package I was entirely cured. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I finished the trial package I could not walk across the house, and I did not weigh one hundred pounds; now I weigh 145 lbs., I am sixty-two years old, and today I feel as well as if I were but twenty-five. I can do all my work and my washing and walk two miles to church and it does not tire me. The people here who knew me when I was sick, ask me what I have taken to be cured and to look so well. I tell them Vitae-Ore and nothing else.

HE COULD HARDLY WALK

HOUSER, Ala.—Three years ago I was running a dynamo near Ounay, Colorado, and fell from a water dam and hurt my hip. This injury developed into what the doctor called Rheumatism and Lumbago. I tried the doctors there and all the patent medicines I could get, with no relief, and therefore had to give up my position and come home. I tried our physician in North, Ala., and he is as good as any that ever compounded a pill or wrote a prescription, but he could do me no good; then I tried a specialist and he failed. I also tried Peppercat Oil, Barfoot and old Bacon rinds, also Whiskey and Polk Root and all the old remedies which the folks down here generally use, and all with no relief.

This kept up until I could hardly walk a step. My appetite was gone, my flesh was gone and I thought I was gone. When I noticed the Vitae-Ore advertisement and sent for a package, I had no faith in anything. I was just grabbing at every straw in reach. You sent me the package of Vitae-Ore telling me to take it according to directions, which I did. You also wrote me to report results and said if I was not benefited not to send you one cent. Well, sir, in 18 days I felt like a new man. I could walk five miles and walk perfectly straight and had gained 7 pounds in weight. I have taken five packages of Vitae-Ore and am well. I walked 18 miles yesterday and carried about 40 pounds. I am still taking Vitae-Ore and I advise anyone who is suffering to try it and they will thank the Theo. Noel Company all the rest of their days.



Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

PERMANENT CURES.

Cures with Vitae-Ore are like a house built on a rock, in their permanency, in their positiveness, in their completeness. First is created a structure of health in the blood, a substantial basis for all else to rest upon. Then the edifice is built naturally, stone after stone, day by day, nerve, tissue, muscle and ligament are placed in a normal, healthy, natural condition, the drains put in thorough working order, the parts cleansed, healed and purified, and the completed work is then turned over to the tenant's hands for food at the same time it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched thereby. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

Vitae-Ore strikes the disease at its root. Its cures are permanent and for this reason it itself is a permanent remedy, one that has come to stay, that is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, curing with permanent cures, satisfying with permanent satisfaction.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions. Read the testimony.

THESE LETTERS PROVE WHY VITAE-ORE CAN BE OFFERED ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL, THE USER TO BE THE JUDGE.

BUILDS UP ROBUST, VIGOROUS MEN.

The proudest glory of man lies in his health and strength. To be entirely successful he must possess strong nerves, a clear brain and a sound body full of energy, vitality and manly vigor. Without health of body man cannot be at his best mentally. Health builds up that strength and character of mind which goes so far to insure true and complete happiness as well as success. If disease or debility take the place of the health, activity and energy of youth and early manhood, the mental forces become impaired along with the physical. When this time comes, Vitae-Ore proves a regenerator which fills the blood with renewed energy, correcting irregularities, curing disease and restoring the force and vitality so necessary to success and happiness.

AS A BEACON LIGHT

goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled followed it; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have allowed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it today. Send for a trial package without delay. Address

ALL ELDERLY PERSONS NEED ITS AID.

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. The loss of appetite and impaired digestion of age deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed are those who can sleep soundly the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the ever increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them, and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory. Vitae-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases appetite and desire for food at the same time it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched thereby. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

MAKES STRONG, HEALTHY WOMEN.

Woman may be called the most perfect piece of mechanism in all God's creation, but, from the nature of her organism, she is the most delicate. It is due to the ease with which irregularities may creep in that not half of the women of today are entirely free from some of the many and varied ailments peculiar to their sex. Many object to or are financially unable to "begin doctoring" and so struggle along and suffer in silence, bearing a crushing weight of distress, torture and disease. Vitae-Ore is a true "Balm of Gilead" to such sufferers and is markedly successful in promptly alleviating and permanently remedying many diseased conditions which keep women from the full enjoyment of active life. Every woman should use it.

Out of the Jaws of Death

Permanently Cured in One Month's Time of a Serious Kidney and Rheumatic Trouble.

Was Broken Down, Disheartened and Almost Helpless.

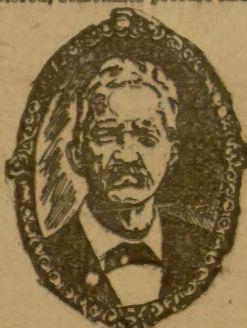
ATLANTA, Ga.—When I look back on my condition and suffering during recent years, and think of the herbs, roots, barks, tinctures, powders and liniments I have taken and rubbed with, all to no purpose, and think that I was cured at last in one month with Vitae-Ore, I stand dazed and amazed at the result. I feel that I have in truth been drawn out of the jaws of death.

Thirty years ago I contracted a disease of the kidneys and commenced passing gravel from them, the pain often throwing me into spasms, though only those who have passed through this ordeal can give an idea of the suffering connected with it. These spells continued at irregular but frequent intervals down to a month ago. During all this time my urine was highly colored, sometimes profuse and sometimes scant, but at all times charged with a yellowish, albuminous brick-dust deposit.

About three years ago I was attacked with Rheumatism in my right hip joint, knees and the muscles all over my body. Physicians told me I had Diabetes and marked symptoms of Bright's Disease and commenced to dope me with mercury, soda, lithia, salicylic acid, potash, etc., all of which were constantly constipating me, and nearly everything I ate disagreed with me. You can well imagine my condition and state of mind. I was broken down, disheartened and helpless.

By chance I had placed in my hand a paper containing an advertisement of Vitae-Ore, and, like a drowning man, caught at it, sent for it, and it has proved to be the "oar" that enabled me to paddle my frail bark into the haven of Health. I used it in hot water and it commenced to benefit from the first dose. In four days I saw a marked change for the better. My urine became cleared up and natural in color. In six days the brick-dust deposit was gone. My bowels became regular, I could eat what I wanted, and what I did eat did not hurt me and was perfectly digested. I slept soundly at night without those terrible hallucinations that had haunted my slumbers so long; but best of all, the pain was leaving my limbs. I could walk without crutch or stick.

Now, after taking a dollar package of Vitae-Ore, I say I am better in health than I have been in thirty years. All this wonderful change in my condition is due to the virtue contained in one ounce of substance from Mother Earth. Would that I could impress on every one suffering with Kidneys, Stomach and Rheumatic Troubles, what I know of the virtues of Vitae-Ore. Take it according to directions and you will not be long in joining with me in singing the praises of Vitae-Ore and praising Theo. Noel for his efforts in introducing this grand boon to suffering humanity.



M. V. Estes

Re-affirmed Over One Year Later.

ATLANTA, Ga.—My faith in Vitae-Ore grows stronger every day. I suffered with Kidney Trouble for years and never got any relief until I used Vitae-Ore, more than a year ago. That did the work, and I am still well. Can get insurance on my life in any company that accepts men of my age.

M. V. ESTES.

THEO. NOEL CO., COMFORT DEPT. VITAE-ORE BLDG. CHICAGO, ILL.